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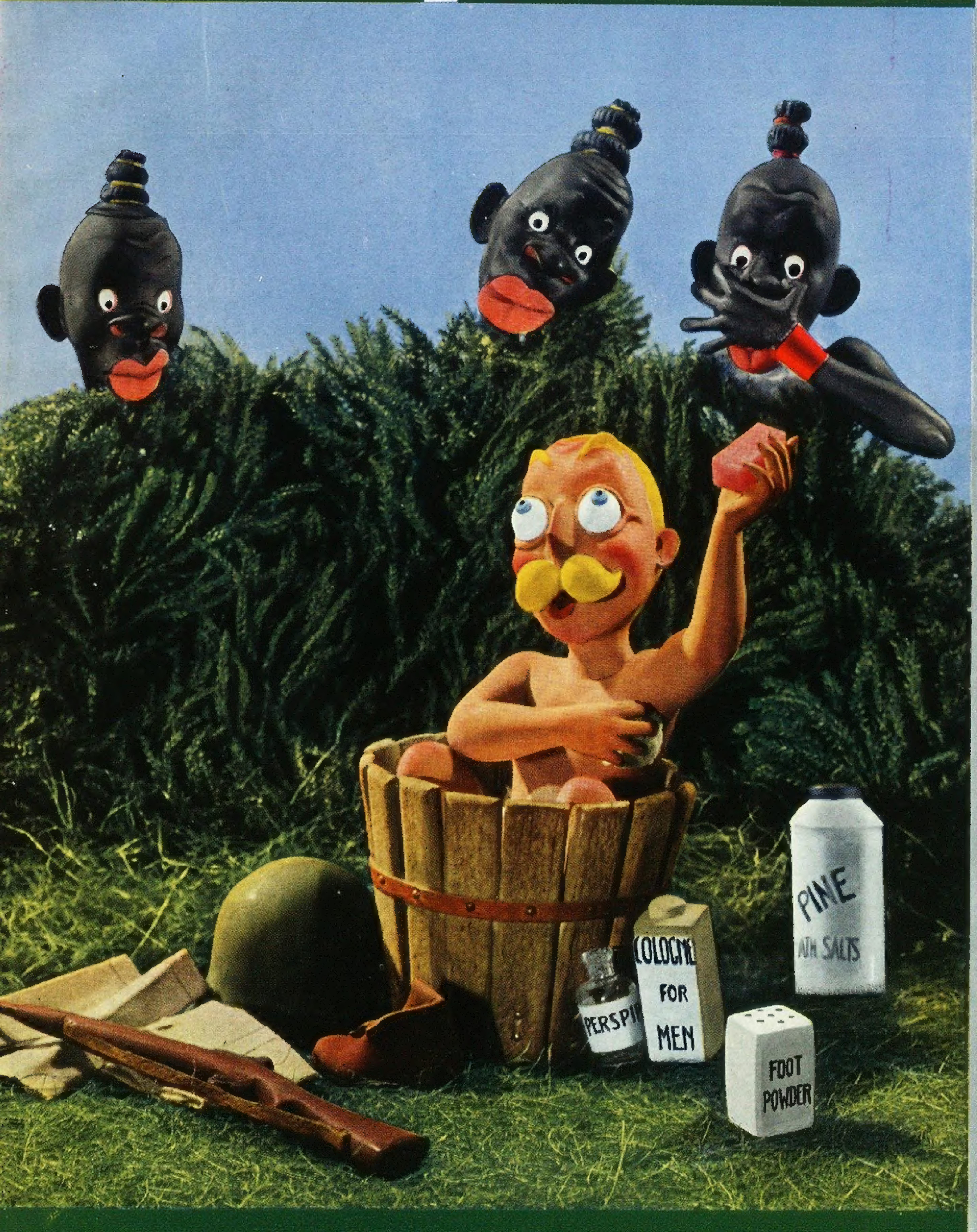
Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



ARTICLES
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INDEX ON PAGE 5
ADV. INDEX ON PAGE 174

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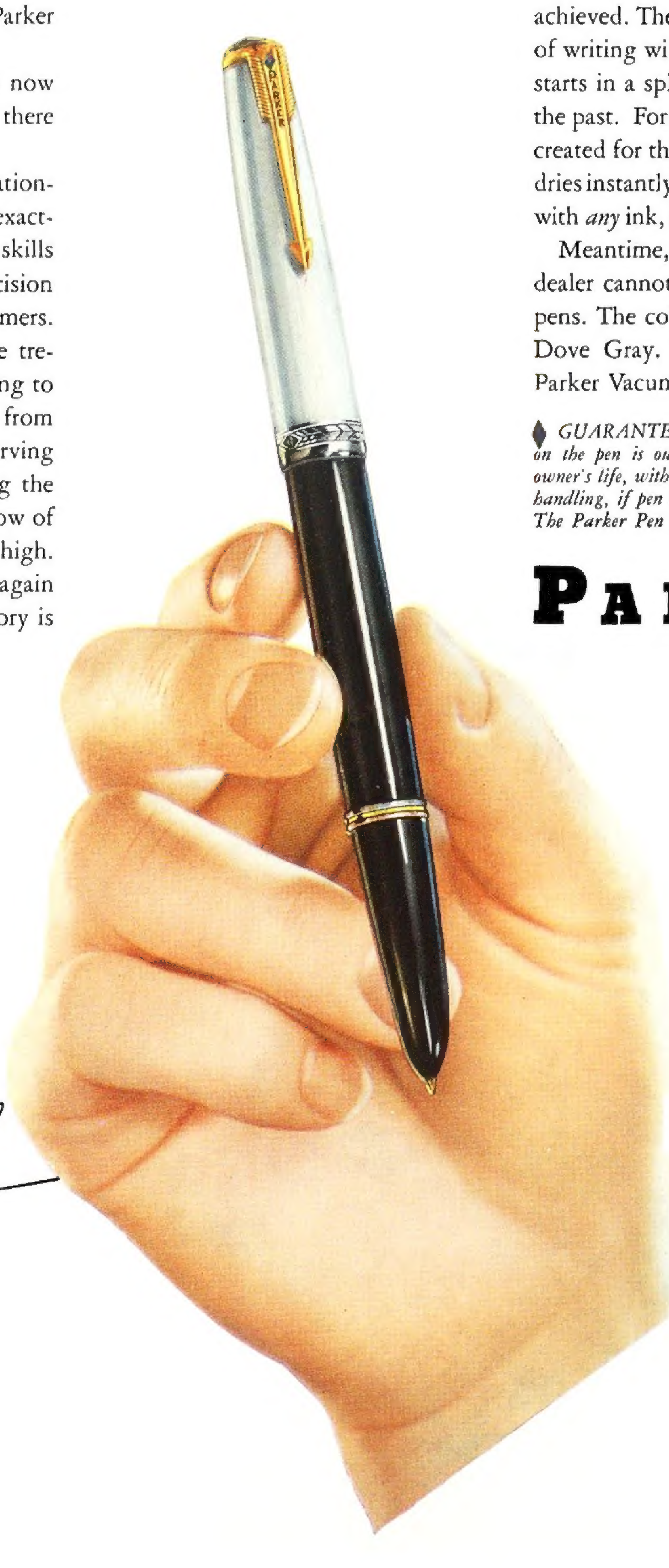
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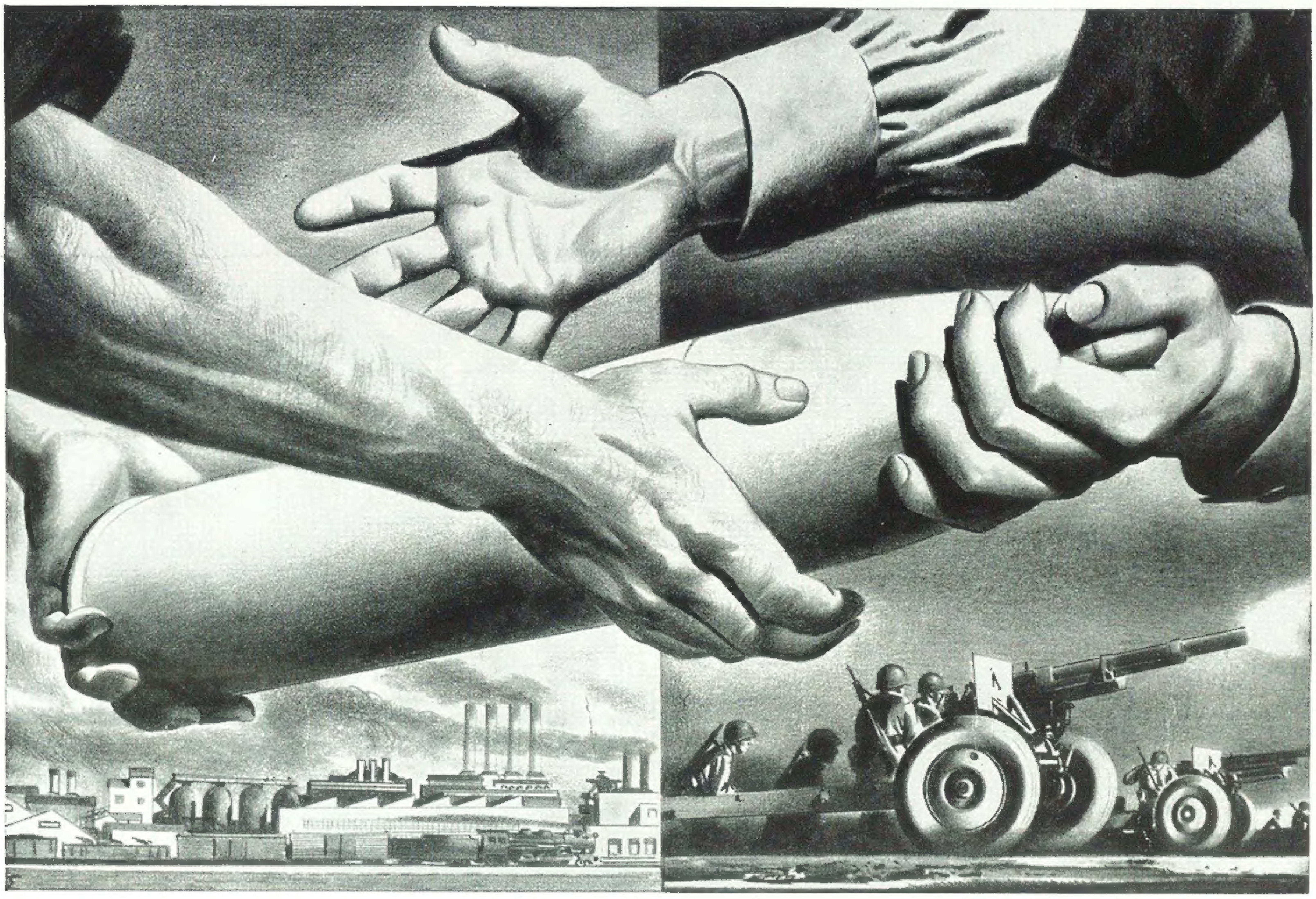

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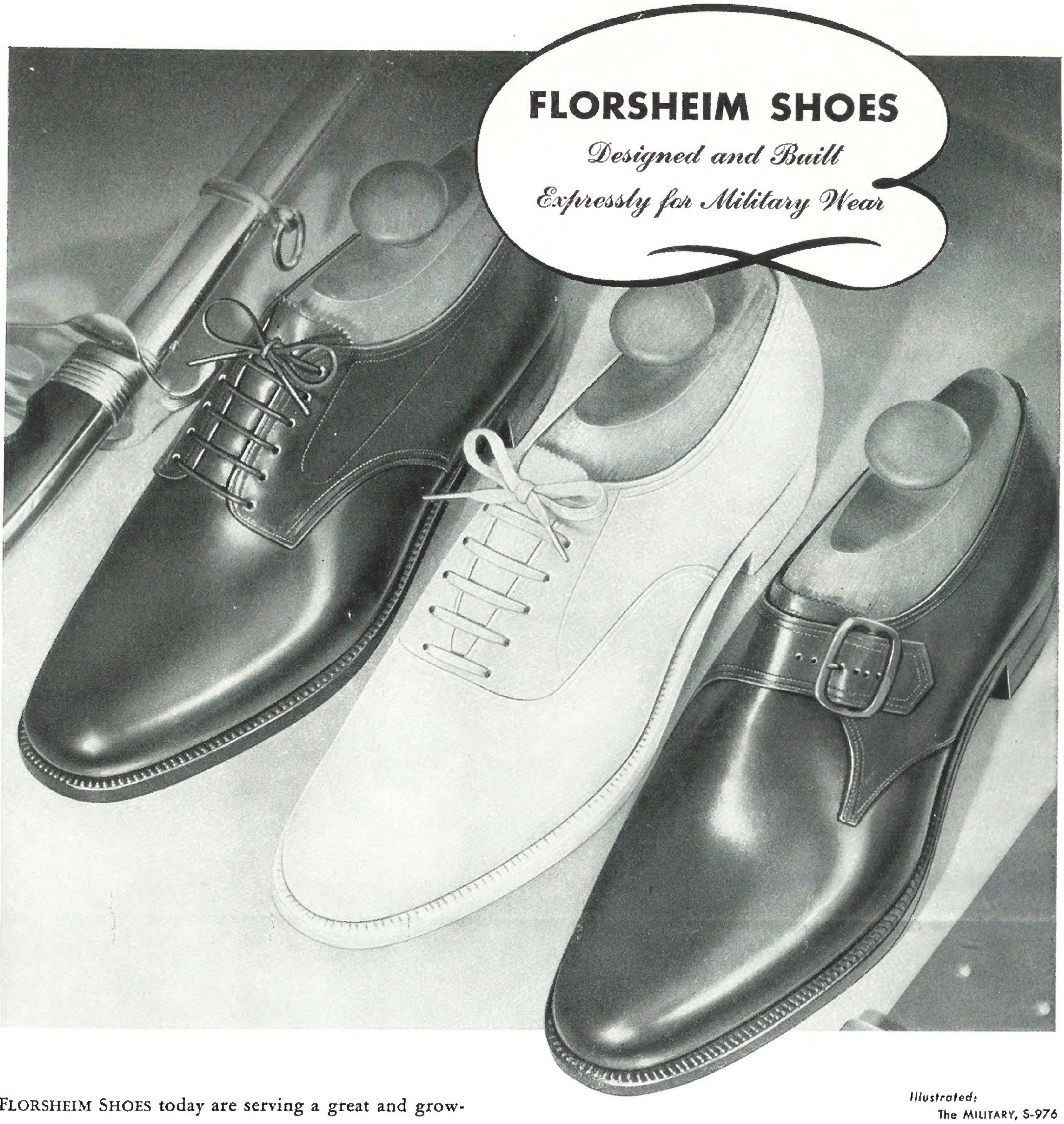
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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1943

Page

ARTICLES

My Crew at Pearl Harbor. . *Wounded officer tells how the* Nevada *ran aground with all guns blazing, thanks to a heroic crew* . . . . Lieut. J. K. Taussig, Jr. 29 R
Germany's "Magic Circle" Strategy. . *Why the battle of encirclement fostered by von Schlieffen has failed Hitler's troops in Russia* . . . . Max Werner 30 R
What Became of the Salesmen. . *Top-drawer salesmen and sales executives, thrown from jobs by rationing, now help the war effort* . . . . . Murray Teigh Bloom 32
Germany Has Prepared Poison Gas. . *After the Hamburg catastrophe, which was no accident, Stoltzenburg's "ultra-poisons" were an open secret* . . . . . . Curt Riess 37
America's War from the Air. . *The principal objective of our independent Air Force is to destroy enemy war industry and supply lines* . . . . Clyde Vandeburg 43
Rise and Fall of the Luftwaffe II. . *Second of the series citing the vulnerability of the German air force as told to Curt Riess* . . . . Hauptmann Hermann 46
He Buys for the Navy. . . . *Frank M. Folsom, the Paul Bunyan of Merchandising, is the Navy's No. 1 shopper in guns, ships and material* . . . . Earl Selby 55

DEPARTMENTS

Correspondence: The Sound and the Fury. . *The voice of our readers* 10
Contributors: Backstage with Esquire. . *Answering your queries about our writers* 26
The Lively Arts: The Fall of the Flattering Word. *Warning to condescending copywriters*. Gilbert Seldes 68
Books: Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf. . *Dreadnaughts on the sea of literature* . . . . . . Wm. Lyon Phelps 79
Theatre: First Nights & Passing Judgments. . *No plumber, Thornton Wilder*. . George Jean Nathan 80
Potables: The American Hatchway. . *Our free-thinking and drinking pioneers* . . . . . Lawton Mackall 84
Wearables: Old Tricks for New Seadogs. . *For good grooming is a Navy tradition* . . . O. E. Schoeffler 89
Edibles: Man the Kitchenette. . *You're the chicory in my café au lait* . . . . Iles Brody 90
Potpourri: Ad Libbing with Esquire. . *Comic relief* . . . . Bruce Patterson 98

FICTION

These Four Virtues . . . . *Parable showing the invincible strength of unity among the Chinese, English, Russians and Americans* . . . . Ralph R. Giffen 38
Look Out for Torpedo Tracks. . *Probably an Axis submarine lay in wait for any craft that dared rescue the crew of the burning ship* . . . . . . Patrick O'Keeffe 40
The Soldier and the Lady. . *Corky Smith said Ortwingle might have a photogeneric face for pictures but he had the Hollywood mind* . . . . Louis Paul 44
Poachers in Paradise. . . . . *Moved by both curiosity and revenge, the storekeeper sold Uncle Jeff and Zack that baleful looking bottle* . . . . Edmund Ware 64
The Chosen Conquerors. . . *The Chinese guerrillas fought with the fury of men who have seen their families tortured and killed* . . . . B. A. Garside 76 R

PERSONALITIES

Nothing Is Sacred . . . . *WOR officials give Henry Morgan the uncensored run of the airwaves, knowing insults make good listening* . . . . Murray C. Morgan 58
Disney—Our Secret Weapon. . *Donald Duck has gone to war and his creator makes government films on riveting, meteorology and health* . . . . . Sidney Carroll 62 R
The Travels of Teng Chiu. . *He ran the risk of losing his heritage in London for he became as English a painter as any son of Albion* . . . . Harry Salpeter 73

PICTORIAL FEATURES

Cover Design . . . . *A Lesson in Mumbo-Jumbo* . . . . *Modeled by* L. S. Soderstrom
The Varga Girl . . . . *V-Mail for a Soldier* . . . . *Verse by* Phil Stack; *Painting by* Varga 35
A Russian Convoy Song. . . *Okay Britannia, Russia and the U.S.A.* . . . *Painting by* William Pachner 41
Hard-Hitting Vultee Vengeance. . *Answers the German Stuka*. . . *Painting by* Alexander Leydenfrost 42
American Beauties, Western Style. . *M.G.M.'s Jean Rogers* . . . . *Color Photograph by* Hurrell 59
The Beagle . . . . *Progenitor of all sporting dogs* . . . . . *Color Photograph by* Henry Waxman 60
Our Boys Brighten the Dark Continent . . . . *Drawings by* Derso & Kelen 69
Four Paintings . . . . *Courtesy of the Knoedler Art Galleries, New York City* . . . . Teng Chiu 72
American Beauties, Eastern Style. . *Pat Boyd, Conover Model*. . *Color Photograph by* Paul Garrison 81
The Gambel Quail . . . . *Flight in Arizona* . . . . *Water color by* Walter E. Bohl 82
The Exploits of Esky . . . . *Pictured by* E. Simms Campbell; *storied by* Beep 91
Introducing the Belles of Vertès. . *A portfolio of water colors* . . . . *by* Marcel Vertès 102

SPORTS

In Defense of Parallel Skiing. . *Continuing his debate with Otto Lang, this ski instructor declares his way best for average students* . . . . E. Fritz Loosli 56
Learning Good Golf by Sense. . *Top golf instructor who teaches by the "sense of feel" guarantees to transform dubs within a few weeks* . . . . Ben Hogan 61 R
What Makes Rickey Tick?. . *Reviewing the career of Branch Rickey, who went to Brooklyn after making champs of the St. Louis Cards*. . James M. Gould 67
The Puck or the Putter?. . . *Speaking with the voice of experience, Mush March declares that hockey requires brawn; golf, brains* . . . . Bert E. Ackerson 74
The Sporting Scene . . . . *Of wartime physical conditioning, the audit plan of golf instruction and the merit of current ice shows* . . . . Herb Graffis 83
The Esquire Sports Poll. . . *Voting for mileage concessions for high school teams and prognosticating a boom in bowling* . . . . . . Herb Graffis & Ralph Cannon 86

TRENDS IN DRESS

Clothes and Accessories, *sketched by* Pachner, Saalburg, Hughes, Goodman, Fellows beginning on page 33

ESQUIRE
March, 1943
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T. M. REG.

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EDITORIAL: Earnest invitation to turn to page twenty-nine

There's one thing in this issue we'd like, above all else, to get you to read, and wish you would get others to read after you. We've already done all we could think of to convey that general notion. We put this one piece in our lead-off position at the beginning of the main editorial section of the magazine. Then, although we seldom do so in the case of a lead story or article, we put our own little private slug on it, that little ℞ symbol by which we have for the last couple of years designated those of our editorial dishes which the chef couldn't bear to think of your passing up.

Then, looking at that first page, page 29 of this issue, with its perfectly normal every-day layout, we still felt that it somehow didn't quite say "posi*tive*ly." So we scratched out the three-line subhead that we had first written under the title and wrote another, saying just about the same thing but in about fifteen times as many words.

Well, by now maybe you've gone hotfooting it off to page 29, to see what *this* is all about, in which case you go with our godspeed and we cheerfully excuse you from coming back to this page at all, because the best you'll get from this you will have had, but better, from page 29 and the pages to which it will take you.

But if you'd rather stick around, now that you've started this one, we'll tell you how we first met what you'll see on page 29 when you get around to it.

* * *

Today, January 11th, we're writing this page on the *Century*, between Chicago and New York, which is where we usually write it, because this particular page happens to be the last one to go to press, and we usually start for New York before this page starts for press. We get on the train and begin scribbling furiously, trying to win the standing bet that we won't get it finished in time to mail back to Gus from Toledo. (Why we use this page, every so often, as a confessional of all our weaknesses is something we don't understand any better than you do, but it's a habit of some nine years' running.)

Well, last month, as it happened, we finished our page long before Toledo, and began looking through our briefcase to see what other train chores it might contain. Nothing we ever find in that old briefcase surprises us anymore. Some very strange things have been in it, and it's been lost, more than once, in some strange places, and found its way back in strange ways. We're so used to it that we walk with a portside list whenever, which is seldom, we walk without it.

But this time it turned up one of the events of an editorial lifetime. Because this time what turned up, next to some urgent memos for August, 1941, was a pair of manuscript envelopes, clipped together with a note from our office better-half, saying something to the effect that we might want to read these two scripts on the train if we had time.

So, wondering what was so special about them, we began reading one of them. As we read the first one, we still wondered. Halfway through it, we turned back to the beginning to see if the accompanying letter might give any clue. There we found that this script, while more or less promised to some magazine with a deadline of the umpteenth, was nevertheless offered to us if we could reach a decision within a day or so because, etc., etc. Well, that explained why we had to read it, but it didn't tell us a thing about why we had to like it. We finished it nevertheless. But it was a reeking whiffer. All very subtle and sophisticated and meant to be just too profound, a dreary fantasy in the vein of what the German aestheticists used to term the *als ob*, but you and we would have dubbed the *so what* or *what of it*. You wouldn't have been able to stand it, believe us who know that you've been able to stand for a lot these last nine years.

So we finished reading it with a mental note to tell our secretary not to believe everything she reads in these well-meant letters attached to scripts by willing authors. Then we debated between the probable pleasure to be found in the other script as against that of going back to the club car for a drink. Well, it was pretty far back to the club car, and the other script was right at hand, so we decided to give it a look, on the off chance that it might average things out so that the time spent on the other one might not remain a total loss.

This second one, too, we began in the middle of things, without first reading the accompanying letter.

"In the middle of things" is the precise, if not exactly novel, descriptive phrase—and what things we found ourself in the middle of! It was Pearl Harbor, to the life and death. And it lifted us out of our lethargy in a leap. We read it through in one gasping gulp. As we finished we noticed, unbelieving, that the last page of the script bore the number 17. We'd have sworn it was about five pages in all.

Then, avid for every last available detail, we turned back to read the letter that was attached to the script. This only increased our excitement, because the letter, like the script itself, bore the unmistakable earmarks of authenticity in every line. So it wasn't until we neared the letter's end, by which time we were feeling a lot like Little Jack Horner in our smug satisfaction over finding this under our thumb, that we suddenly bit, hard, on the pit of the plum. For only there did we discover that this script was not ours.

The author had, it developed, sent this same script out in triplicate, to three different magazines, and while he paid us the compliment of hoping that it would end up in Esquire, because that was "more of a man's proposition" and would reach more of the fellows he wanted to tell his story, still he realized that time was of this essence in any story about Pearl Harbor, since the Navy had just taken the lid off the details a few days before, and he would have to place the story quickly, he presumed, to place it at all.

In other words it was first come first served, and it was ours only if we won the race to come and get it.

* * *

Now we did hightail it back for the club car. The letter was dated December 11, postmarked the twelfth and had reached us that same morning, the fourteenth. That was a Monday, and unless the copies to the other magazines had gone out earlier, the odds were even that they hadn't received it until that same Monday morning. But it was now evening and we were nearing Toledo, so we were starting this race under a handicap. With half a mind we cursed the otherwise happy chance that has kept us in Chicago though most magazine offices are in New York, while with the other half we blessed that blessed damozel of ours who had had the wit to see to it that we read this one script the same day it came in.

So we hunted up and down the whole train looking for the secretary, that fellow who used to bother us at the beginning of every *Century* trip with illusory if flattering promises about handling all the tremendous task of sending and receiving the scads of telegrams our travels would involve. Well, no such guy exists anymore, now that the austerity days are here, and the extra fare's reduced, and you're lucky to have a seat, to say nothing of a public servant.

But it took us to Toledo to find that out, so we jumped off the train there, hot on the hunt for a telegraph boy, but warned by the porter not to go far because we weren't stopping but a moment and the train was late already and would be pulling out any second and other details we didn't hang around to hear.

So of course there wasn't any telegraph boy, or girl either, up and down the length of the train platform, so we crossed over to the station, despite all dire warnings, and there we found what must have been one of the last of the members of the brotherhood of the mercuries of Morse, and beckoned him to follow us back to jumping-on distance of the train and he said sure thing and followed us halfway back to the train before he remembered that he'd left his blanks in the station.

The train wasn't moving by the time he came back, but all its doors were closed, and us outside without even a look in.

While we scrawled a telegram, hastily hitting on an offering figure about twice our normal size, we looked up and down the train for a sign of a way back in, and finally spied one in the diner, where the chefs were standing looking out the open top half of their Dutch door.

They hauled us in with good humored, broad, white grins, and we were back aboard where we could begin worrying in earnest.

Had our offer been too little and too late? What were the other two magazines? Was it abusing the law of averages to hope that *both* their editors were either (a) sluggards who never read a script this soon or (b) dullards who would pass up something this good? Why hadn't we thought to give an address where an answer could be sent? What kind of place was Toledo to be sending a telegram from without saying which way we were going, if any? And suppose he did answer, what would his answer mean to anybody in either of our offices? And what issue could we get it into, if we did get it? February was just gone. It would have to be March. This was December 14, and the March issue comes out February 15, a good two months. Damn our deadlines. But who cares about the timeliness? The author seems to, but what does it matter, really? This is as timeless and as timely as—as what? Caesar's Gallic Wars? No, that's dull and probably always was. As the Gettysburg Address? That's closer, but not close. As *The Red Badge of Courage?* Bull's eye—that's it. This is a red badge of courage for our time. Baptism of fire. Same theme. Only Stephen Crane had never been closer to battle than a fire-cracker when he wrote that, and this boy was really in there, in the thick of things at Pearl Harbor. What does that prove? Nothing, except perhaps that the truth and a good memory and the luck to be there equal the finest mastery of the art of fiction. How to exploit it? Seems almost sacrilegious to think of exploiting Pearl Harbor. But you want as many people to read it as possible? Maybe the question's academic. Maybe we won't get it.

So it went, on into the night.

* * *

All the next day, we kept waiting for word, either in New York or by relay from Chicago. We even wondered about the possibility of any answer back in Toledo. So we waited until it had been a full twenty-four hours after sending the telegram, and then we decided that we simply had to call up about it.

We asked for him by name, at the Naval Hospital in Newport. It's a famous Navy name. But it evoked no recognition. What was his grade, they wanted to know at the hospital switchboard. Lieutenant, we remembered. What was his number, they wanted to know next, because the hospital's a big place. How should we know that? Well then, what was the nature of his illness or injury? Now they were getting to where we knew the answers as well as you will know them after reading page 29. We told all about what happened to him at Pearl Harbor, and that soon got us switched to another voice. A very polite, friendly and efficient voice, a very Navy voice, explaining that of course it was impossible to talk direct on the phone to a man who has been lying in a cast for fifty-three weeks, but offering to act as go-between in carrying questions and answers back and forth down the corridor to and from the lieutenant's bed and the telephone. Would we care to try that? What message did we want to convey? All this with a "sir" between every other breath; competent as a machine gun but cordial as a handclasp.

We were struck dumb for a long moment. The whole thing suddenly hit us hard. Yes, what did we want to know? What, besides the glorious truth that our flag was still there? What message could we have for that man in that bed we couldn't see, when we could visualize the beds, and cots and stretchers he had been on ever since that terrific twenty-four hours at Pearl Harbor over a year ago, back to that first bed from which he looked up to see darkness through the skylight and wondered whether it was night or whether that was the pall of smoke from the *Arizona?* What could we have to say to him, what could any of us who weren't there ever have to say to those who were, and lived?

We finally mumbled something about wondering whether our offer was acceptable, and winced as we heard the question repeated by that friendly Navy voice. Then in a minute we heard all we wanted to know.

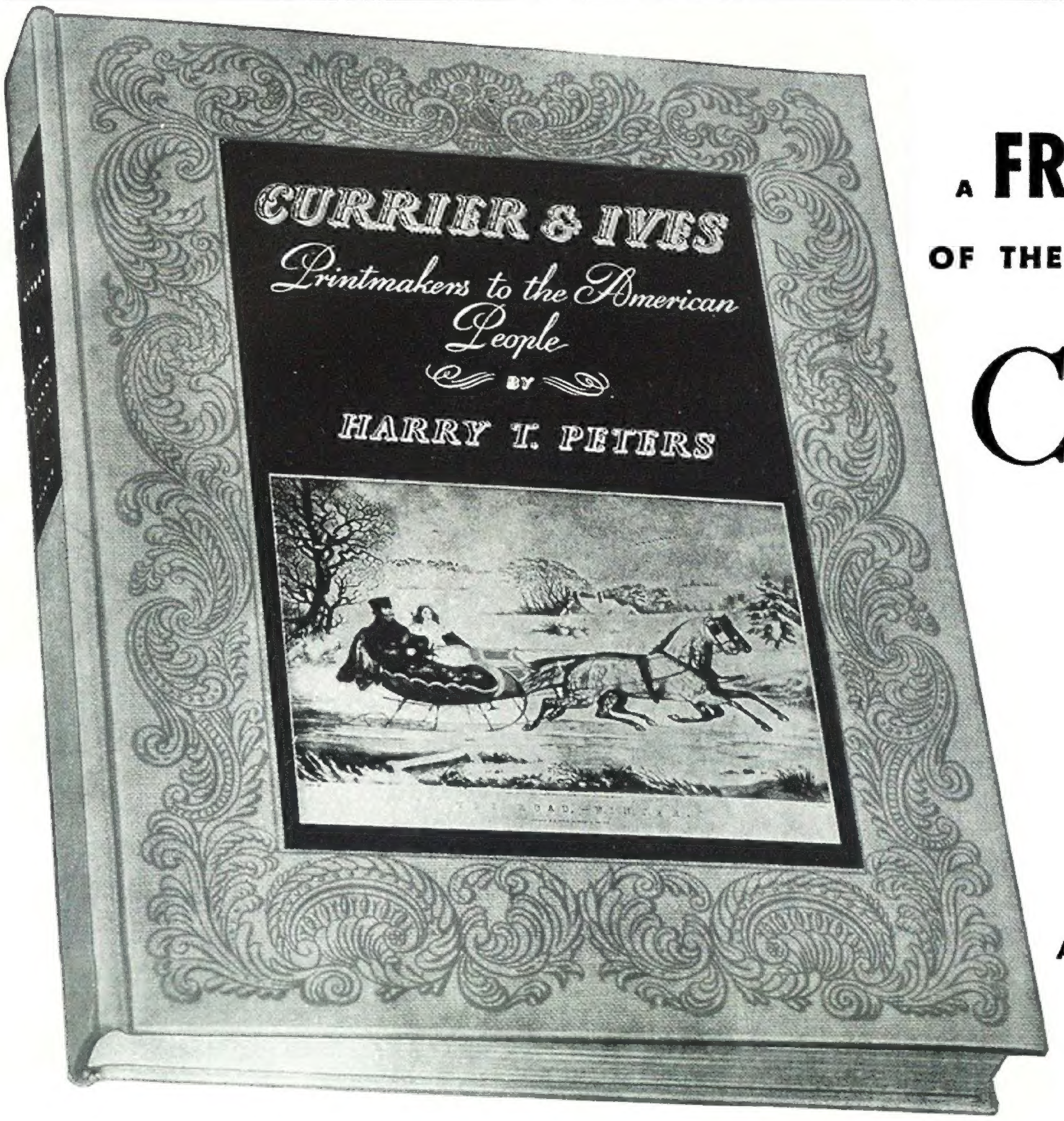
The lieutenant, as it happened, had just been writing a wire to tell us, but now we could hear his message without waiting for it. Yes, he had heard from all three magazines, and one of them had made a better offer, and the other had made an offer that wasn't more than a bit better than half as good. But the magazine that had made the better offer was a magazine that the lieutenant felt that Navy men didn't especially like, so he had decided that he would prefer to see his story told in Esquire.

Was that what we wanted to know?

Boy, was it!

* * *

It all meant two things to us. First, that there are things that count more than circulation in making a magazine count with the men in the armed forces. Second, that we ought to try to improve our deadlines, and we will, beginning next month. But the only thing we wanted to get over to you now is why we want you to turn, if you haven't already done so, to page 29.



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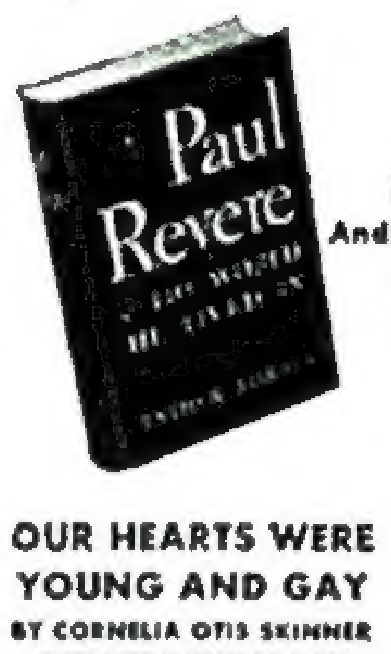

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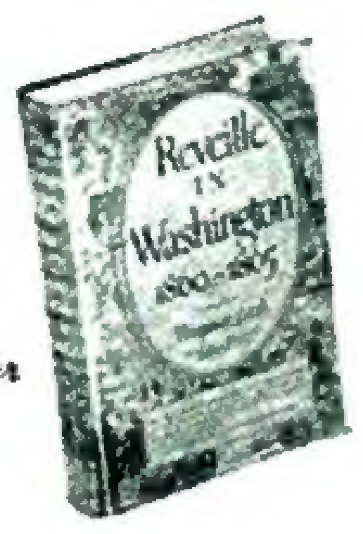

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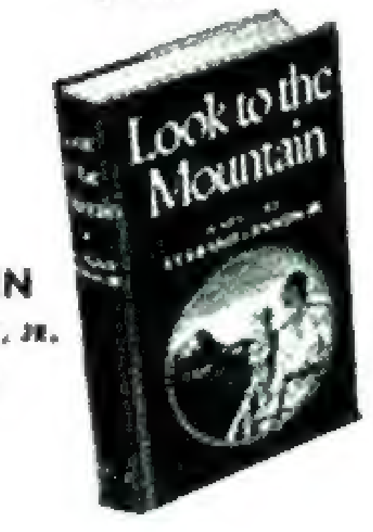

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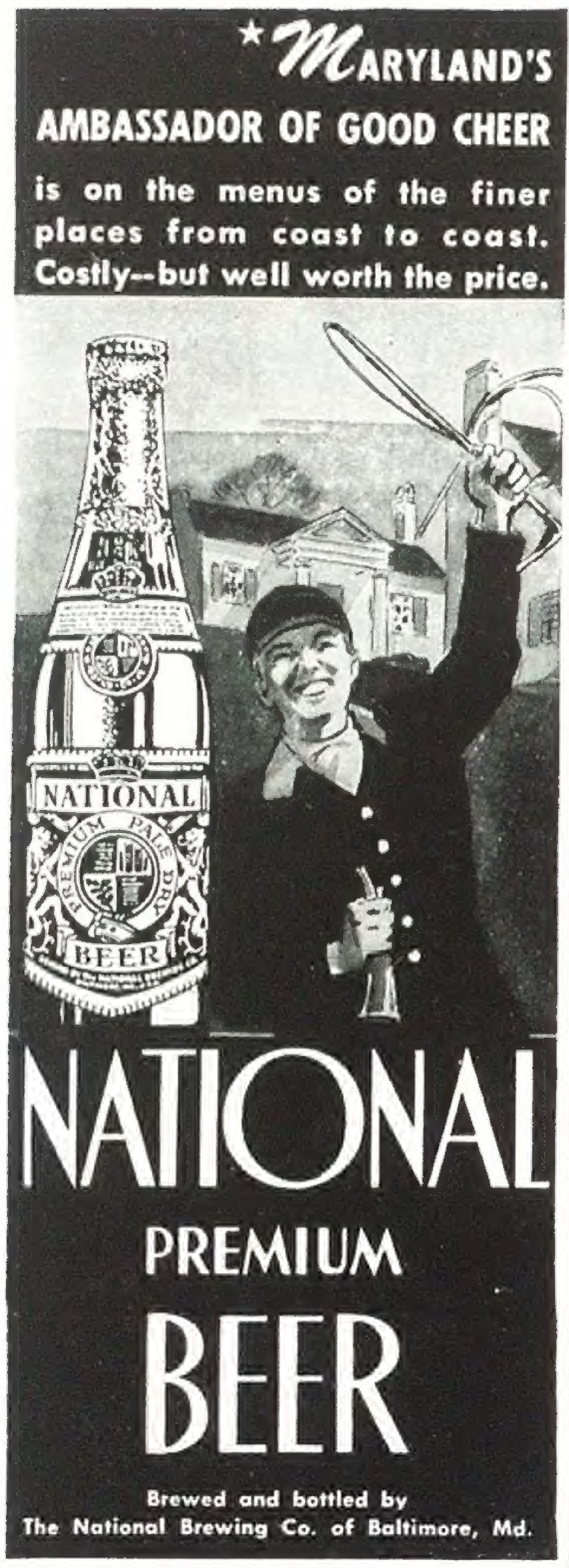
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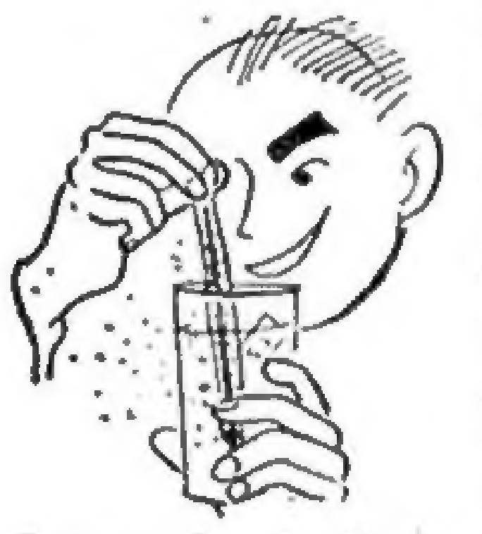
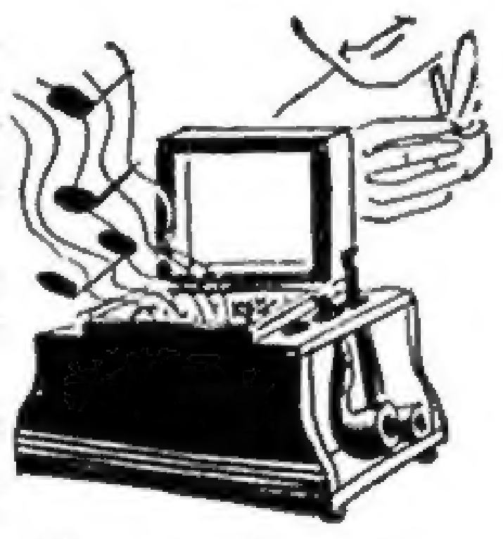
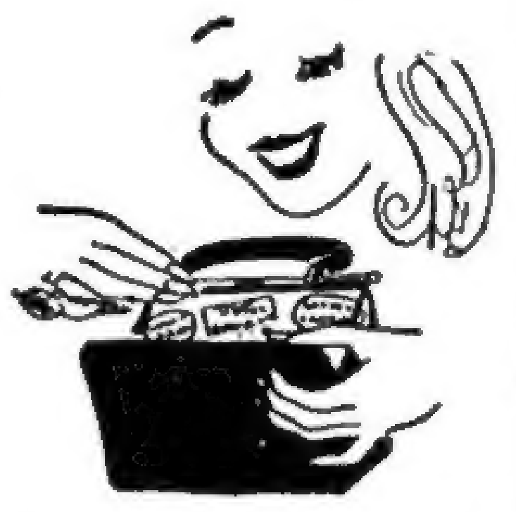


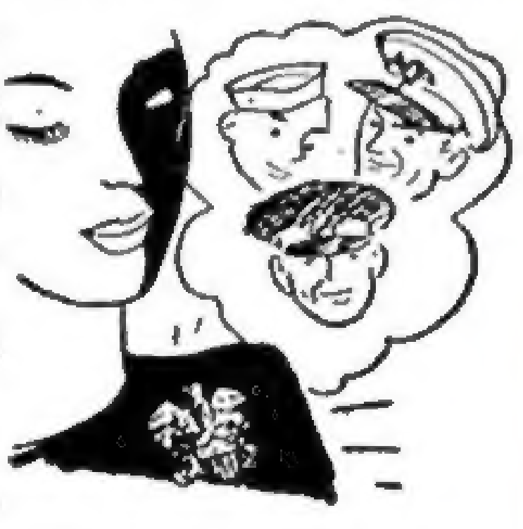
PIPE THE MUSIC. Don't let this good, solid looking pipe rack fool you into thinking it's ordinary merchandise . . . for when you open the lid of the tobacco container, out tinkles "My Reverie". The Swiss music box has been hidden in the rack someplace and is wound from the bottom. The built-in humidifier will keep your tobacco fresh, and the rack will hold six pipes. The whole thing is done up in polished wood, and is a nice addition to any pipe collector's equipment.



LABELS IN THE BAG. The *Copacabana* and *Monte Carlo* days may be postponed for the duration, but at least she can carry her memories (or ambitions) inside this black suede handbag. It's lined with lush red calf on which is hand painted an assortment of travel labels ranging from the *Hotel Savoy* in London to the *Excelsior* in Rome. The bag itself is large and roomy, so that every time she reaches for doo-dads, the labels are viewed by all. There's a matching leather belt, too, with painted labels on the outside to remind her of the palmy days.



ROMANCE DEPT. "Now can I wear your *sweetheart* pin?" is the revision of the old fraternity pin gag. The modification came about when the new love token for Navy sweethearts came on the market. The pin is a miniature replica of the insignia worn on a Navy officer's hat, but this one's done in sterling silver and is gold plated.



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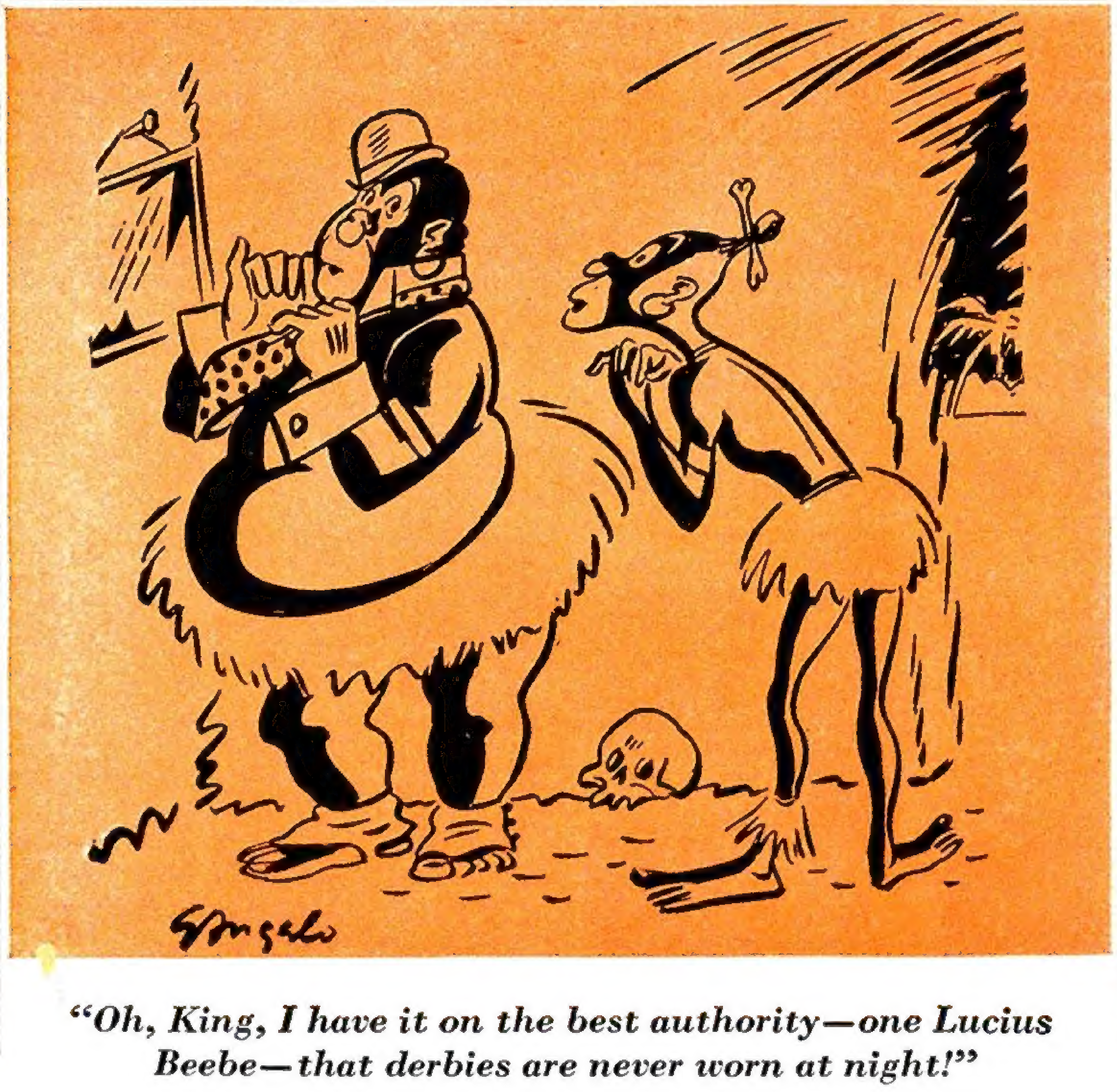

"Oh, King, I have it on the best authority—one Lucius Beebe—that derbies are never worn at night!"

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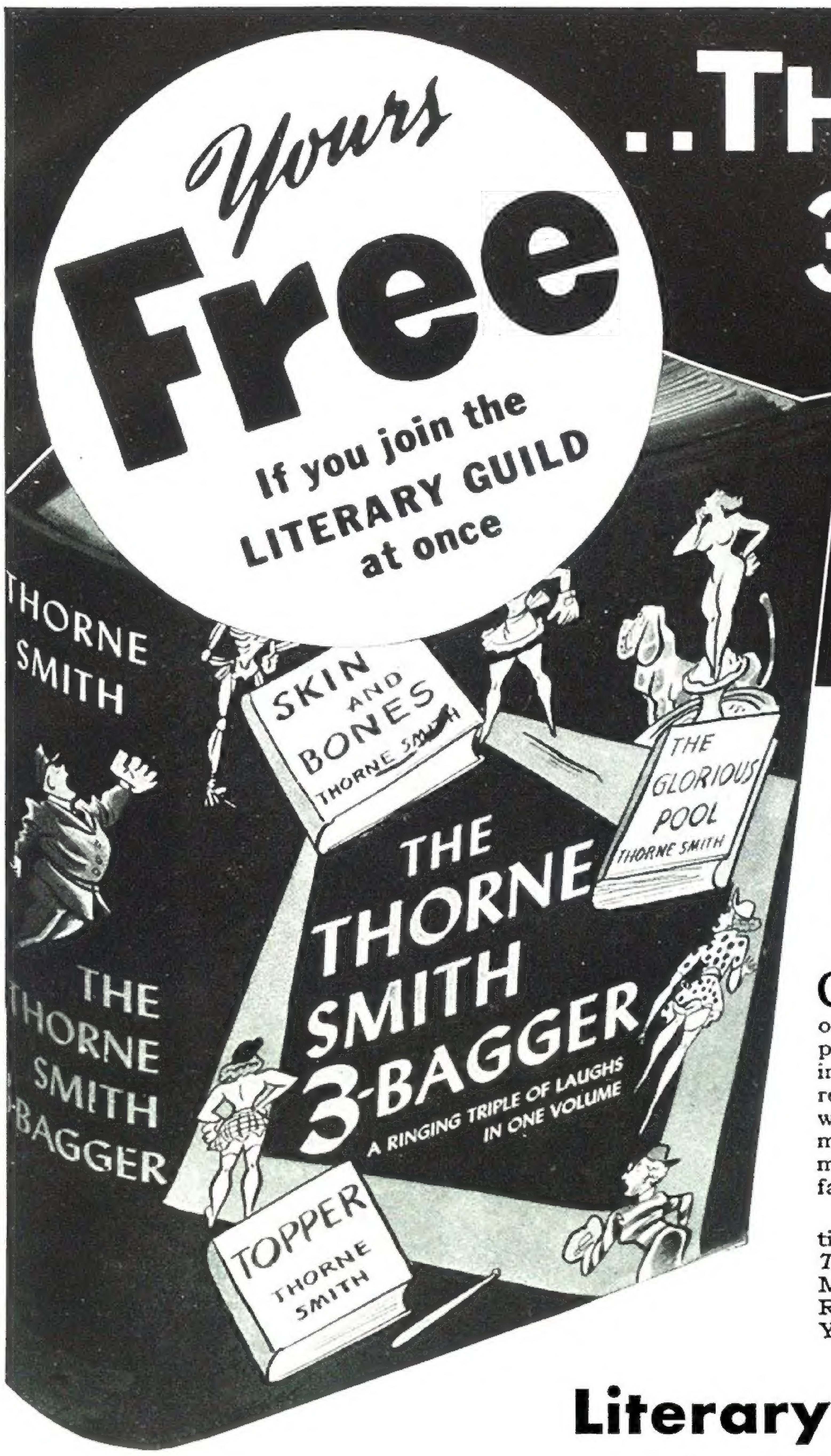
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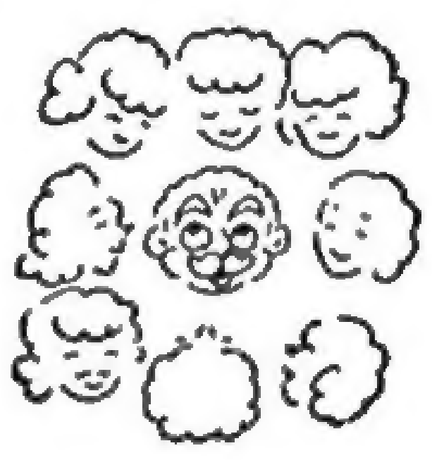
THE SOUND AND THE FURY

SELECTED CASE HISTORY OF A COMMON COMPLAINT

I hope that someone can tell me *how* in the world I can send those much desired magazines, namely Esquire, to those P.O.W. in Germany. After reading their cards I realized that all those copies in our library would mean a lot more to those boys than to me. It seems I can't get a P.O. in Brooklyn to accept any mail for Germany (no comments on either Flatbush or Brooklyn) even if I smile my purtiest *and* take along a couple of blondes. So, if anyone can solve this mailing problem, or if the Editors know of any one who would like my (or rather my brother's copies) *gosh* . . . I'd be only too glad to send them.



All my girl friends will simply have to buy their own in the future. For I can truthfully say . . . I never get the new issue until the rush is over, which is a few months later. Yet they call it the Men's magazine??? What's more, my poor subscriber brothers never get to "ours" since either the Censor or the fish enjoy them? And the other one has to depend upon Lounges where *no* girls have priorities on them.

Sincerely,
Helen Villon
667 East 42 St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

P.S. Any Montana man can have two copies a month.

Editor's Note: *We made the suggestion about sending the magazines to prisoners of war in all good faith, and only after we had carefully checked through our Circulation Department to see that such shipments could be made. But a new ruling went through a couple of weeks after we went to press, making it impossible for anyone but relatives to send prisoners of war any packages. Under the circumstances, we can only suggest that the next best bet would be to send your old copies to soldiers over here.*

LANG-BOOSTER

A hearty Ski Heil to Otto Lang for his clear exposition of the demerits of the parallel method of teaching skiing in the January, 1943, issue of your magazine.

As a lifelong skier who started out in about 1916 with his first pair of real skis from the old New York Sporting Goods Co. (I can remember yet the thrill of graduating from barrel-staves) and who has learned, and I trust progressed the hard way, I wish to heartily second Otto's thesis.

I learned jumping and cross country running first and when I took up slalom and downhill in the early days of narrow wood road trails I started with the Open Christiania. Time and bitter experience on rough and bumpy trails taught me the value of a Stem and Stem Christiania when the going gets tough. So much so that in teaching many of my friends, and during two years that I taught professionally, I followed the Arlberg Technique with most excellent results.

One of my chief phobias is the needless amount of injury in skiing. In over twenty-five years of concentrated skiing whenever there was snow, I have accumulated only two sprained ankles and several sprained thumbs on my injury roster. It is agonizing to see very talented and potentially excellent skiers crack up on the Teft, Thunderbolt, Nosedive and Wildcat purely because they didn't follow the precepts incorporated in teaching such as Otto's. Usually they have had a lesson or two, then because of an instinctive sense of balance and marvelous coordination, they find it extremely easy to go like the rumbling of an express train and maneuver and turn on hard packed practice hills and trails. Then the first time they try one of the expert trails, conditions are perfect and they are lucky and breeze down in good time with no falls. They then class themselves in the racing class and enter a time trial in which they again have good conditions and run into no trouble, make excellent time and obtain a racer's rating. As long as they are lucky and get into no trouble, well and good. But the first time deep snow, unusual snow or a slight mistake in judgment, throws them into a situation demanding almost instinctive judgment and application of the correct turn in the repertory of maneuvers Otto mentions, we find them lacking. Result, crash—a tree barked and bruised and a leg broken. All this is needless with the proper foundation.

I could go on and on because of my love for this avocation of mine and my regret at being forced to ski here on the sand dunes of Virginia rather than with our ski troops. But articles such as Otto's in magazines such as yours help to make these days that we're in this mess pass more quickly towards those future ones "on the boards" in a peaceful world.

Very truly yours,
J. D. Perley,
Major, C.A.C.
Fort Story, Va.

BUMPY DETOUR IN DREAMLAND

It was with a great deal of pleasure and interest that I read Keith Monroe's article, *Preview in Dreamland.* In fact, I found it so interesting that I decided to try "prophetic dreaming." I put my pencil and notebook beside my bed and diligently laid me down to dream.

I not only dreamed . . . I screamed! I had such a horrible nightmare that I didn't bother to write it down. I will undoubtedly remember it for the rest of my days . . . *but vividly!*

Hereafter, I shall leave such interesting experimentation to less impressionable persons than I, and I will only concentrate on *sweet, dreamless* sleep.

Sincerely,
Cincinnati, O. Mary Jane Craig

ON PUTTING ESKY IN A CAP & GOWN

Succeeding issues of your enticing magazine present succeeding dilemmas for yours truly. I am an English teacher in a small town high school. (You probably envision a bald-headed gentleman gazing at Varga-vistas of forbidden fruit, but as a matter of fact I am quite young and that's not my dilemma.)

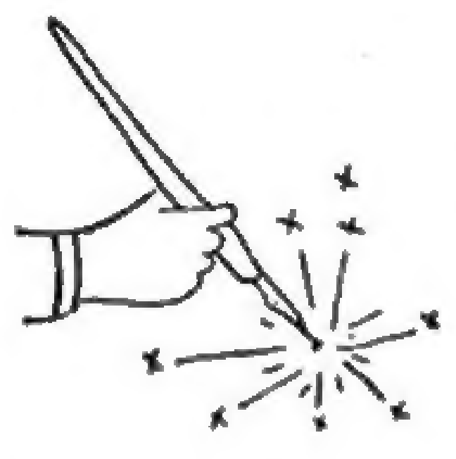
My dilemma is this: I am tempted time after time to bring a copy of Esquire to my Senior Literature class, and give my pupils the benefit of the excellent criticism of Mr. Phelps and the high grade fiction of Manuel Komroff, Jesse Stuart and others. The only way in which this could be done, without disturbing small town codes of conduct, would be to somehow camouflage that bulge-eyed masher on the front of each issue and make it appear like the front of, let us say, Harper's or the Atlantic.

Could you get Salvidor Dali to work on this for me?

Sincerely,
Somewhere, Ind. D.S.

G. J. NATHAN'S AMEN CORNER

I have just finished reading George Jean Nathan's article, *First Nights & Passing Judgments.* I agree with him that Faith increases in wartime, but I most certainly disagree that war is the result or consequence of Faith. Certainly, I do agree that it may be the result or consequence of Faith in a leader; but not in God. And I do know, or think, that anyone who has Faith will agree with me that war is not very often the result or consequence, etc.



He also remarks that he should not concern himself too much with other matter, having been hired to be a critic on the show business (or part of it). I also agree with him *very heartily* on this point.

Sincerely,
Pvt. J. D. Spangler
Fort Lawton, Wash.

ESKY IN INDIA

We don't get much of the magazines from the Good Old U.S.A. away off here in India, and for those we do get there is a long waiting list to read them.

To my estimation, one of your best features is the pictures that are in your magazine. Being in India for quite some time, the pictures play an important role in the tent that I live in. Enclosed pictures will give you some idea how the pictures decorate our tent. I haven't many—eight to be exact—and will wait anxiously for the 26 beautiful Hurrell photographs in the Date Book.

Pfc. James E. Roe

P.S. Money order is enclosed for the Date Book.
P.S.S. Rush like hell. This is for soldiers.

Sgt. M. Bosko
Corp. G. Calongne
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Corp. P. Tricario
Corp. J. Burnett
A.P.O. New York, N.Y.

ADDITION TO AN HONOR ROLL

I have read with interest your article in the December issue of Esquire concerning the personnel on both sides of the Army and Navy game of 1926. I note that you have listed E. A. Hannegan and M. E. Goudge as civilians.

I am sure that you will be pleased to correct this statement in view of the fact that E. A. Hannegan is now a Lieutenant Commander in the Navy and has been flying in Naval aviation for the past twelve years. At present he is attached to the Bureau of Aeronautics in charge of the Aircraft Armament Section and as you can see is very much not a civilian.

Mr. Goudge holds a very responsible position with one of the Government agencies in Washington doing special work for our Government, and has not returned to the service due to the nature of this work which is considered by the Government just as important as any work that he might be doing in the service.

I hope that you will see fit to correct these discrepancies and I would like to take this opportunity of expressing to you both my appreciation and my congratulations for the fine work that you are doing towards answering a lot of misdirected criticism which has somehow sprung up around competitive sports. These competitive sports are, as you know, the fundamental basis for the fighting spirit developed in the American people and in view of this, it is my personal belief that not only should competitive sports, especially football, be continued for the duration, but they should be developed to the extent that they will reach every single individual in the country, particularly those boys who are soon to be doing the fighting. Without a determined will to win and the proper competitive spirit, and without a thorough ability to take care of themselves under all conditions, and without the necessary physical stamina to out-do their enemies, then it will be these boys in our schools today who will die as a result of this neglect and it will not be the administrative officials who apparently are not thoroughly cognizant of the necessity for proper training.

Congratulations again on the fine work which you are doing in these difficult times.

Sincerely yours,
Charles J. Ellis,
Lieutenant, USNR
Division of Aviation Training
Navy Department
Bureau of Aeronautics
Washington, D. C.

IF SHE'S PERFECT WHY KEEP FIGURING?

Are all practical G.I. tests figured on the basis of the example set forth by Pvt. Franc Shor?

Try as I might, I can't add it up to anything more than 900, even though the girl is 100% perfect! Or should you ignore the instructions covering Point 3 (Beauty) and forget about subtracting 100?

Shame on you Esky, the four-bit magazine overlooking such an error and even on top of that—putting it on your editorial page!!

Foo!
St. Louis, Mo. E. Kimes
(Holiday Issue, Jan., 1943, Page 6.)

P.S. You can shame Pvt. Franc Shor for his poor arithmetic. (You know—pass the buck.)

LANG-BASTER

Mr. Otto Lang, in *Parallel Skiing vs. Stem,* has done little more than call Loosli a quack.

I can understand his feelings on the matter, and I can see that you and your readers could easily agree with him, but I want to know how many vacuum cleaners you could sell, if you left your sample at home and told the housewife how bad your competitor's machine was. Lang, I hear you talking.

Would you describe the aroma of a rose by describing the stench of garbage?

Do you tell a lady how beautiful she is by telling her how dreadful are the looks of the witch next door?

Would you put money in a beggar's pocket by telling how poor your hobo friend is?

I'm on 980KC. Are you receiving me or is the QRM putting me to sleep in a blanket?

Wove and tisses,
Albert E. Goodwin
Schenectady, N. Y.

BEEP'S AMERICAN AS A JEEP

Don't look now, but you're slipping. Who is this "Beep" character? I'll bet he's English. What a sense of humor!

I have been reading Esquire for several years. I enjoy Varga, the fiction and articles. But the type of humor used by "Beep" does not bolster my morale.

Sincerely,
Corp. R. L. Chevshery
Kingman, Ariz.

Sorry, the Postman says "No!"

We wish we could mail you a Four Roses Hot Toddy—just to let you know what a downright marvelous cold-weather drink it is.

We can't. So we suggest the next best thing:

If you haven't a bottle of Four Roses on hand, get one at the nearest liquor store and follow our recipe for the world's finest hot toddy.

Then settle back in your favorite chair before the fire and relax in solid comfort as you slowly sip the warm and fragrant masterpiece that you and Four Roses have created!

Recipe for the world's finest Hot Toddy

Put a piece of sugar in the bottom of a glass and dissolve it with a little hot water. Add a twist of lemon peel (bruise it firmly) . . . four cloves and, if you desire, a stick of cinnamon. Pour in a generous jigger of that matchless whiskey, Four Roses . . . and fill the glass with steaming hot water.

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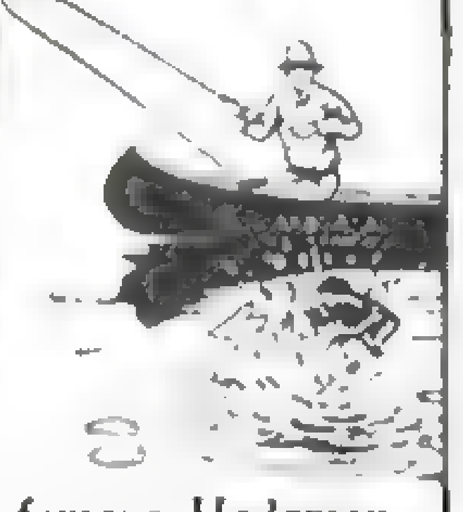
SPORTING ESQUIRES-NOTE

YOUR REPUTATIONS ARE NOW SAFE

Yes, safe because Hodgman now offers this 100 page book, ram-jam full of hitherto unpublished secret methods for cramming your creel and garnishing your game bag! From now on, with Hodgman's Handy Book of Sportsmen's Secrets you can scotch rumors that you are a feckless fisherman or hopeless hunter! No time-worn tripe here, but swell new success secrets.

Hodgman's Handy Book of Sportsmen's Secrets
Mark W. Burlingame



Compiled by Mark W. Burlingame, famous sportsman, author and former sports editor,—specially for Hodgman Rubber Co., oldest rubber company in America, as a service to those who have worn or some day will wear famous Hodgman Waterproof Garments. No, we can't sell you any merchandise right now because it all goes to Uncle Sam. But we can send you loads of information if you will just slip a dime in the mail for this rare "sporting reputation protector".

HODGMAN RUBBER CO.
Dept. E, Framingham, Massachusetts
Here's my dime. Send me "Secrets".

Name..
Address..

Talking Shop with Esquire

TOUGH STUFF. The new ceramic "Old Hickory" cookware is the toughest we've found yet, and is functional as well as easy on the eye. The gleaming, streamlined utensils will go direct from your hot plate to your dinner table *correctly*, so think of the double-duty value. Acid and alkali have no effect on the pieces and they're as easy to wash as any kind of china. With the scarcity of metal cooking utensils, keep in mind they're priority proof, too.

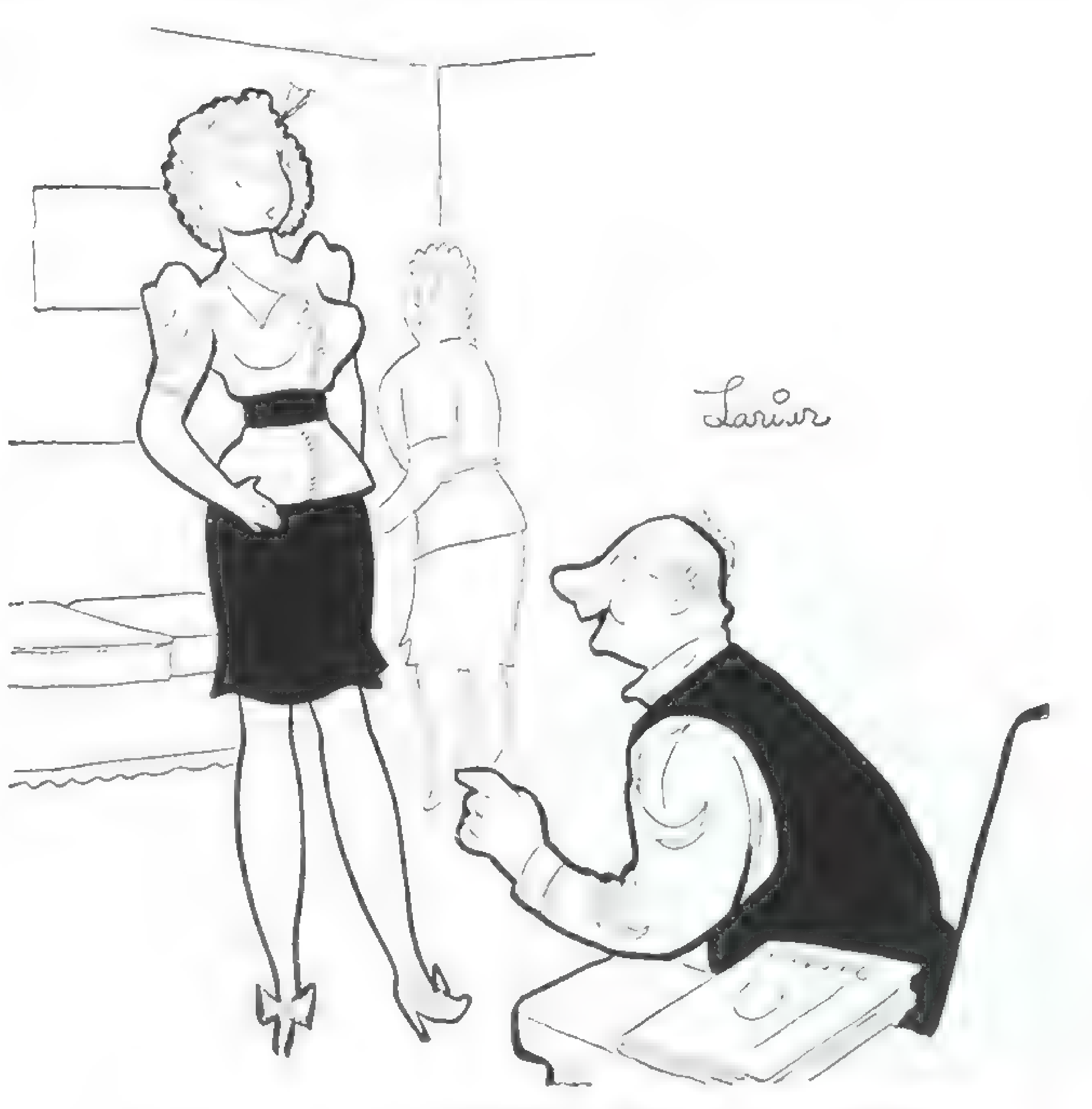
HALF-SHOTS. No hunter should set out for the bitter cold marsh without a set of these fake half-shots filled with emergency rations to carry him through the icy blasts. They're made just a little larger than the bona-fide shot gun shells so that you won't slip them in the gun barrel by mistake. Each shot contains a glass flask which will hold a nip of bourbon or brandy, safely concealed by a screw-on top. There are five shots in each set of sportsman's new essential heating equipment.

CIVVIE AND SERVICE. By the time this March issue is on the newsstands, the all-plastic razor should be on the market for civilian use. It's now issued as a part of the Army man's standard equipment, packed in a plastic box with a package of five double-edge razor blades. The razor is extremely lightweight, making it easy to pack, and also non-corrosive, which gives it a health angle. But the ones for civilian use will come in colors!

OZONE. This *Triolein Ozonide* in a new shave soap-cream for men is really getting around. It's made for all you grizzlies with tender skins and stubborn beards who have to drag out the razor twice a day. The oxidized cream comes in either a jar or in stick form and is not oily. The trick is that it releases oxygen while you're shaving . . . thus you mow into that underbrush like nothin' flat!

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.



"Of course we'll like him, Honey—we'd like anybody who married you!"

U. S. NAVY "SWEETHEART" PIN

Accurately Designed for SWEETHEARTS, MOTHERS, WIVES AND SISTERS Of All Navy Men
Sterling Silver Shield and Eagle, Gold-filled Anchors
$7.50
With 24K Goldplate Anchors
$5.00
In Gift Boxes
No. 489
Illustrations Actual Size | Safety Clasps

U. S. NAVY RINGS

Heavy Solid 10K Gold
Beautifully Finished
$16.50
Sterling Silver, $7.50
Specify Finger Size
Prices Include Tax and Postage

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Old? Get Pep, Vim with Iron, Calcium, Vitamin B_1

MEN, WOMEN of 40, 50, 60. Don't be old, weak, worn-out, exhausted. Take Ostrex. Contains tonics, stimulants often needed after 40—by bodies lacking Iron, Calcium, Vitamin B_1. Thousands now feel peppy, years younger. Get Ostrex Tonic Tablets TODAY. Trial size 35c. Or SAVE MONEY—get regular $1 size (4 times as many tablets). Also ask about money-saving "Economy" size. At all drug stores everywhere.

Do You Make Mistakes in English?

EVERY time you speak or write you show just what you are. Mistakes in English reveal you as a person who lacks education and refinement. Lack of language power prevents you from presenting your thoughts in the strongest possible way. No matter what you do, real command of English will help you to your goal. Stop making mistakes in spelling, punctuation, pronunciation. Increase your vocabulary.

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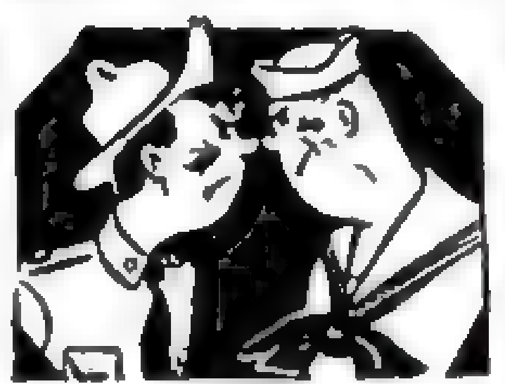
Only 15 minutes a day with Sherwin Cody's new invention—and you can actually SEE your English improve. It teaches by HABIT—makes it easier to do the RIGHT way. Wonderful self-correcting lessons include spelling, punctuation, grammar and expression.

FREE BOOK ON ENGLISH. Lack of language power may easily be costing you thousands of dollars every year. See what Mr. Cody can do for you; it costs nothing to find out. Mail a postal card or letter for free book, "How You Can Master Good English in 15 Minutes a Day". It will prove a revelation to you. WRITE NOW. Address;

Sherwin Cody School of English, 863 Searle Bldg., Rochester, N.Y.



FUN for a SOLDIER

"KEEP 'EM LAUGHING" will have any Man in the Service roaring with laughter. Jammed with the best material ever written about, for and by our fighting men. TEN COMPLETE STUPENDOUS SECTIONS — over 200 pages — JOKES, ANECDOTES, BROADSIDES — A Private's Romance— SQUADS WRITE and How they write—HAND GRENADES—dizzy, rowdy—MADEMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIERES — and other famous songs — VERSES — LIMERICKS — MILITARY TOASTS—GLEEFUL, HILARIOUS ILLUSTRATIONS— the army with its lid off—the army from the inside. Begins where the U.S.O. leaves off. It's only $1.—(C.O.D. plus postage) but it'll give fun for the duration. Mail order now!

KEEP 'EM LAUGHING

KNICKERBOCKER PUB. CO.
92 Liberty St. Dept. KE, N.Y.C.

Greater Shoe Comfort

Shoes feel easier on your feet when treated with LEXOL, the self-penetrating conditioner. Used on all types of leather, LEXOL strengthens the fibre, increases pliability, prevents cracking, repels water and takes any polish.

Leading stores sell LEXOL or order direct
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LEXOL
855 SUMMER AVENUE, NEWARK, N. J.

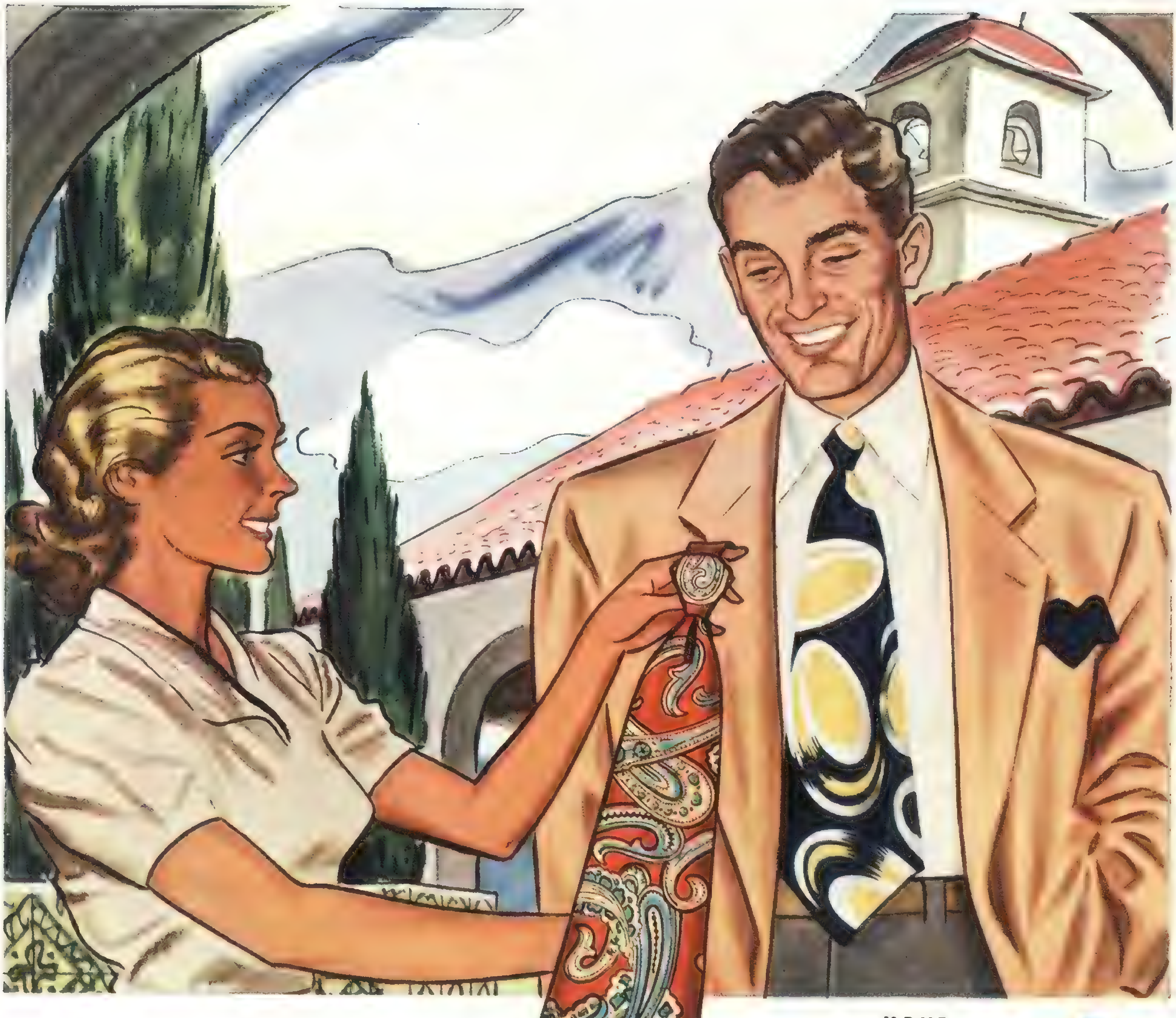
15th
of every month is the day to look for the new ESQUIRE on the newsstands

MUSIC-HALL MAGIC!
The SOUBRETTE SONGS of
GRACIE FIELDS

As you listen to the gems in this Album, you realize why Gracie Fields is England's highest-paid laugh-provoker..of either sex. She swings from comic capers to sentimental songs..and is super at both. You'll enjoy **Walter, Walter, Lead Me To The Altar; Biggest Aspidastra In The World; That Lovely Week-End; He's Dead, But He Won't Lie Down; Nighty-Night Little Sailor Boy The Thing-Um-Bobby That's Going To Win The War; An Old Violin; Ave Maria.** Four 10-inch records in attractive album, postpaid in U.S.A. $3.10.

Write for FREE Illustrated PARTY RECORD LIST

RABSONS 111 WEST 52nd STREET
DEPT. 22, NEW YORK



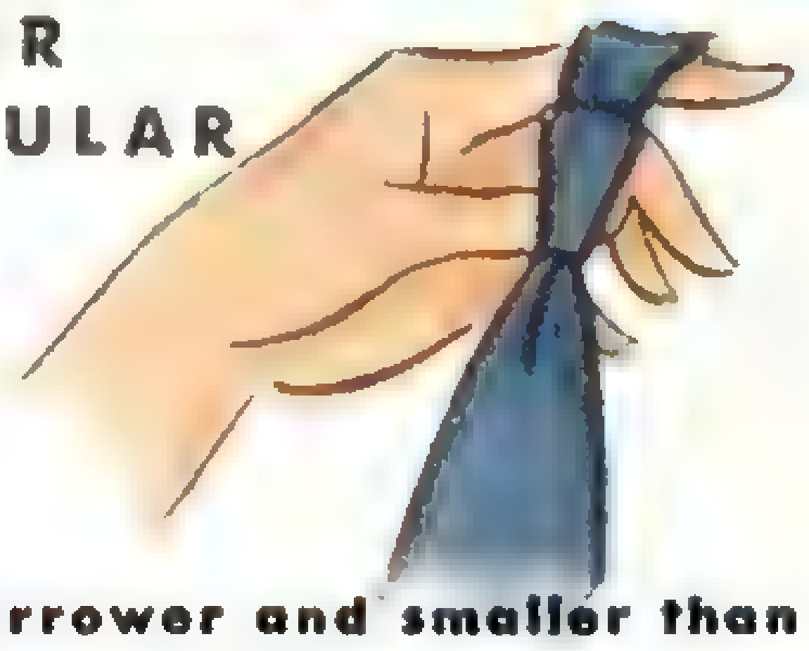
California HAS THE BIG IDEA IN FOULARD TIES!

Out in the sun country, we found *more* than the big, broad Cohama California Drape . . . we found new color-ideas . . . lighter, brighter Cohama Sun-Maker* Colors that bring you the sun wherever you are and make *you* look on the bright side! Ask for them at your favorite men's store. *Cohama Tie Fabrics, 1412 Broadway, New York*

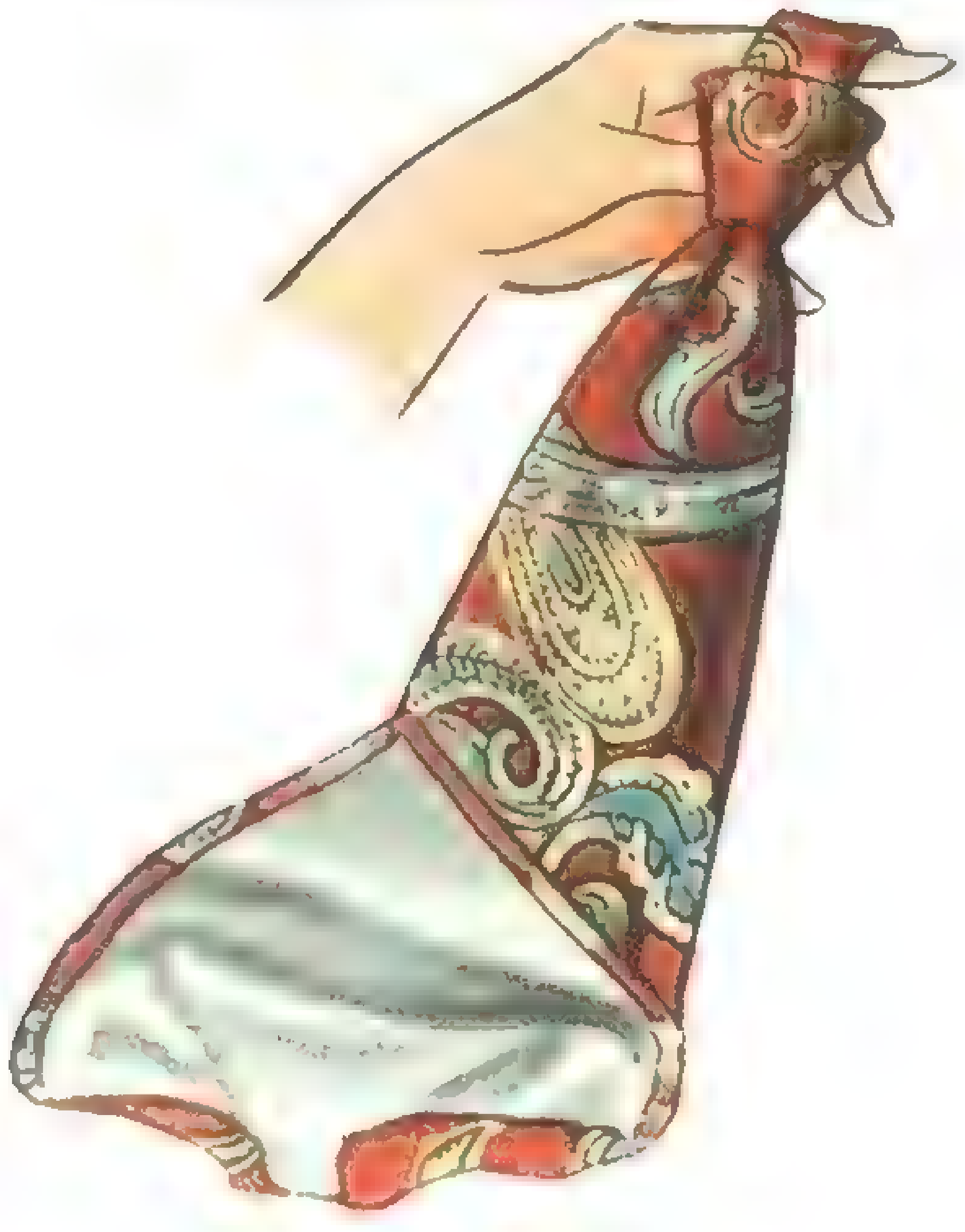
*Trademark Registered

COHAMA California Sun-Maker Colors **TIES $1**

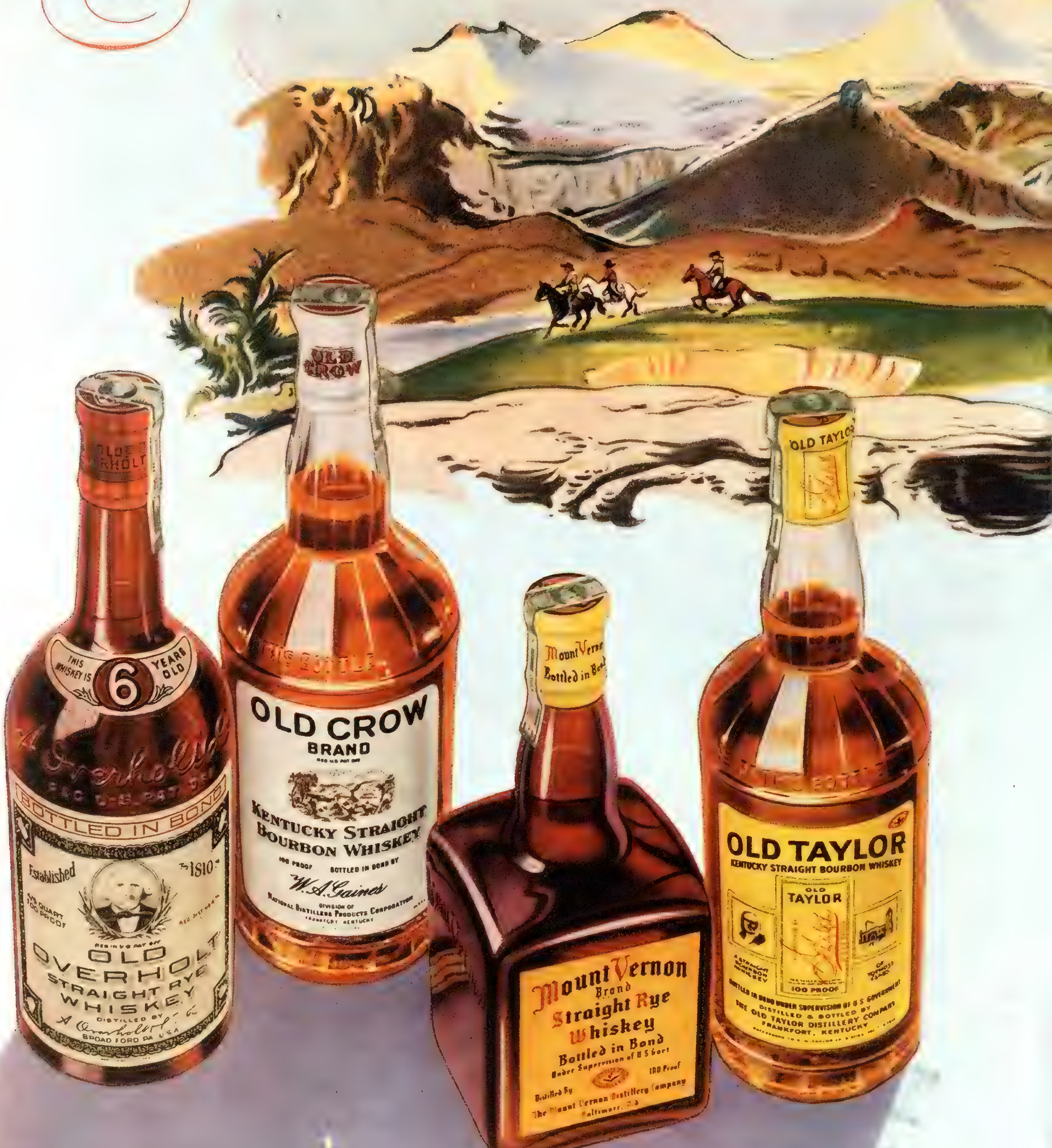
YOUR REGULAR TIE



is narrower and smaller than the new COHAMA California Drape which is cut broader to give you a big, generous knot and drape!



YESTERDAY...TODAY



Old Overholt
This whiskey is 6 years old
Bottled in Bond
Established 1810
Old Overholt Straight Rye Whiskey
Distilled by A. Overholt & Co. Broad Ford Pa U.S.A.
Old Crow
Old Crow Brand
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
100 Proof
Bottled in Bond by
W. A. Gaines
Division of National Distillers Products Corporation
Frankfort Kentucky
Mount Vernon Bottled in Bond
Mount Vernon Brand Straight Rye Whiskey
Bottled in Bond Under Supervision of U.S. Govt
100 Proof
Bottled By The Mount Vernon Distillery Company Baltimore, Md.
Old Taylor
Old Taylor Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
100 Proof
Bottled in Bond under supervision of U.S. Government
Distilled & Bottled by The Old Taylor Distillery Company Frankfort, Kentucky

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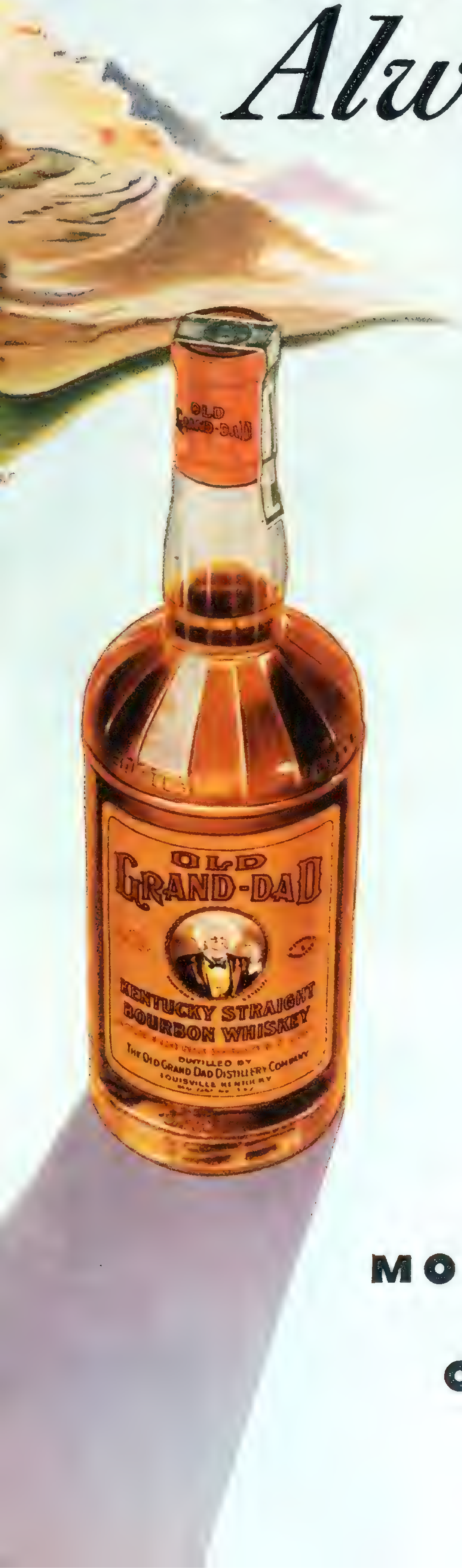
. TOMORROW...

Always the Same


OLD GRAND-DAD
OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD GRAND DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE KENTUCKY

ONE of the hardest things we ever have to do is to change our habits. Especially the little habits of everyday life! We get into the habit of picking up our evening paper from the same newsboy, buying our cigarettes in the same store, saying "Howdy" to the same bus-driver, and if they change, we miss them. It upsets us a bit because we like the old, familiar faces we have come to know and depend on.

The same holds true of the things we buy, eat, smoke, drink, wear. Names, brands, trademarks and packages get to be habits in our daily life, because we know just what they stand for in price, quality and satisfaction.

And so when our country's war-time needs force changes and you have to take new packages to save tin and plastics, and when labels and sizes and prices all have to change, even though you're glad to play ball for victory's sake, you can't escape a sense of uncertainty as the old landmarks fade.

So to the discriminating men whose habit it has been to drink the finest whiskies, it is our distinct pleasure to point out that the quality of these five *great* whiskies will *not* change! For generations past they have been great landmarks in America's distilling art! And as they were *yesterday,* so they are *today* and will be *tomorrow!*

For even in war-time, the strict U. S. Government regulations specifying how bottled-in-bond whiskies shall be produced, are not changed!

OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

OLD CROW
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY—RYE OR BOURBON

MOUNT VERNON
BRAND
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

"ELEVATORS" make you TALLER

Send for FREE Booklet

The minute you stand up in your first pair of "ELEVATORS", you realize what extra height can do for you. They look and feel like any fine shoes you ever wore. This booklet may open a new chapter in your life. Send for it today.

NEW Authentic MILITARY Styles in "ELEVATORS" Illustrated in FREE BOOKLET

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STONE TARLOW CO. Inc. Dept E-3
Brockton, Mass.
I Want to be TALLER. Please send me your Free Booklet and name of nearest dealer where I can purchase "ELEVATORS"
NAME ____________
ADDRESS ____________
CITY ____________ STATE ________

EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS OF "ELEVATORS"

BUS-SICK?

Nausea, dizziness, stomach distress may be prevented and relieved with the aid of

Mothersill's
SEASICK REMEDY

NATIONAL MAGIC COMPANY

Get this Great Catalog of MAGIC

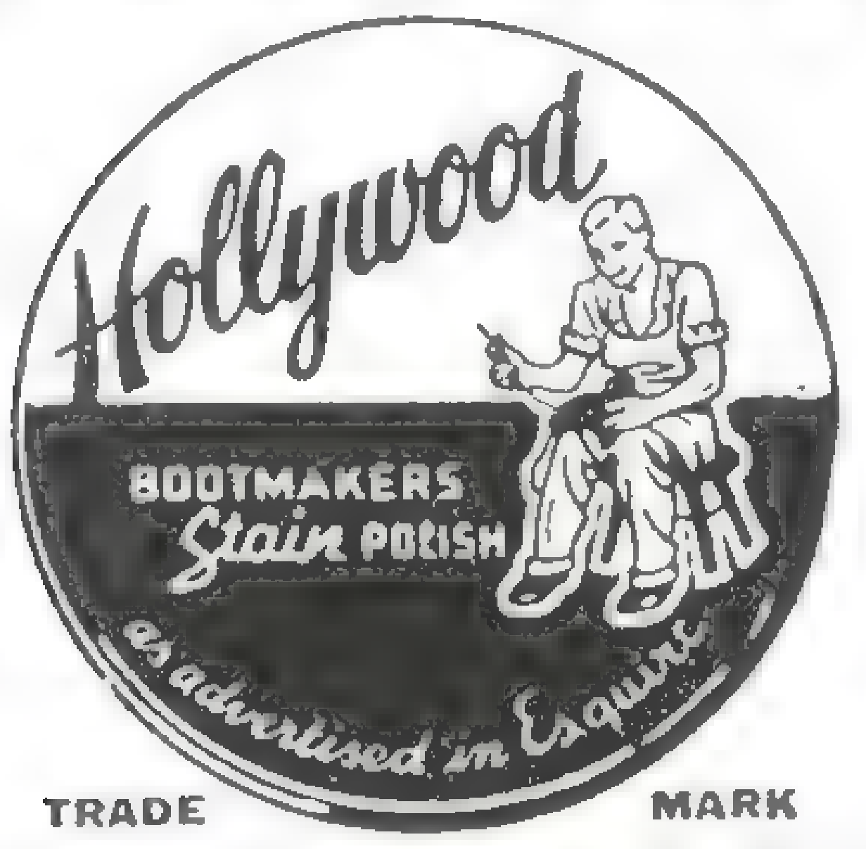
Amazing tricks, mystifying and spooky stage and party illusions. Easy to do—no skill—perfect instructions. Fool your friends. Loads of fun. Add "life" to any party. 272 pages. 500 illustrations. Mail 50 cents for catalog, credited on your first order for $3.00 or more.

NATIONAL MAGIC COMPANY
119 S. State St., Chicago, Ill.

AMERICA'S FINEST SPORT SHIRTS AT AMERICA'S FINEST STORES

Wimbledon
COPYRIGHT 1942
Wimbledon Shirt Co.... Chicago.

HOLLYWOOD STAIN POLISH



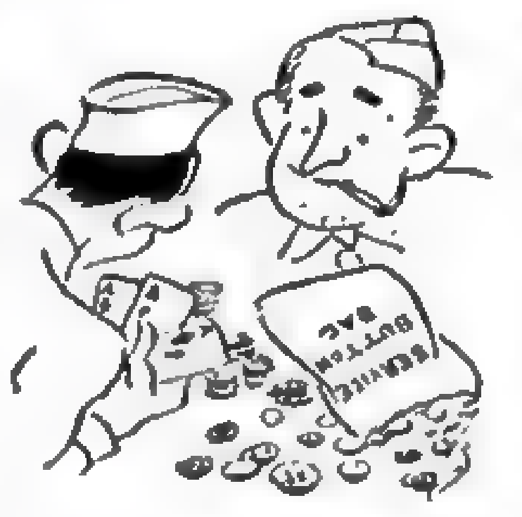
TRADE MARK

Gives your shoes a rich hand-rubbed custom finish, plus a high gloss, as featured by America's leading shoe stores. Available in Antique Walnut, Antique Redwood, Dark Brown, Tan and Black. ✶ Sold by **Flagg Bros.** (stores in larger cities), other leading shoe and dept. stores. If dealer does not carry **Hollywood**, send **$1.50** for complete set of Hollywood Polishes, sent postpaid. Unconditionally guaranteed.

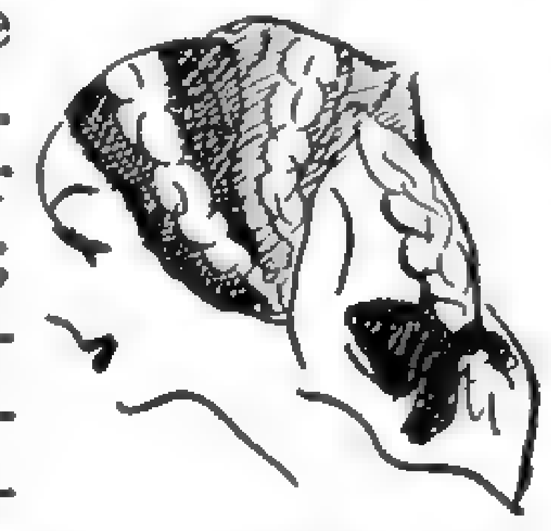
FRENCHEE CHEMICAL CO.
107-32 Van Wyck Boulevard Richmond Hill, N.Y.
Midwest Distributor: Kechn Bros. 219 W. Munroe St., Chicago

Talking Shop with Esquire

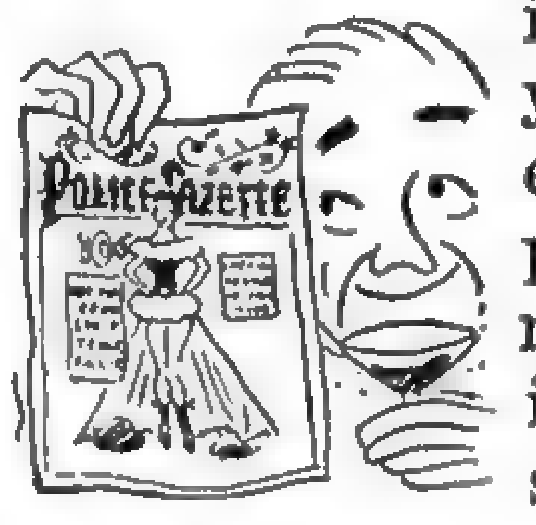
BUTTON BUTTON. "Is there a safety pin in the house?" will be a long, lost cry when soldiers, sailors, WAACS, WAVES, and defense workers track down the service button bag. The small duffel comes in either Khaki or Navy Blue and contains fifty-three assorted buttons in approved colors and sizes which will match anything from a field jacket to a pajama top. It's as small and handy as a tobacco pouch and you can always carry it and use the extra buttons for poker chips.



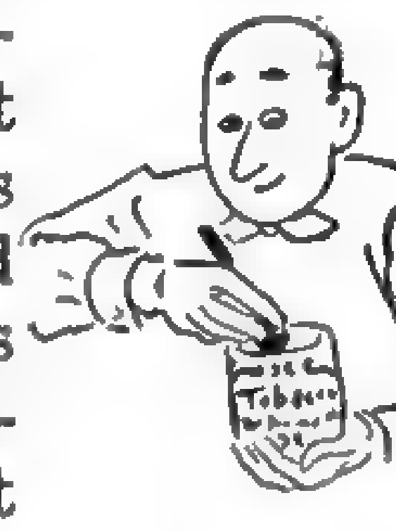
FRAIL BAIT. If you want to get in solid, send her a custom designed scarf which comes directly from the palette of the artist, Vertès. There are four clever styles; "Leaves", "Pigtails", "Bluebirds" and "Poppies", and each may be worn innumerable ways as shown on the enclosed directions. Each is individually packaged and will be her most gay and glamorous possession when she folds and twists the rayon silk squares into what looks like a turban triumph.



BOOK OF THE MONTH. "Cocktail Hour" is the intriguing title, and inside the cover instead of finding a racy novel, you'll discover eight pages of printed cocktail napkins. Each one is an ersatz version of a popular current magazine cover including "Look", "Life", "Peek", "Esquire" (oops, sorry!), and even the good old "Police Gazette". They're pasted in, and the book is just the packaging, so rip the napkins out, drag out some glasses, and . . . well, they're an excuse for a round of drinks anyway!

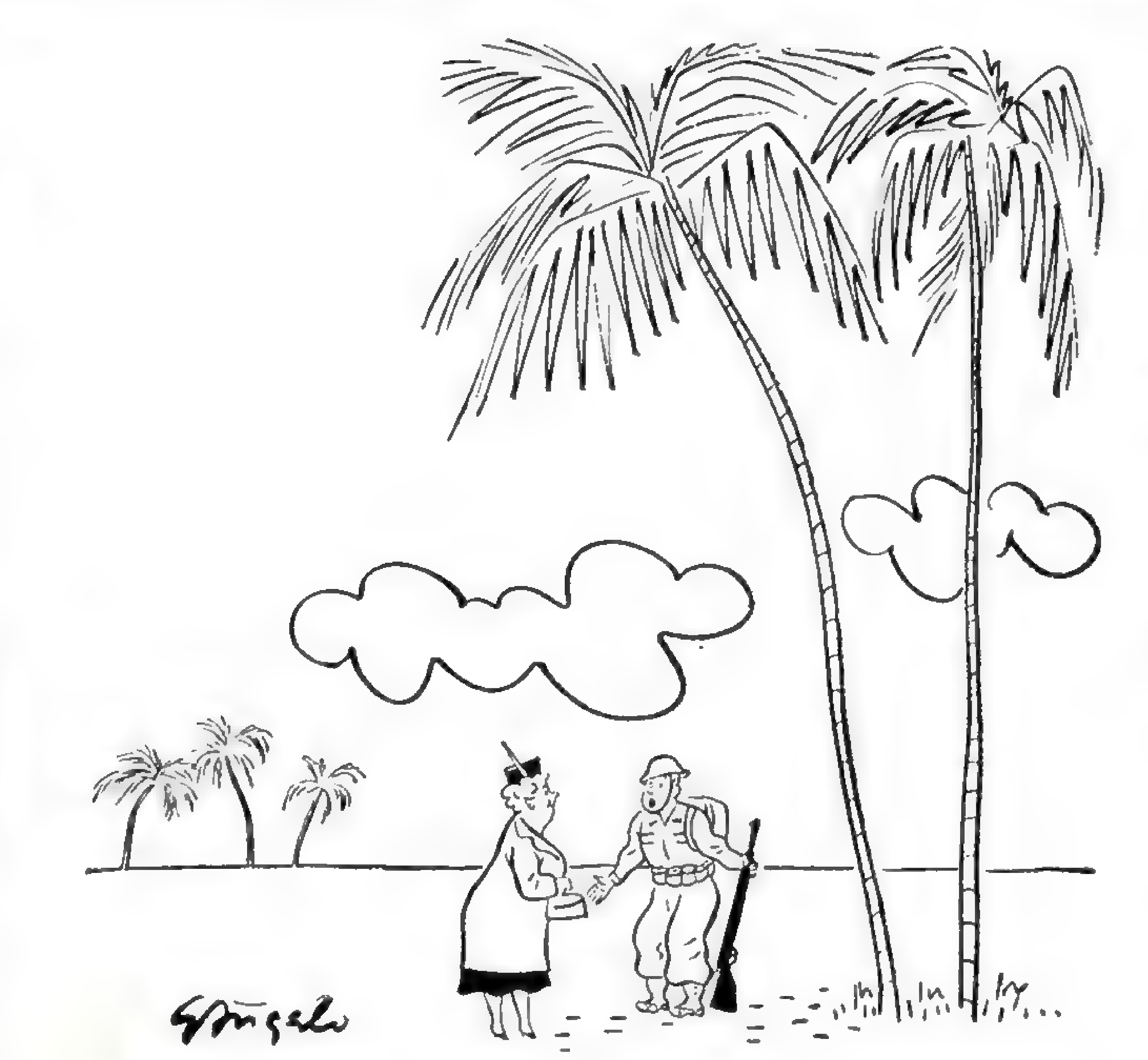


FOR THE DIVINE HERB. This hand glazed pottery tobacco jar is attractive, and a relief from the stodgy old containers of the past which the missus slyly hides behind picture frames and vases. The design and quaint lettering are burned in tobacco colors but don't be afraid that it resembles a cookie or apothecary jar. It's a real old-fashioned tobacco crock, by gad!



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.



"Please go home, mother—there's nothing you can do!"

HIGH PRAISE FROM EXPERT SMOKERS—

PIPE LOVERS WHO RELISH THE MOST EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—

WHEN experts can't tell the mild, smooth flavor of *Country Doctor Pipe Mixture* from their costliest blends—man! this tobacco must have something!

AN 8 TOBACCO BLEND

"Country Doctor" contains no less than *eight* of the *world's finest tobaccos!* Each specially selected. All expertly blended to make a full-bodied smoke with richness . . . a "vintage" flavor . . . pleasant fragrance . . . *and no bite!*

NO BITE, NO PARCH, NO SOURNESS

Costliest blends can't beat it for fine-tobacco enjoyment. Priced low. Try it!

(If your dealer doesn't have it yet, write Philip Morris & Co., Inc., 119 Fifth Ave., New York.)

Country Doctor *Pipe Mixture*

A Product of PHILIP MORRIS

Famous CRESCENTS Now In 100 Blade Carton Super-Gift Package

CRESCENT
Chisel Edge
OLD WAY
Crescent New Way
Long Bevel

NOW, you can meet razor blade shortage with Crescent's longer-lasting, smoother shaving single or double edge blades—100 in carton. (If not at dealer's) SEND $2. Postpaid anywhere in U. S. Par-super quality. Long-concaved bevel. Made by makers of world celebrated Crescent Surgeon's Knives. (Specify razor type.) Order TODAY.

THE CRESCENT MFG. CO.
DEPT. E.Q., FREMONT, OHIO

Learn to Speak SPANISH
FRENCH, GERMAN OR ITALIAN
This Quick, Easy Way

ONLY 15 MINUTES A DAY. Know a second language for better business or social position; read foreign books; really enjoy travel. Speak like a native. Learn quickly, easily at home just "by listening" to CORTINA RECORDS as thousands have! Cortinaphone method famous for 60 years. Write today for FREE book "The Cortina Short-Cut." State language interested in!

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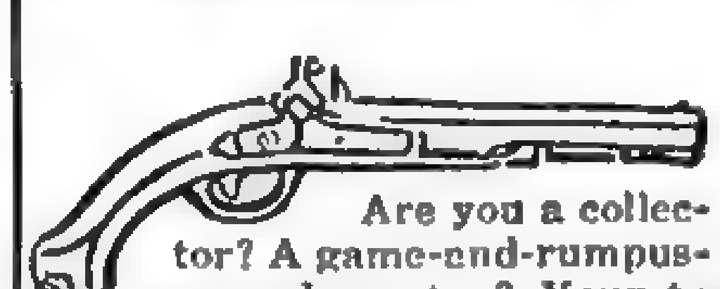


GUNS & SWORDS

Are you a collector? A game-and-rumpus-room decorator? Your treasure hunt ends in our catalog, listing 1400 authentic items. Typical values: *U. S. Civil War Cavalry Sabre* . **$4.75**
Old U. S. 45-70 breech loading musket . **$6.75**
To get your catalog (Newest Edition) send 25c to cover postage and handling, to **Robert Abels, E-860 Lexington Avenue, New York City, N. Y.**

WAKE UP YOUR Scalp

BE FAIR TO YOUR HAIR

Want better looking hair? Want to avoid embarrassment of falling dandruff scales? Itching scalp? Then you need a Vitabrush and you need it *now!* Doctors and competent scalp authorities have long recommended *brushing* . . . vigorous, frequent, regular *brushing* as the approved and sensible way to care for the hair. Vitabrush gets your scalp *really* clean and stimulates life-giving blood supply *in your scalp*. Not a vibrator, but an electric powered brush. Takes only 3 minutes a day. Restful. Pleasant. Write *now* for information and satisfaction-guaranteed offer. Hershey Mfg. Co., 173 South La Salle St., Chicago

Pour it with Pride...

I.W. HARPER
SINCE 18
OTTLED IN BOND
UNDER U S GOVERNMENT SUPERVI
I.W. HARPER
KENTUCKY
STRAIGHT BOURBON
WHISKEY
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
BERNHEIM DISTILLING COMPANY
LOUISVILLE KENTUCKY

Drink it...with Pleasure!

If in doubt about what to buy for your money, buy War Bonds. If in doubt about how to save your money, buy War Bonds. If you want to make sure you are helping speed Victory, buy War Bonds.

I. W. HARPER

The Gold Medal Whiskey

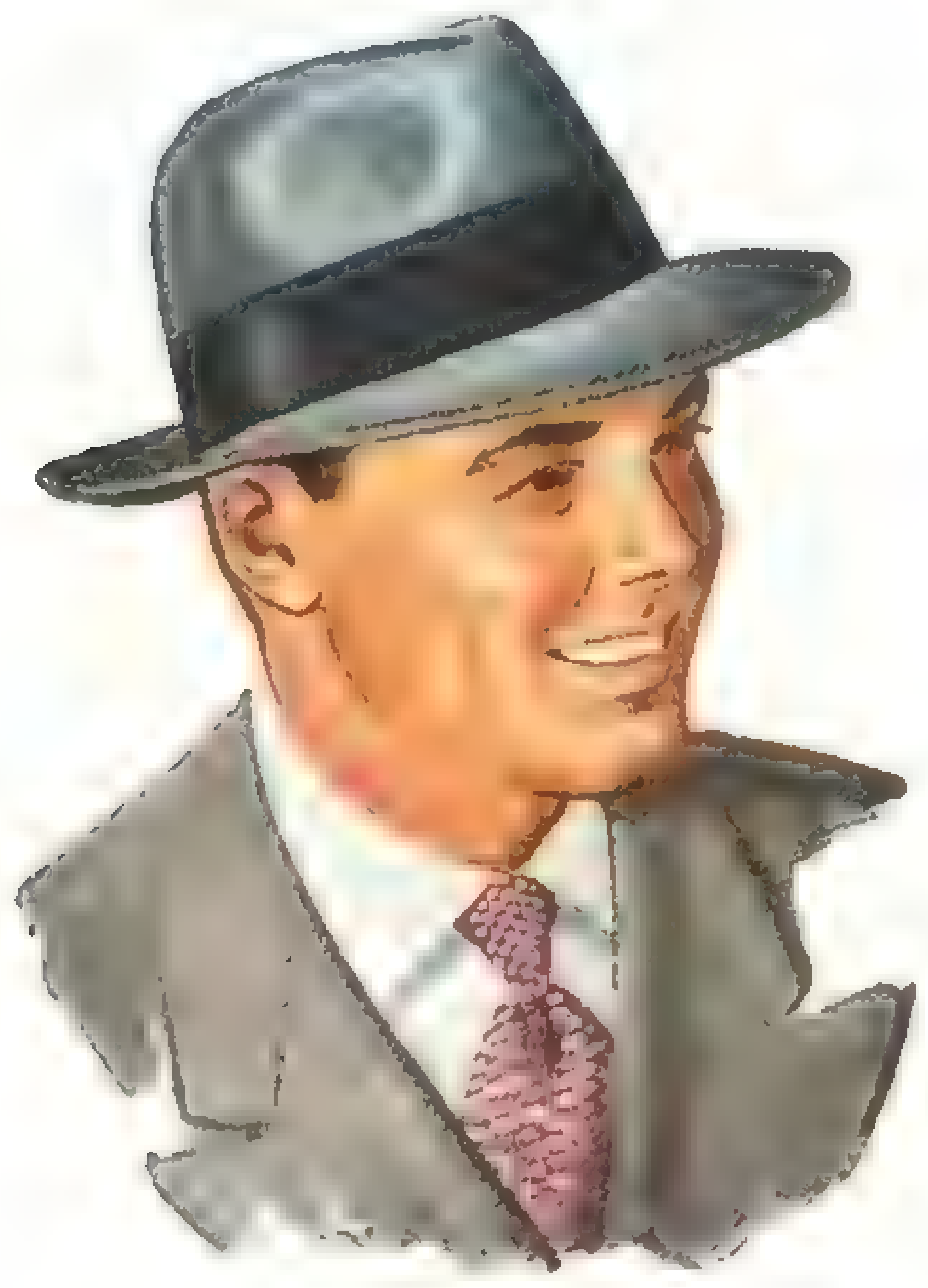
Tune in! Schenley's Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival with Morton Gould's Orchestra. Refer to your local newspaper each week for time and station.

H

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, Bottled in Bond 100 Proof, Bernheim Distilling Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

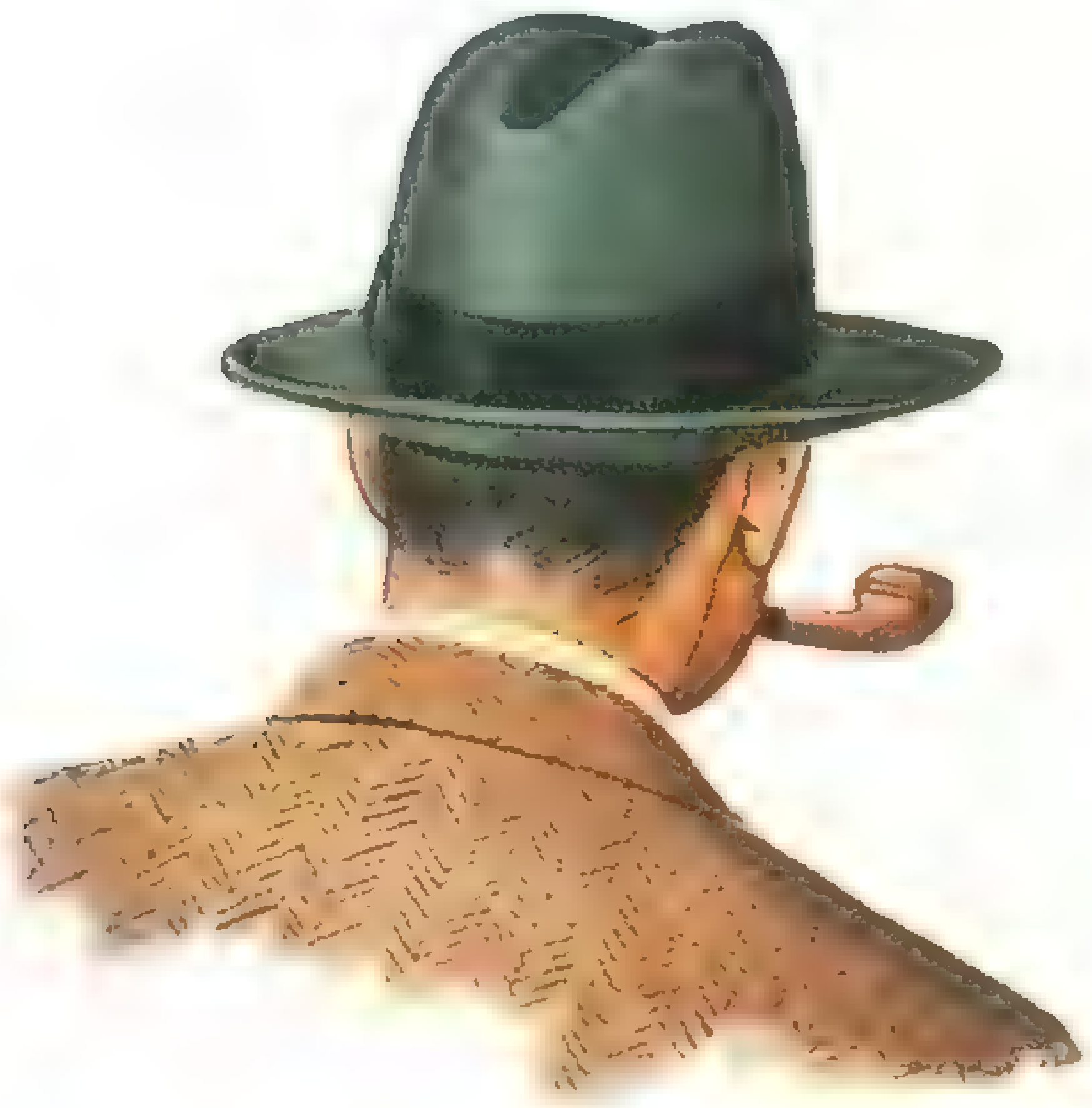
THE NEW ANGLE

For Executives Doing the Job in Style



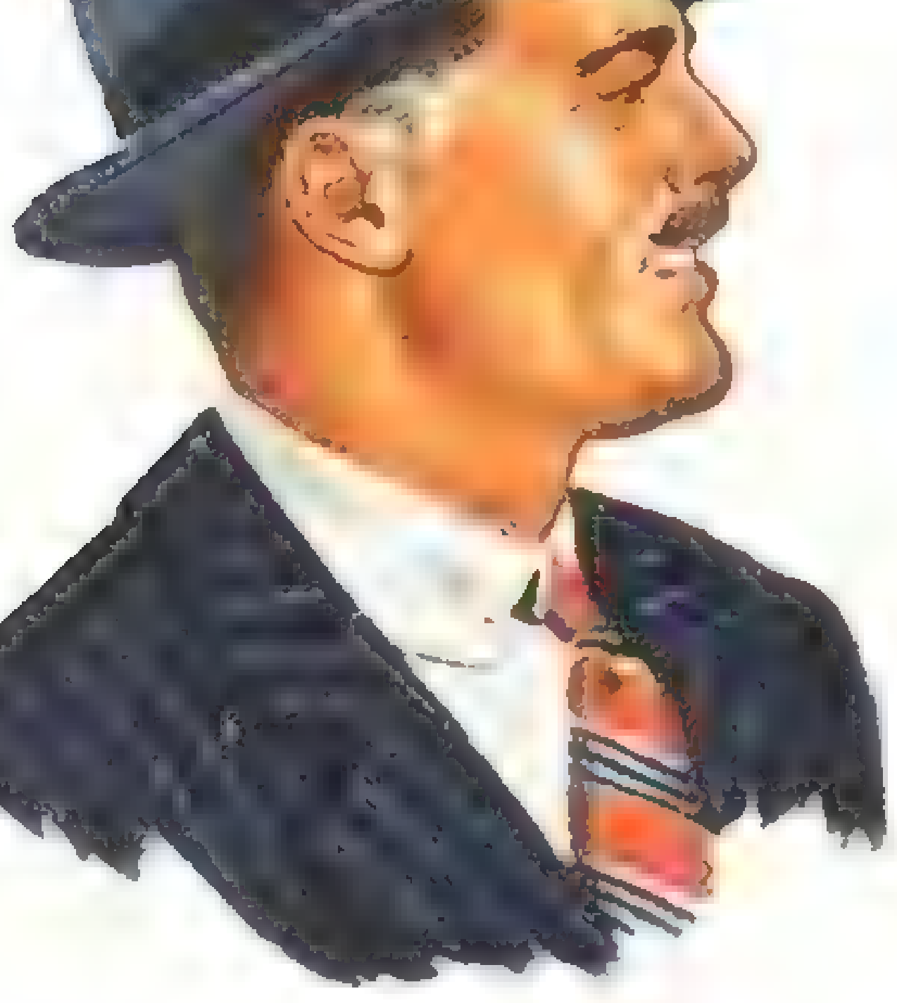
CRUISER GREY

Observe how the new cut of the crown and brim achieves a streamlined effect in front.



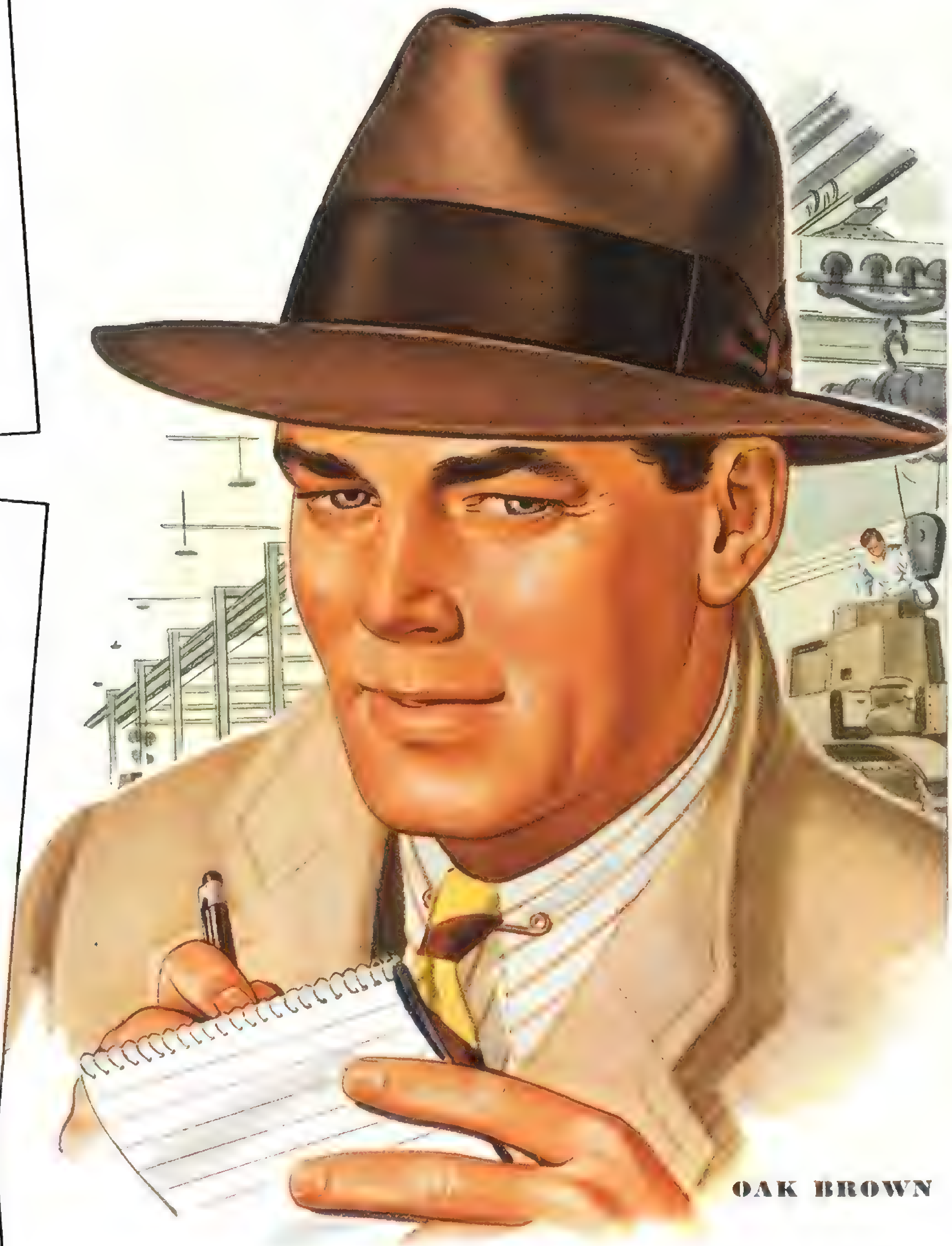
PATROL GREEN

The new design of crown and brim presents a trim, tailored air in back.



CADET BLUE

The profile view completes the picture of a hat notably good-looking from any angle.



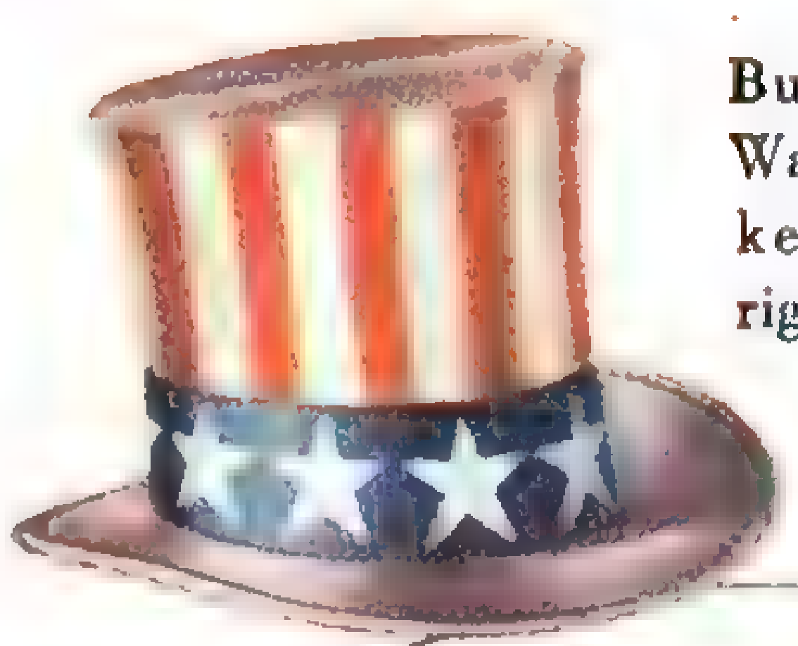
OAK BROWN

MEN who do their jobs win respect. Men who do their jobs in style win admiration. And the smart executive will find that the NEW ANGLE sets off his personal style to advantage. For the NEW ANGLE is a crack executive's hat in every line and from every angle.

And more, it is '*Cravenette*'-processed to keep its good form long after an unprotected hat would show the style-wilting effects of drizzly weather. Only Mallory hats offer the *extra* serviceability assured by the '*Cravenette*' process. The NEW ANGLE in Mallory's new Spring colors $7.50

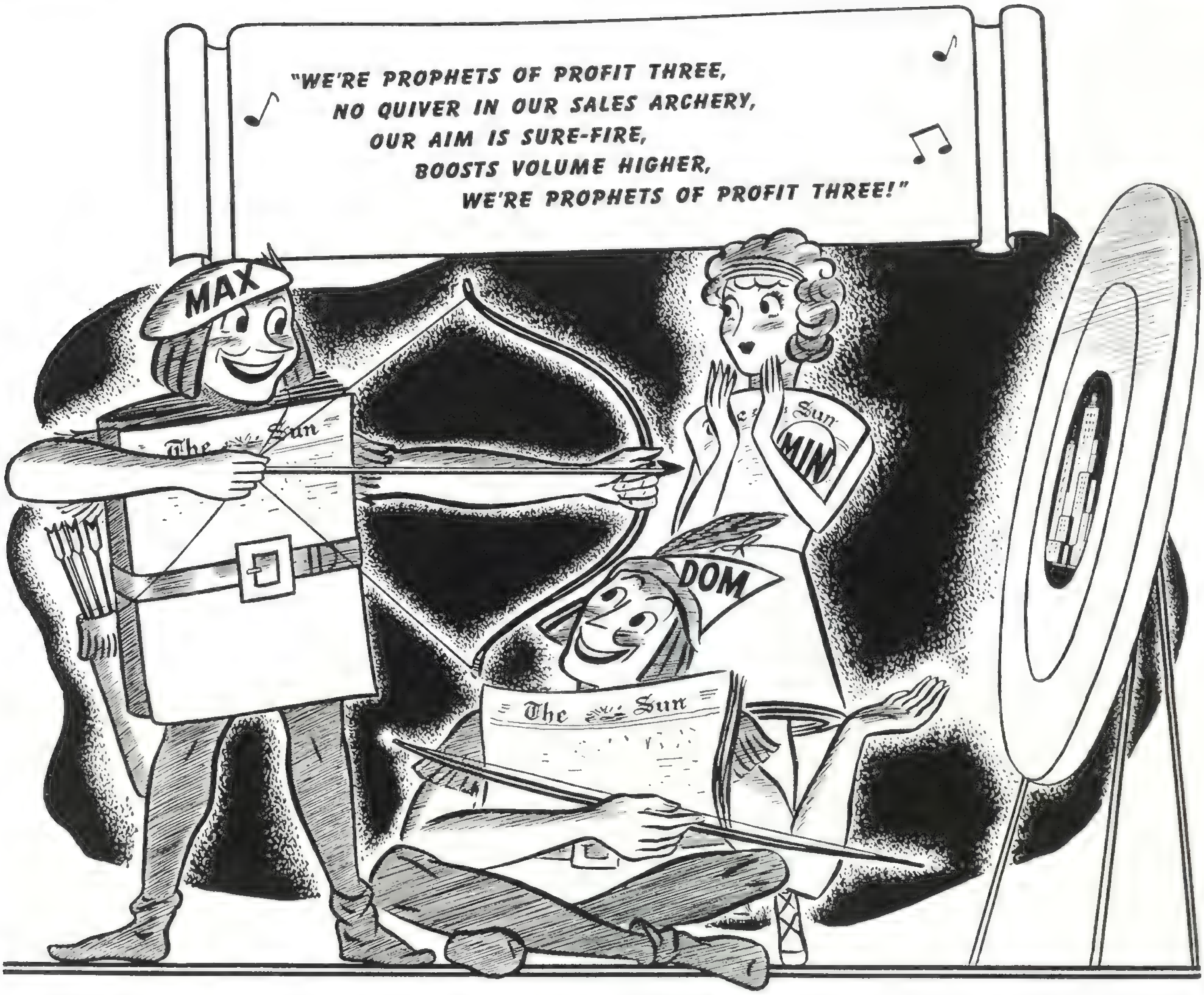
Other Mallory Styles from $5 to $10
At Fine Men's Shops Everywhere

COPYRIGHT 1943, BY THE MALLORY HAT CO



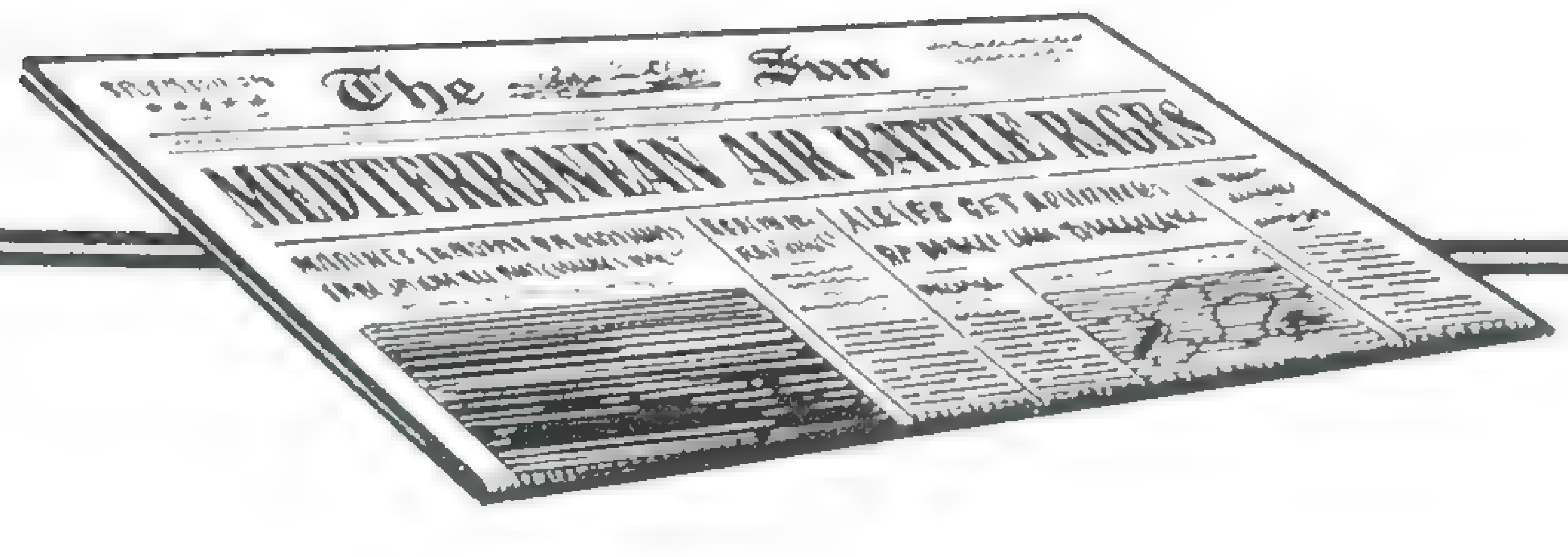
Buy War Bonds and War Stamps to help keep this hat in its rightful place...on top!

MALLORY hats


"WE'RE PROPHETS OF PROFIT THREE,
NO QUIVER IN OUR SALES ARCHERY,
OUR AIM IS SURE-FIRE,
BOOSTS VOLUME HIGHER,
WE'RE PROPHETS OF PROFIT THREE!"
MAX
The Sun
MIN
The Sun
DOM
The Sun

Advertisers in the New York market know that The Sun can be depended upon to pull more than its share of the sales load. Bulls-eye, next day results are synonymous with The Sun's three high-powered volume picker-uppers . . . MAX, MIN, and DOM! In The Sun you get MAXimum readership—The recent, impartial L. M. Clark surveys show The Sun to be one of the best read metropolitan dailies in America! MINimum cost—Sun rates fit right into budget-minded schedules . . . keeps those worrisome bottles of red ink gathering dust . . . keeps you reordering the welcome black stuff that lends sparkle to the favored side of your ledger! DOMinant space—you can afford large-space, dominant ads in The Sun . . . eye-compelling ads that can compete visually with its neighbors . . . convincing ads that look attractive and tell a complete, resultful sales story! For 18 years, leading advertisers have concentrated more total display advertising in The Sun than in any other New York weekday newspaper. How about putting The Sun's hard-hitting sales trio, MAX, MIN and DOM to work for you!

The Sun
NEW YORK


The Sun
MEDITERRANEAN AIR BATTLE RAGES

REPRESENTED IN CHICAGO, DETROIT, SAN FRANCISCO AND
LOS ANGELES BY WILLIAMS, LAWRENCE & CRESMER CO.

DOWN THE HOME STRETCH—

Esquire's Date Book

(Actual size)

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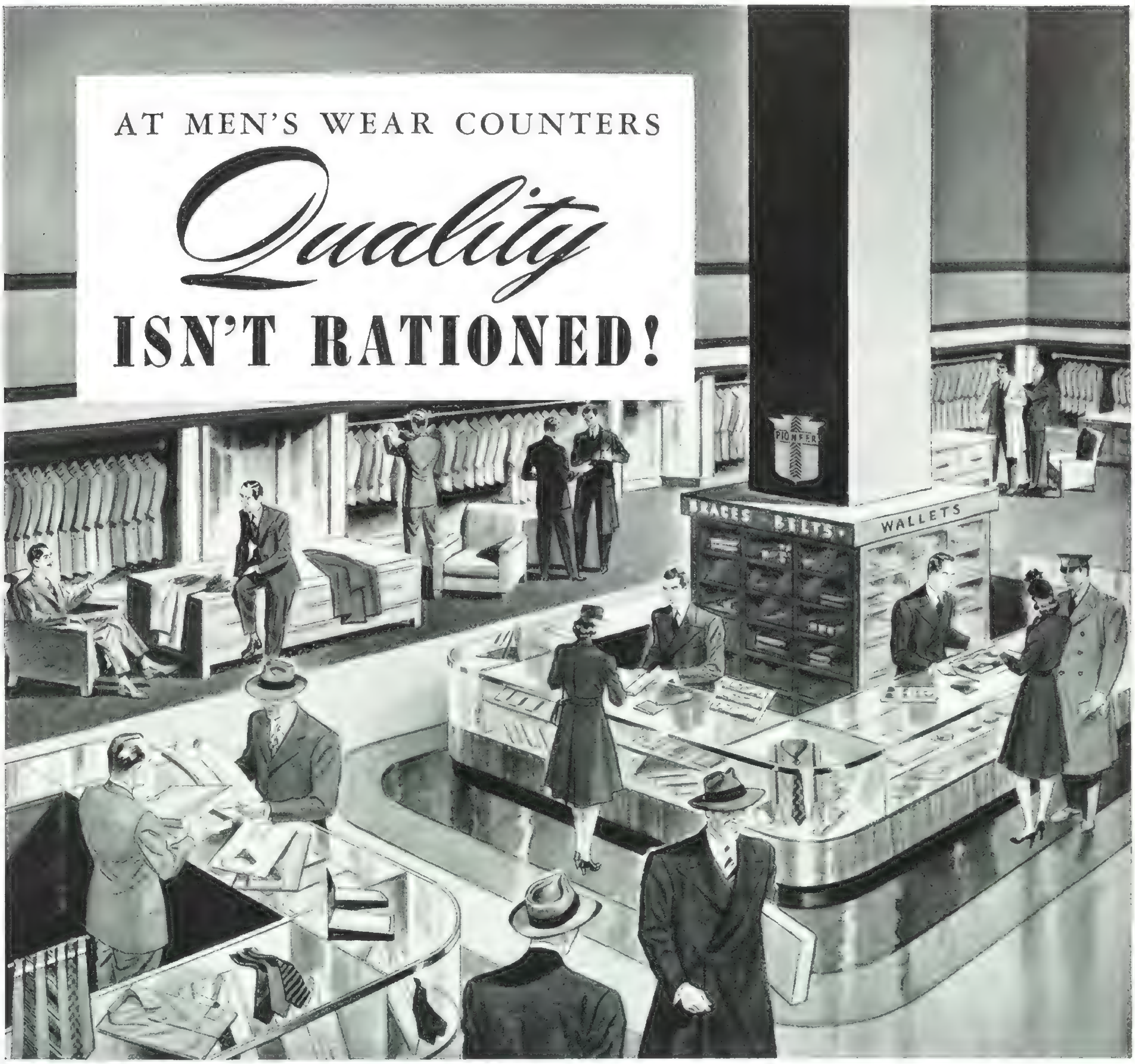
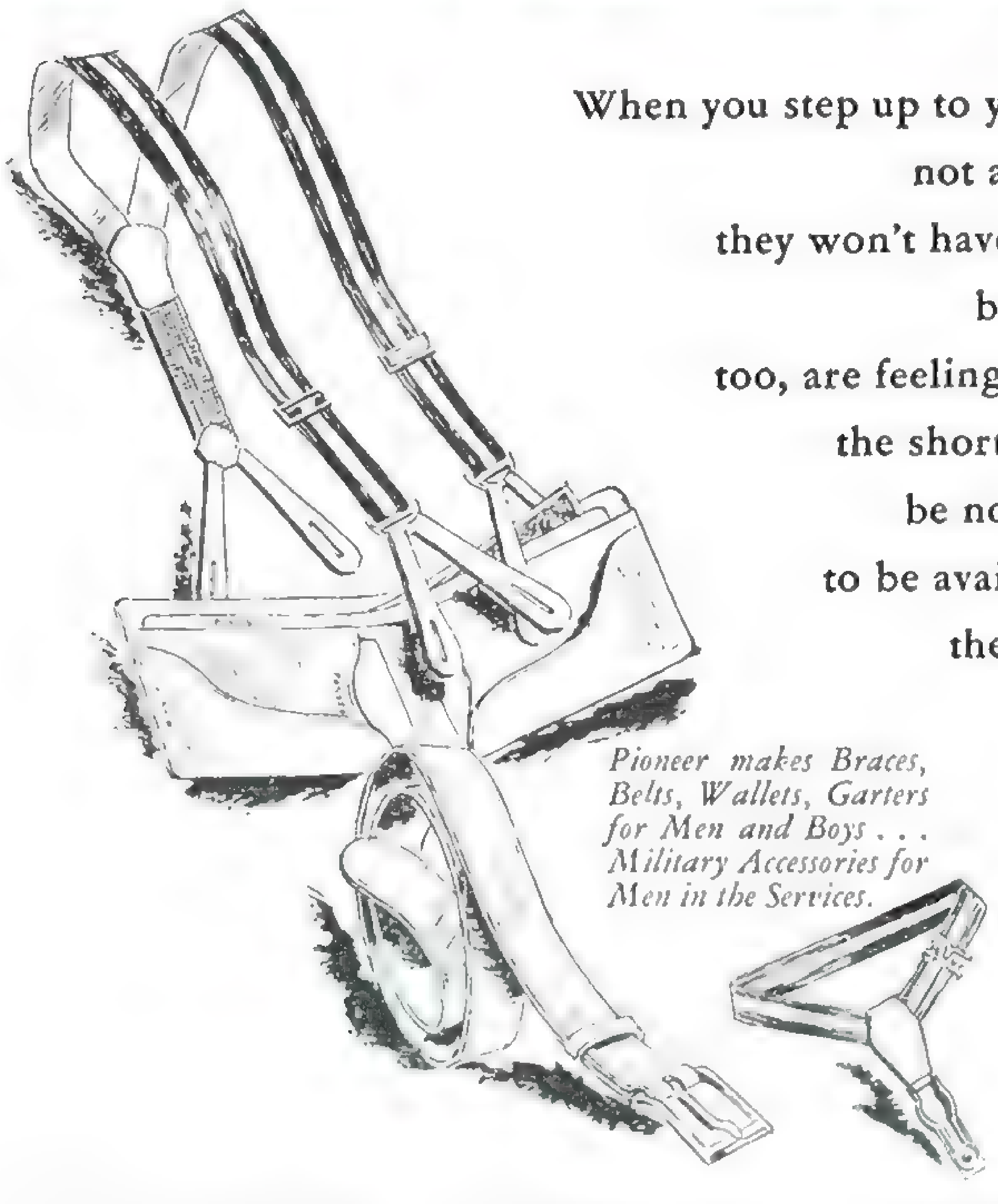


When you step up to your favorite furnishings' counter these days you may not always be able to get all you want of what you want . . . Perhaps they won't have just the style, pattern or color you had in mind or be able to duplicate "the kind you've worn for years". For retail stores, too, are feeling the effects of wartime restrictions . . . But, regardless of the shortages that may develop, you can be certain of one thing — there'll be no rationing of Quality as long as branded merchandise continues to be available! . . . For more than 65 years, among other nationally known brands, the name Pioneer has stood as a hall-mark of style and quality in men's accessories "FOR MEN WHO CARE WHAT THEY WEAR".



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Painting the Town with Esquire

THE MAD SCENE in *Lucia* at the "Met" is mild compared to the mob scene in the buffet between acts as Champagne cocktails are music-lovingly grabbed to assuage thirsts which grand opera hath roused. Providentially this drought and hunger clinic is conducted, as always, by the Louis Sherry outfit of human-need understanders, whose activities range out over town and countryside from the socially strategic restaurant and candy shop at 300 Park Avenue. So a defense plant in New Jersey needs a lot of éclat for 500 people in celebration of an "E" award? Sherry complies. Social Register daughter needs launching with all trimmings? Sherry routine. Some couple wants to commit matrimony? The Sherry wedlocksmiths have handled 4,000 weddings in the past nine years—all creeds except the Mohammedan—with General Manager Weisbrod as drill sergeant of the ushers. Yet old Jerome (half a century in Sherry's service) who relieves you of your hat and coat as you enter 300 Park Avenue, gives you the impression that Sherry's exists solely for *you*, though you'll find the elegantly appointed bar lounge and main dining room well filled with smart folk claiming equal palate rights under the ministrations of maître Louis Sismondo and his assistant Caesar Albani—both of them to be re-met at the "Met".

ECUADORABLES is the word for the pack of pretties that magazine artist Russell Patterson picked and costumed as crowning notes of his decoration of the new Riobamba at 151 East 57th Street. Overcome with blondness, we instinctively ordered a bottle of Valliant Chablis which our well prepared pompano swam in exultantly, to music served by Nat Brandwynne and company.

THE OLD WORLD courtliness of maître John Nagy of the Hotel Weylin's Caprice Room makes you feel as though you were a grand duke instead of just a guy with an appetite . . . Of all the small dine-and-dance spots, none is more loyally held onto by its crowd than the Coq Rouge (65 East 56th), to which violin-moodster Bela Bizony has returned, with gratifying effect on heart interests . . . Rumors that the inscriptions on the walls of Leon & Eddie's (33 West 52nd) were put there by the D.A.R. are denied by both parties.

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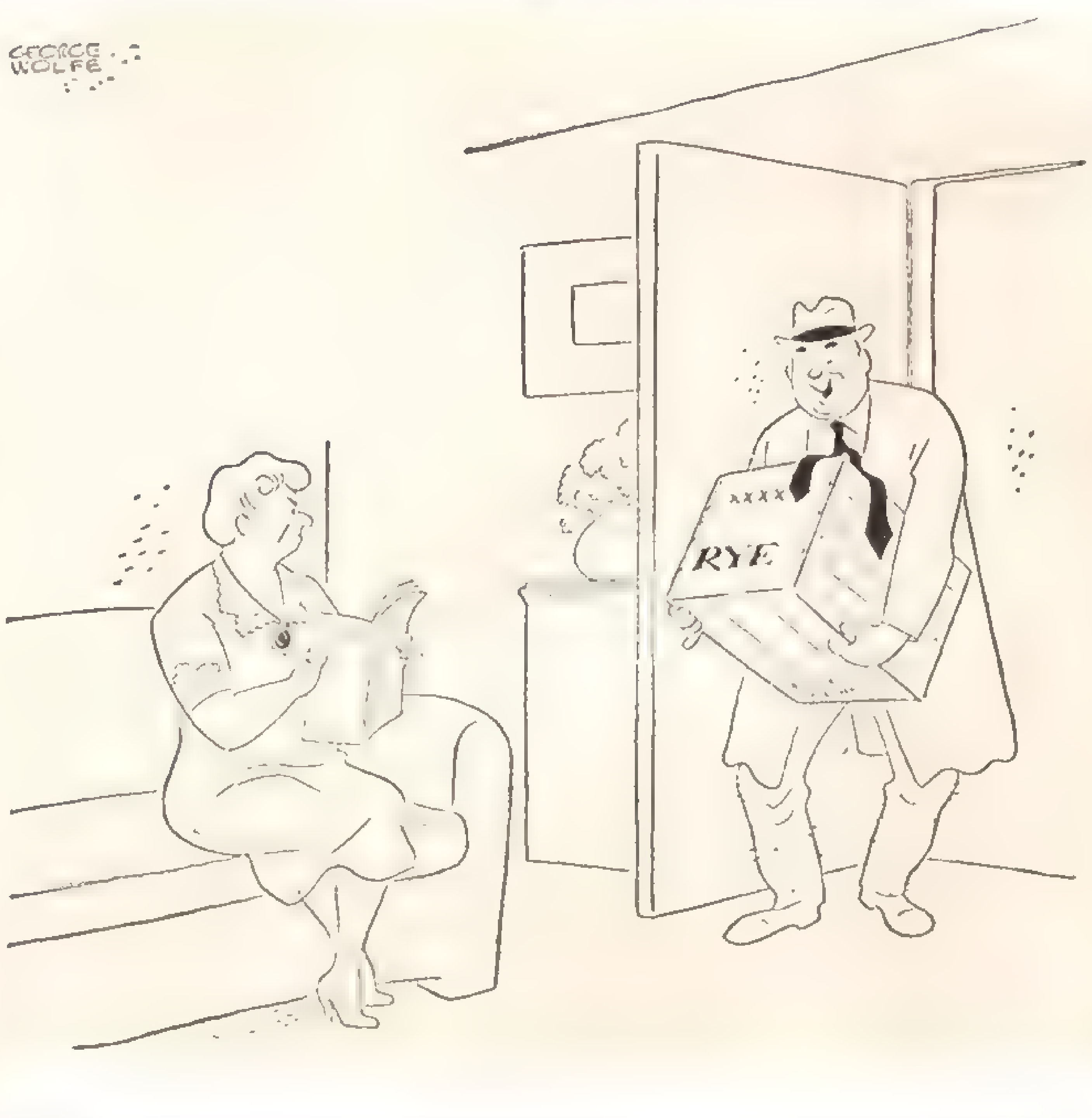

"I found something to build up my resistance, dear—it contains Vitamins A B C D and E!"

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Two rooms from $250
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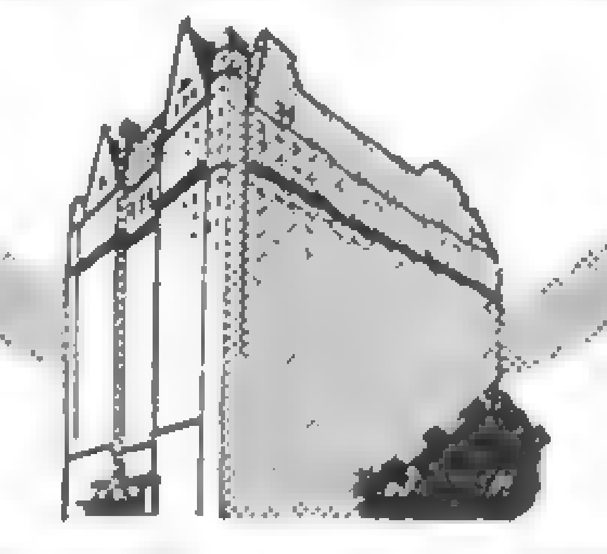

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● You'll know what real walking pleasure can be when you step into one of these authentic Fortune military styles. It's no military secret, either, that they're the most comfortable shoes a man ever walked in . . . and, although designed especially for men in the armed forces, they've been adopted by civilians, too. So, if you're a lieutenant or a private, lawyer or printer, you can make your next pair one of Fortune's smartly-styled military models.

And, in these days when every man is walking more, and saving more, it's good to know you can buy a fine pair of Fortunes for as little as five dollars! Make your walking a pleasure . . . try a pair of Fortunes today. You'll find smart styling, fine leather, expert workmanship—and a wealth of satisfaction!

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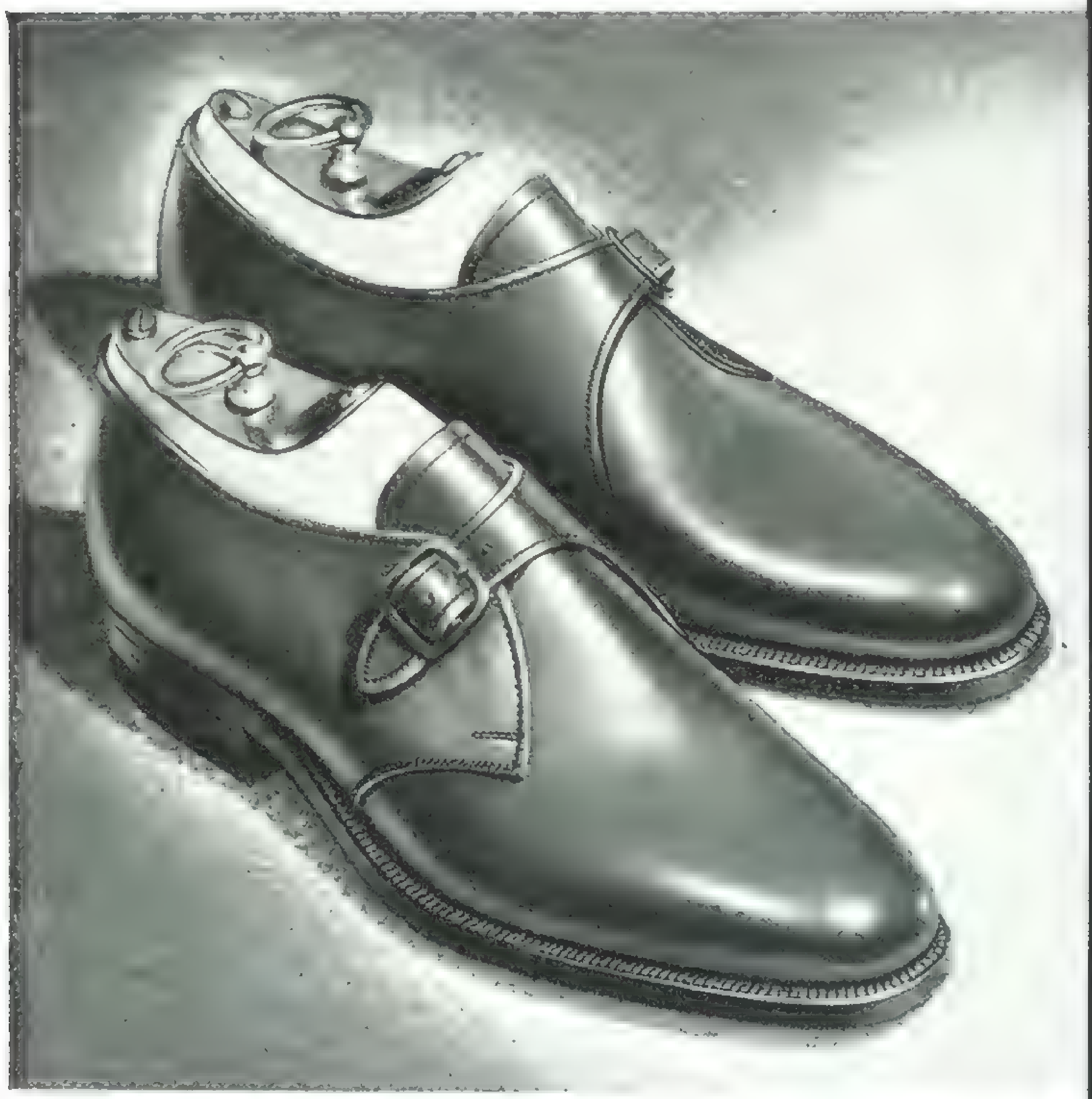
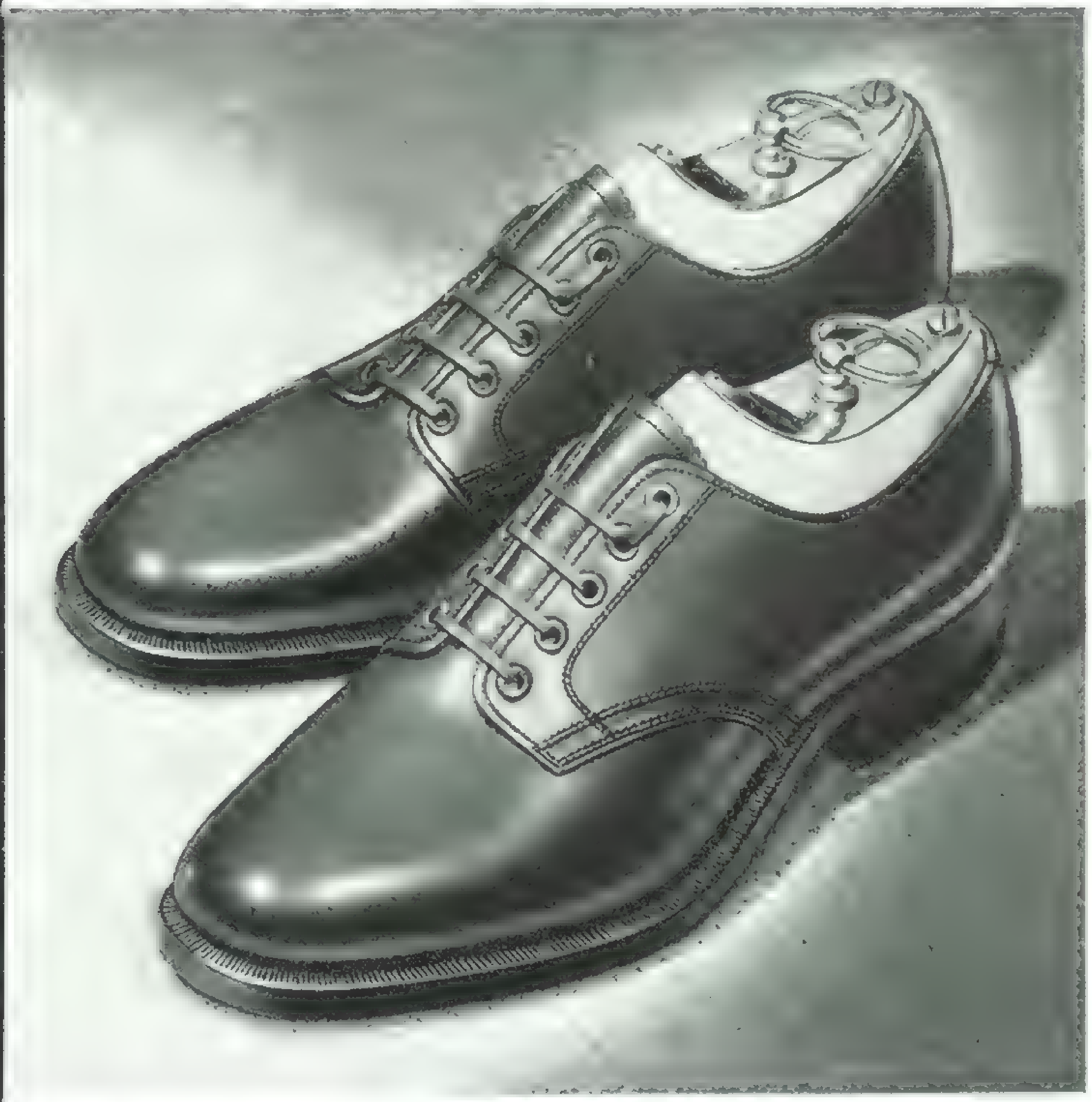


Style No. 6122. Buckle-strap model — the officer's favorite.



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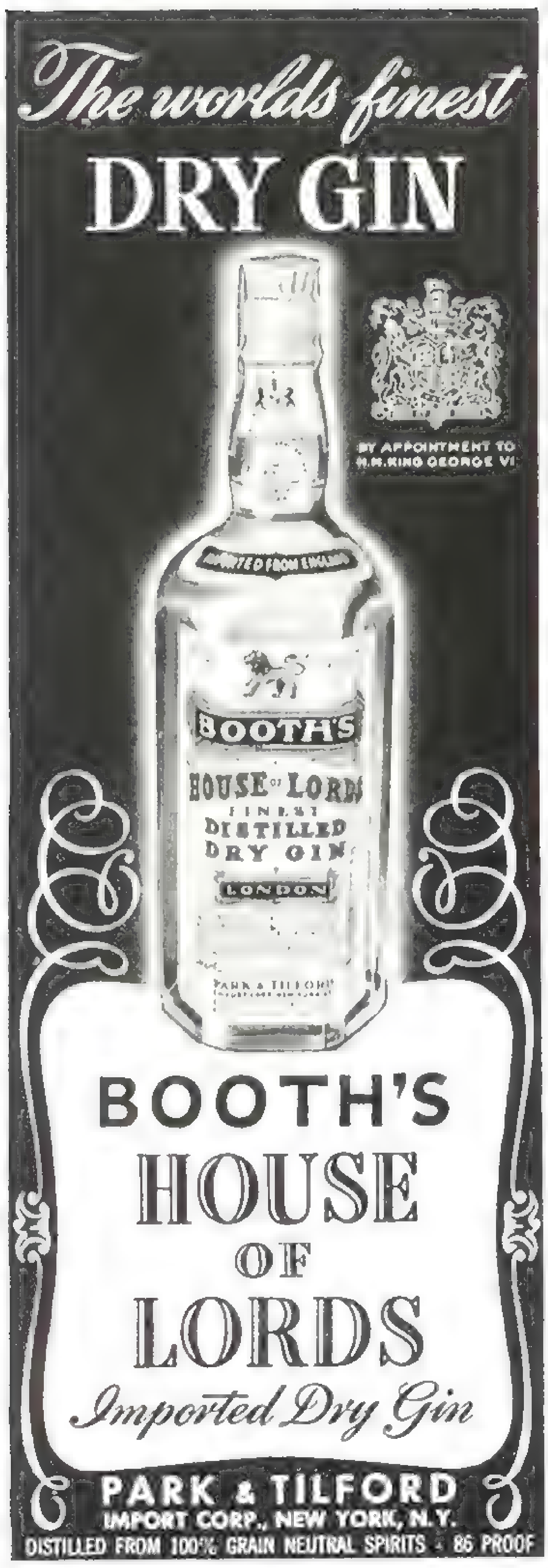

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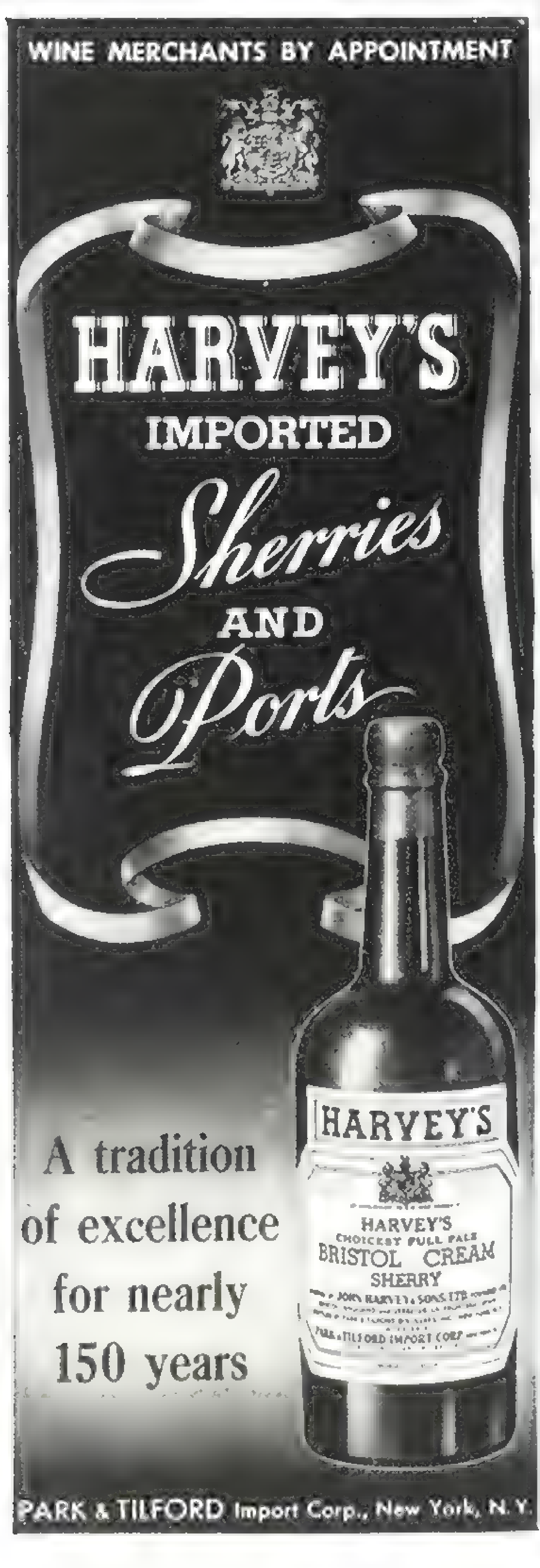

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Painting the Town with Esquire

THE CUISINE ingenuity of New York's restaurateurs since rationing went into effect is really something. Where the hell were they keeping all these unusual tasties all those years? Or were we habit-blinded in our menu scanning? At the epicurean Versailles (151 East 50th) for instance, dishes on two gams are so apt to mar concentration on what is in print.

CERTAINLY the succulent liver and kidney specialties of Paul Burger's Swiss Pavilion Restaurant (38 East 50th) are square fare. With such eats men have jumped over Alps . . . And when Mario and Martha of Marnel's (131 East 47th) braise the guinea hen, they sure are passing the ammunition to the midriff . . . And the small-calibre spot entitled A la Fourchette (342 West 46th) is amazingly large-gauge in its dispensation of Civet de Lapin (stew of cotton tail) on hungry Thursdays, with Moules Marinières, Filet de Sole Marguéry, and white-wined Sweetbreads on meatless Tuesdays . . . Even the exquisite frog limbs at Henri's (15 East 52nd) afford surprising support to the depleted.

SEEMS LIKE a law of nature, the way Guy Lombardo's mesmeric music at the Hotel Roosevelt Grill stirs an urge for Breast of Chicken à la Roosevelt (casseroled with a crafty sauce involving onions, spinach, and white wine). It's just a matter of putting two and two together, headwaiter Victor explains: chicken whitemeats come in pairs, and so do dance-lovers when offered the music their soles itch for.

CONTINENTAL clubster Max Cassavan has splurged Franklyn-Hughes-décoratively in launching his new Casbah *boite*, 112 Central Park South, with Elsie Houston and Elissa Landi as opening attractors, plus a discovery orchestra led by Cuban Don Maya . . . Ultimate of the *intime* is the idea . . . Service stars are a constellation at Commander Vincent Astor's Hotel St. Regis whose executive director Gaston Lauryssen is on leave, serving Uncle Sam as Captain of Marines, with right-bower Pierre Bultinck functioning in his stead. The Seven Seas got an extra break when comely social assistant Jane Hunter joined the Waves . . . Shiver our sambas, the gusto with which Sophie Tucker transformed the Copacabana into a red hot matriarchy!

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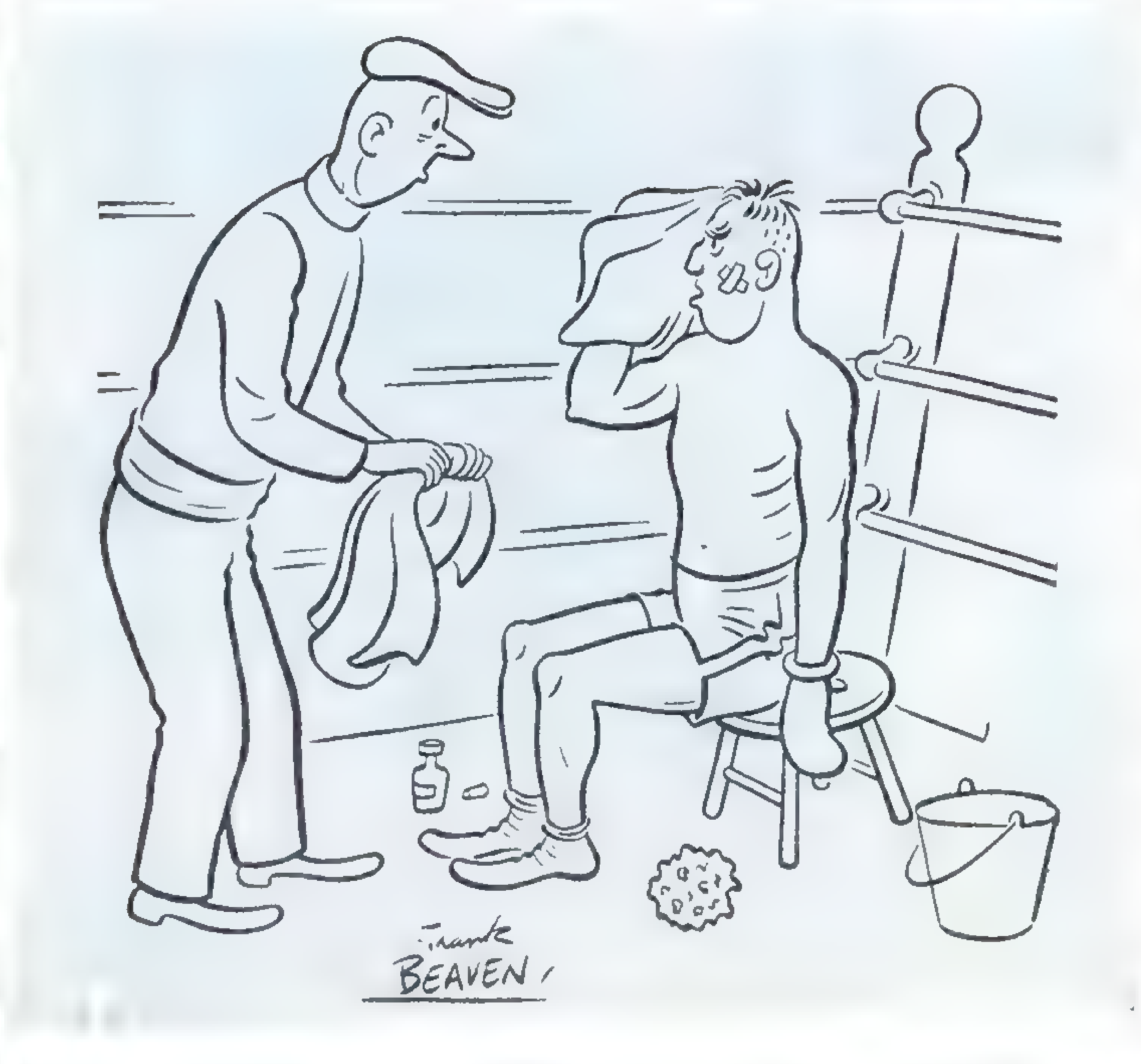

"For goodness sakes! Who launders these towels?"

FIX THOSE MORNING AFTER JITTERS
WITH SOME
ANGOSTURA
Dr. Siegert's
BITTERS
A TONIC APPETIZER
"GOOD FOR THE STOMACH"
Directions: Take 1 to 4 tablespoonfuls in half a glass of water, hot or cold.

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ROAR
with
RED
SKELTON

Meet the Du Barry Adorables...

All dressed up...and Nothing to Wear!

Varga, Esquire's own beauty expert went to Hollywood and drew from the bevy of Du Barry girls, the composite Beauty of them all! Varga was inspired (*from left to right*) by Aileen Haley's bust, Kay Aldridge's profile, Hazel Brooks' legs, Georgia Carroll's eyes, Eve Whitney's waist, Inez Cooper's hands, Ruth Ownbey's hips, Kay Williams' arms, Dorothy Haas' ankles, Natalie Draper's lips, Theo Coffman's feet and Mary Jane French's hair.

POP AN EYE! COCK AN EAR! IT'S THE BIG MUSICAL OF THE YEAR!

(All this and TECHNICOLOR, too!)

Du Barry was a Lady

STARRING

RED SKELTON · LUCILLE BALL · GENE KELLY

with **VIRGINIA O'BRIEN · "RAGS" RAGLAND · ZERO MOSTEL**

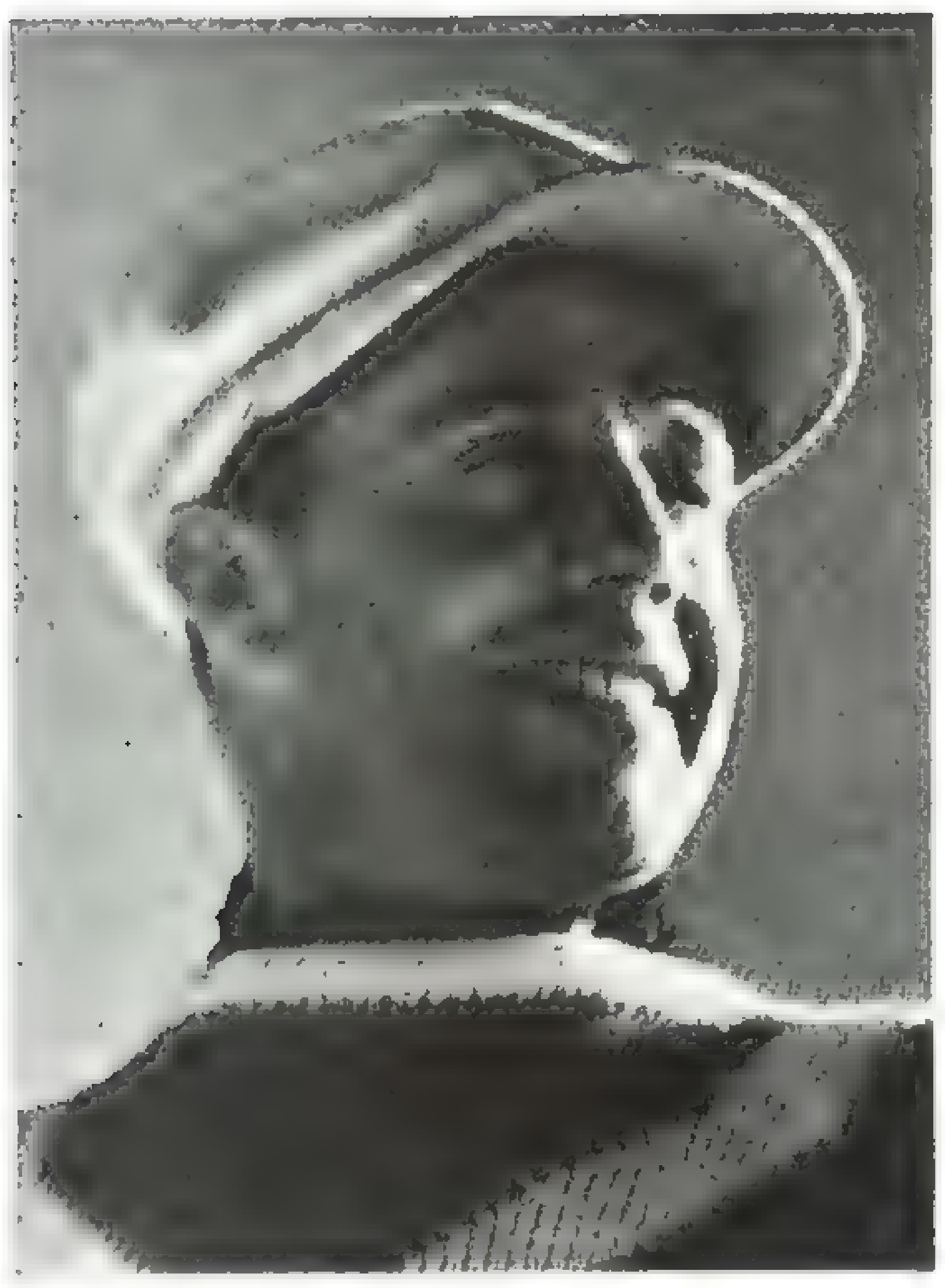
TOMMY DORSEY and his Orchestra

PHOTOGRAPHED IN TECHNICOLOR • Screen Play by Irving Brecher • Adaptation by Nancy Hamilton
Additional Dialogue by Wilkie Mahoney • Directed by ROY DEL RUTH • Produced by ARTHUR FREED

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PRODUCTION

Cole Porter's torchiest tunes, "Do I Love You", "Friendship", "Du Barry was a Lady", "Katie went to Haiti".

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE



E. Fritz Loosli

E. Fritz Loosli has been skiing since he was three years old and teaching skiing since he was twenty. He was born in Vevey, Switzerland, graduated from the Finance and Commerce University of Lausanne and instructed skiing in St. Moritz. It was there, where he had to teach French movie stars to ski in one week, that he first realized the need for quick instruction and it was several years later, at the Toronto Ski Club, that he developed the Parallel Technique, which delivers beginners from the Snowplow and the Stem Turn. He is now chief instructor of the Ski Hawk School at the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec City. He has written a book called *Parallel Skiing*, published by Morrow last year.

•

Earl Selby grew up in Chicago, a member of a Swedish family in a fighting Irish neighborhood. He learned to speak and write Swedish before he tackled English in grade school, and while he attended the University of Texas, he majored in economics with the intention of using his bilingual talents in somebody's export department. But he got sidetracked into journalism and worked for the *Chicago Times* while he attended Northwestern University, first on a scholarship and later (because the technical requirements of the scholarship didn't click with his working hours) on his own. For a year or so he worked for the United Press, and then did a hitch as rewrite man on the *Chicago Tribune*. His first article to appear in a national magazine is *He Buys for the Navy*.

Earl Selby

•

Ben Hogan began his career as a professional golfer as shop boy at the Glen Garden Country Club in Fort Worth. He became a pro at Oakhurst Country Club, and began playing tournaments in 1937; for two years he was at the Century Country Club, at Purchase, New York, then he went to the Hershey Country Club at Hershey, Pennsylvania. He was winner of the Hershey Invitational in 1938, and in 1940 the North and South Open at Pinehurst, the Greensboro Open, the Asheville Open, and during 1941 he won the Miami Four Ball, the Asheville Open, the Inverness Invitation and the Chicago Open.

James M. Gould

James M. Gould is a graduate of West Point (a classmate of General MacArthur's, class of 1903) who served nine years in the Army, including a period in the Philippines under General (then Captain of Cavalry) John J. Pershing. For more than three decades he has been a sports writer, specializing in baseball, football and basketball, and for thirty consecutive years he has served as a football official. He lives in St. Louis and has a son in the U. S. Air Force.

•

Bruce Patterson, alias the Beep, was a free-lance gag man before coming to Esquire a year ago. His genius flowered early in life. When he was ten he sold his first cartoon to a fellow student in the fifth grade for twenty-five cents: a study of Mutt and Jeff admiring Venus. That same year he won a newspaper short-story contest. The prize was a free ticket to *A Kiss for Cinderella*. He went to the University of Denver for a year and the University of Colorado for a day. While standing in line in the registrar's office, waiting to sign up for a pre-law course, he convinced himself that life was short and art was long, went home to break the news to his father, and took the first train for Chicago, to enter the Academy of Fine Arts. That was in 1920. He stayed in school for a year, studying cartooning with Carey Orr of the *Chicago Tribune*. He has dabbled in several things, some of which he prefers to forget, but looks happily back on the time when he led a dance band that toured Army camps during World War I (he played the fiddle) and the six idyllic years when he owned an oil well in Colorado. He is married and has a son, an air cadet. Trixie IV, the pampered dog who pokes his nose persistently into the columns of *Ad-Libbing With Esquire*, presents something of a problem these days, because he adamantly refuses to adapt himself to wartime rationing. Won't eat anything but beef, or drink anything but coffee.

Patrick O'Keeffe

Patrick O'Keeffe wrote *Look Out for Torpedo Tracks* while serving in his present capacity as chief radio operator for one of the United Fruit Company ships, employed as a U. S. Army Transport. A native of Lancashire, England, he attended schools in Blackburn, Lancashire and in Ireland, before joining the British navy at the age of seventeen. During World War I he spent three years on a destroyer in the North Sea, afterward, about a year and a half in the British Marine Service, before joining the American Merchant Marine. His home is in Brooklyn and he has a seventeen-year-old son, Patrick William, attending the Salerian School in New Rochelle.

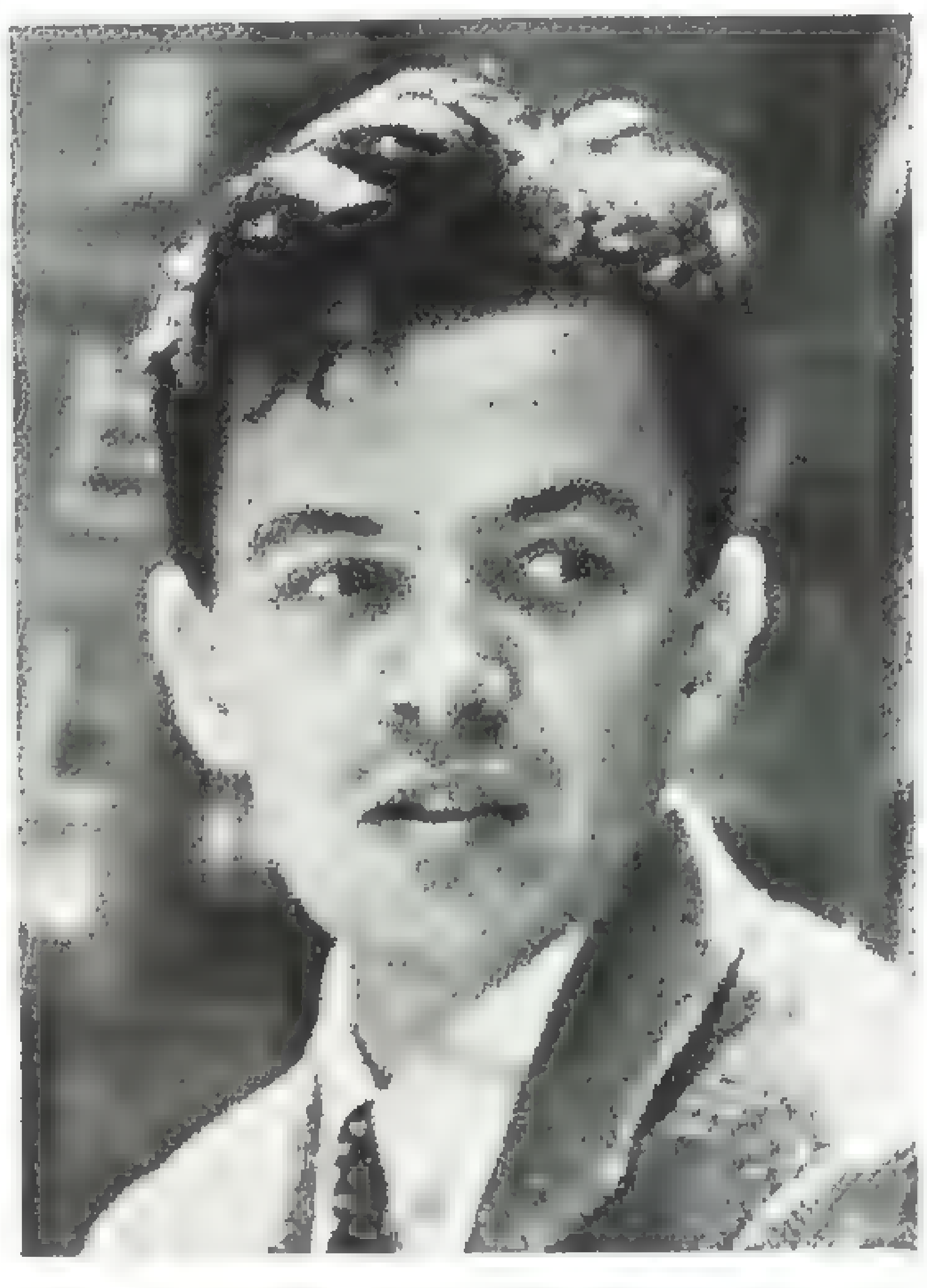
•

B. A. Garside, who wrote *The Chosen Conquerors* for this issue of Esquire, is Vice-President and Secretary of United China Relief, and has written and lectured extensively on the subject of China. For a number of years he served on the staff of Cheeloo University, then returned to this country as executive secretary of the Associated Boards of Christian Colleges in China. During World War I he served in the U. S. Navy, spending two years overseas. He received his A. B. degree at the University of Oklahoma, where he was a member of Phi Gamma Delta, his M. A. at Columbia, and an L. H. D. (Doctor of Humanities) at the College of the Ozarks in 1935. He is president of the Shanghai Tiffin Club of New York City.

B. A. Garside

•

At the time when he wrote *Nothing Is Sacred*, Murray C. Morgan was on the staff of *Time* magazine in New York but was contemplating pulling up stakes for a trip to South America. He added this footnote to the article: "Since I wrote *Nothing Is Sacred* there has been a minor development on the Henry Morgan front. He complained on the air that the service in a sponsor's stores was not what it should be, that one clerk had insulted a customer and that such things shouldn't be allowed, for they ruined the Morgan reputation. On the following day, Morgan 'lent' time during his program to his sponsor, Adler, to answer the charge and to promise that such service would stop." Incidentally, the two Morgans are not related. #

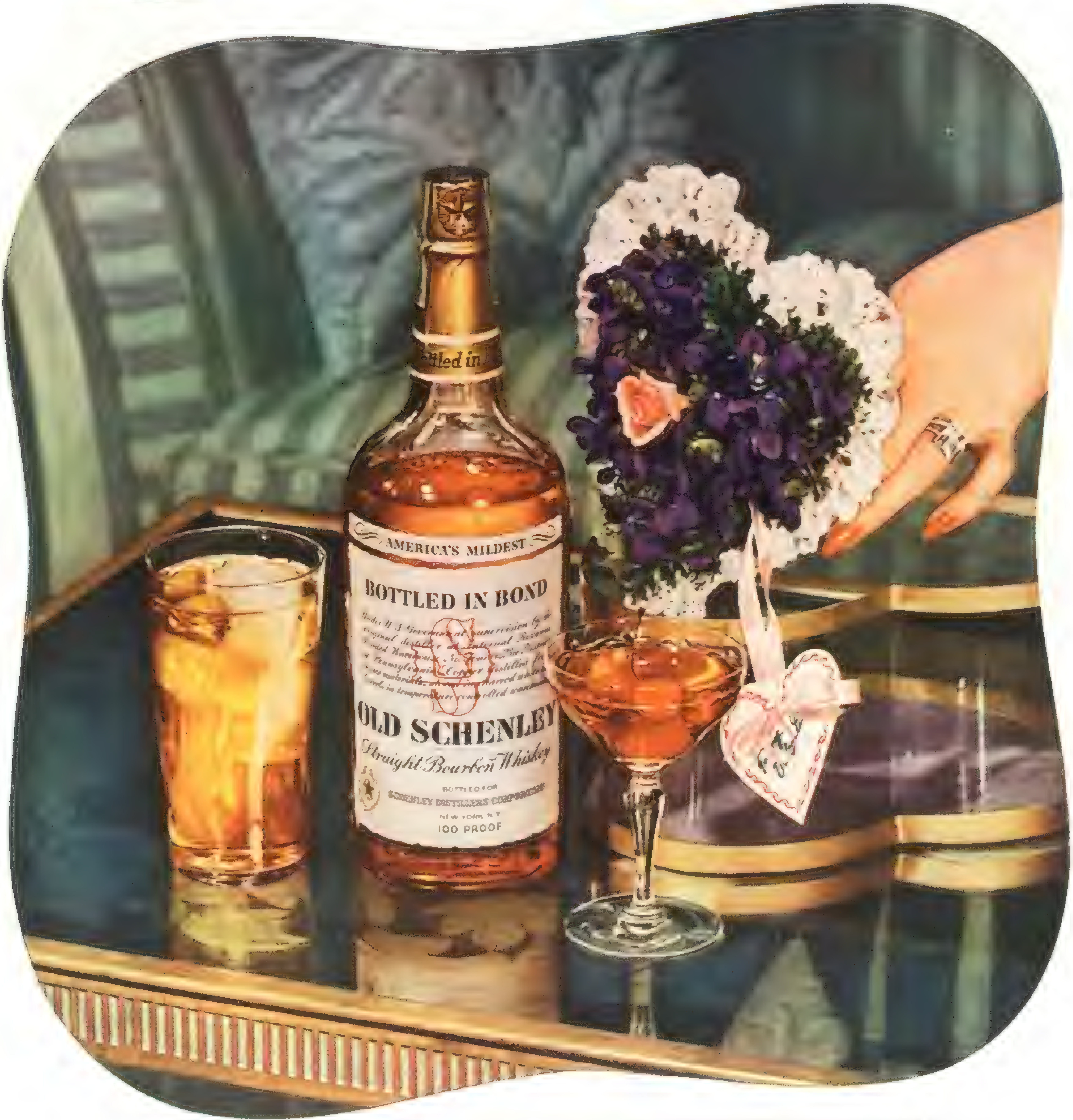


Murray C. Morgan

What *Every Woman* wants to know about a Man...

that he belongs
to that gallant army without banners
which shares with neighbors
in the true American way . . .
that tho' his mind is on winning the war,
he still remembers to be gallant to *her*,
saluting her on St. Valentine's Day
with "hearts" and flowers!

that when he drinks a toast
to their romance
he chooses a magnificent whiskey
worthy of the occasion . . .
that his taste for the
"First in Quality"
leads him inevitably to Old Schenley,
America's Mildest Bottled-in-Bond!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AMERICA'S MILDEST
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD SCHENLEY
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED FOR
SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORPORATION
NEW YORK N.Y.
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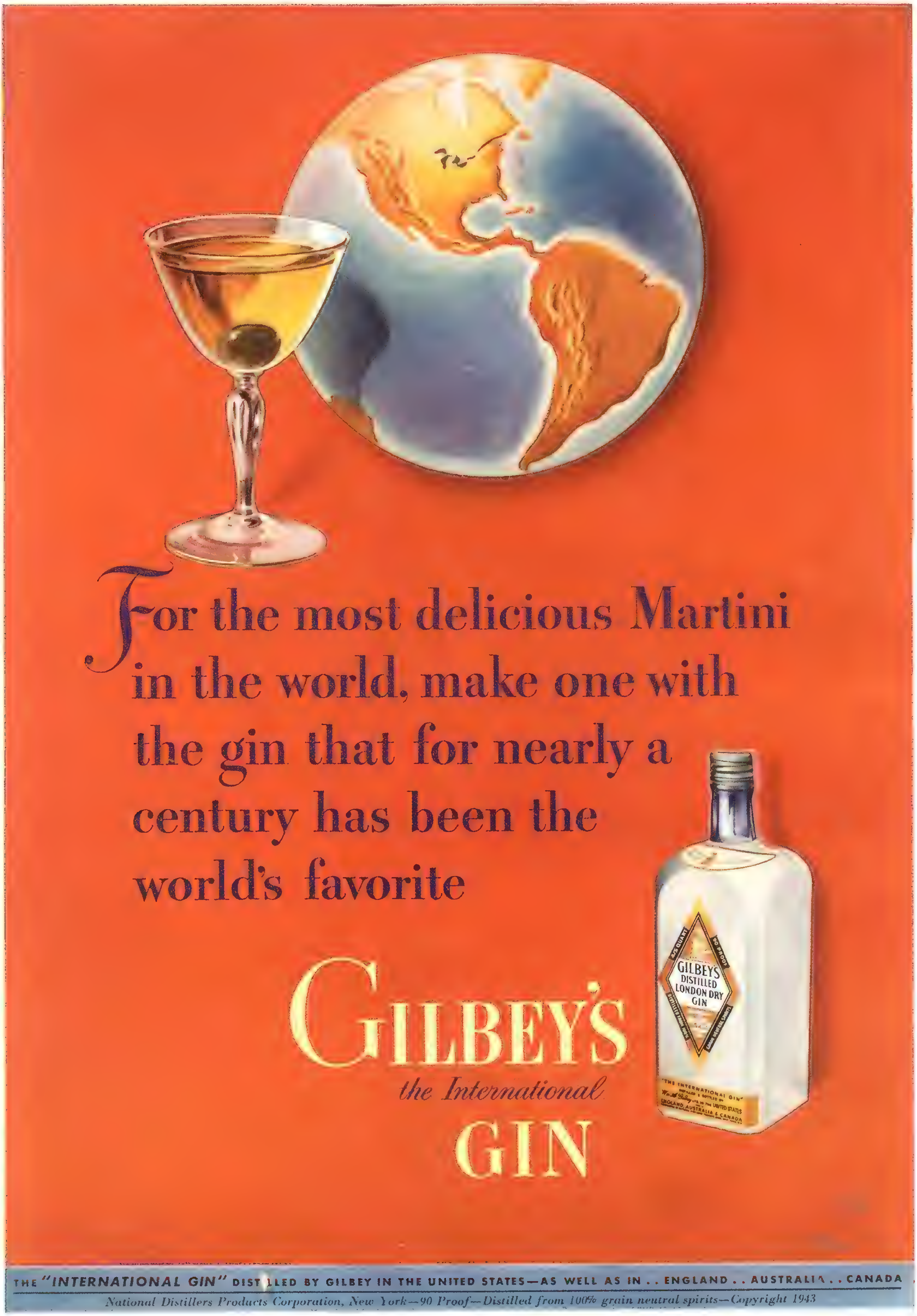
Straight Bourbon Whiskey — 100 Proof — This Whiskey is 6 Years Old . . . Copyright 1943, Stagg-Finch Distillers Corporation, New York City.

[TUNE IN! JACK PEARL AND MORTON GOULD'S ORCHESTRA ON THE SCHENLEY CRESTA BLANCA WINE CARNIVAL, MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING]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LONDON DRY
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90 PROOF
4/5 QUART
"THE INTERNATIONAL GIN"
UNITED STATES
ENGLAND, AUSTRALIA & CANADA

For the most delicious Martini in the world, make one with the gin that for nearly a century has been the world's favorite

GILBEY'S
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THE *"INTERNATIONAL GIN"* DISTILLED BY GILBEY IN THE UNITED STATES—AS WELL AS IN . . ENGLAND . . AUSTRALIA . . CANADA

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York—90 Proof—Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits—Copyright 1943

My Crew at Pearl Harbor

Nothing we have read since this war began has approached this document in bringing home "the swish and the thud of the bombs." Written from a hospital bed, one year after the event, it recreates in almost photo-micrometric detail one young officer's experience, and that of his men, in their baptism of fire. It tells you nothing of how or when our men may end the war, but it tells you truly how they began it. And from that you can see that there is only one way they can possibly end it. This is far more than the story of one man, or of one gun crew, or even of one battleship. This is the Navy!

by LIEUT. J. K. TAUSSIG, JR.

• ARTICLE •

"GIVE him another quarter grain of morphine, nurse."

I relaxed on my pillow and waited for the morphine to take effect. A young sailor was talking eagerly to the man in the next bed, cheering him up. I turned my head to see who was talking, and noticed that the back of his head was bleeding. I reached out and touched his back.

"Did you know that your head has been hit?"

The sailor turned around and started to reach for his neck, and stopped midway in the gesture.

"Gosh, Mr. Taussig, they got you too. That makes about four of you officers who've been brought through here."

I recognized one of our Gunners' Mates, a bluejacket named Linnartz. He had come to the hospital to see his brother, Chief Gunners' Mate Linnartz, the senior petty officer on my anti-aircraft battery. He finished his interrupted exploration of his neck and called the nurse so she could dress it.

"Aw that's nothing, sir, Pete here has caught a piece of shrapnel in his knee and a few other pieces spread around on his body. Some fight wasn't it?"

The three of us silently agreed.

We talked over what we could remember of the day, and what we had seen. I forgot most of the conversation, as the morphine started to take effect. The next time I opened my eyes, Linnartz had gone, and his brother was helping two hospital apprentices to lift me onto a cart for further transfer to the operating room. After about a twenty-minute wait at the door, I was admitted into the makeshift operating room which served nobly to save many lives. I looked around at my new surroundings with great interest. I did not know how many men had been wounded in the battle, but I knew that the casualties on my ship had been high. Four out of five anti-aircraft officers was a fairly good criterion of the enemy's effectiveness.

Nurses and doctors were moving efficiently and swiftly through the room, quietly carrying out their duties in accordance with the hospital emergency bill which they had never expected to use. I saw four operating tables in use. The doctor at my operating table looked at my wound, pried my fingers from it, cut the cloth away from the vicinity of the ripped flesh, and immediately called for a spinal. I would much rather have had ether, but I'd come this far and seen the whole show and I wasn't ready to drop the curtain yet. They might come back, and I wasn't going to miss the second performance. The corpsmen held me upright and I felt the doctor tapping on my spinal column. In a few minutes I was stretched out again and looked up at the sky light. A man was painting it over in preparation for a complete blackout, but the unpainted part disclosed a dark sky. It may have been evening approaching, but when I think back, it was probably the pall of smoke that the burning *Arizona* was belching towards the sky.

I asked the doctor to save the metal that he removed from my leg so I could have it set in my class ring. He told me to hold out my hand. Then I dozed off, only to be awakened by the necessary movement from the operating table to the cart. I looked into my hand and saw nothing but a few splinters of bone. No metal. Oh well I could shine up a piece of bone for my ring.

I was wheeled through long halls, and seemingly longer wards full of enlisted men in various stages of disrepair. Several called greetings to me and my heart sank. Did my ship really have such a large number of casualties? I felt very sick in my stomach. In the sick officers' quarters, I was taken to a double room and introduced to my roommate-to-be.

"Lieutenant Siever, this is Mr. Taussig."

I acknowledged the introduction by becoming violently sick to my stomach. Apologizing profusely for making such a mess, I was gently lifted into bed. Of the ensuing conversation, I remember very little. Lieutenant Siever had his right leg blown off early that morning but was in the best of spirits. He smoked incessantly and asked me what it felt like to have a pin driven through my ankle. I looked down, and there was a neat wire pin sticking out of both sides of my ankle. I hadn't noticed it before.

Suddenly, machine gun fire broke the stillness of the night. I looked out and saw tracers criss-crossing in the sky, making a spiderweb of fire over the entire harbor. Had they come back? The question was too momentous for me to handle at that time. I felt myself slipping off into space. "What a horrible twenty-four hours this has been." That was my last sentence, although for accuracy's sake I might add it was embellished with many profane epithets.

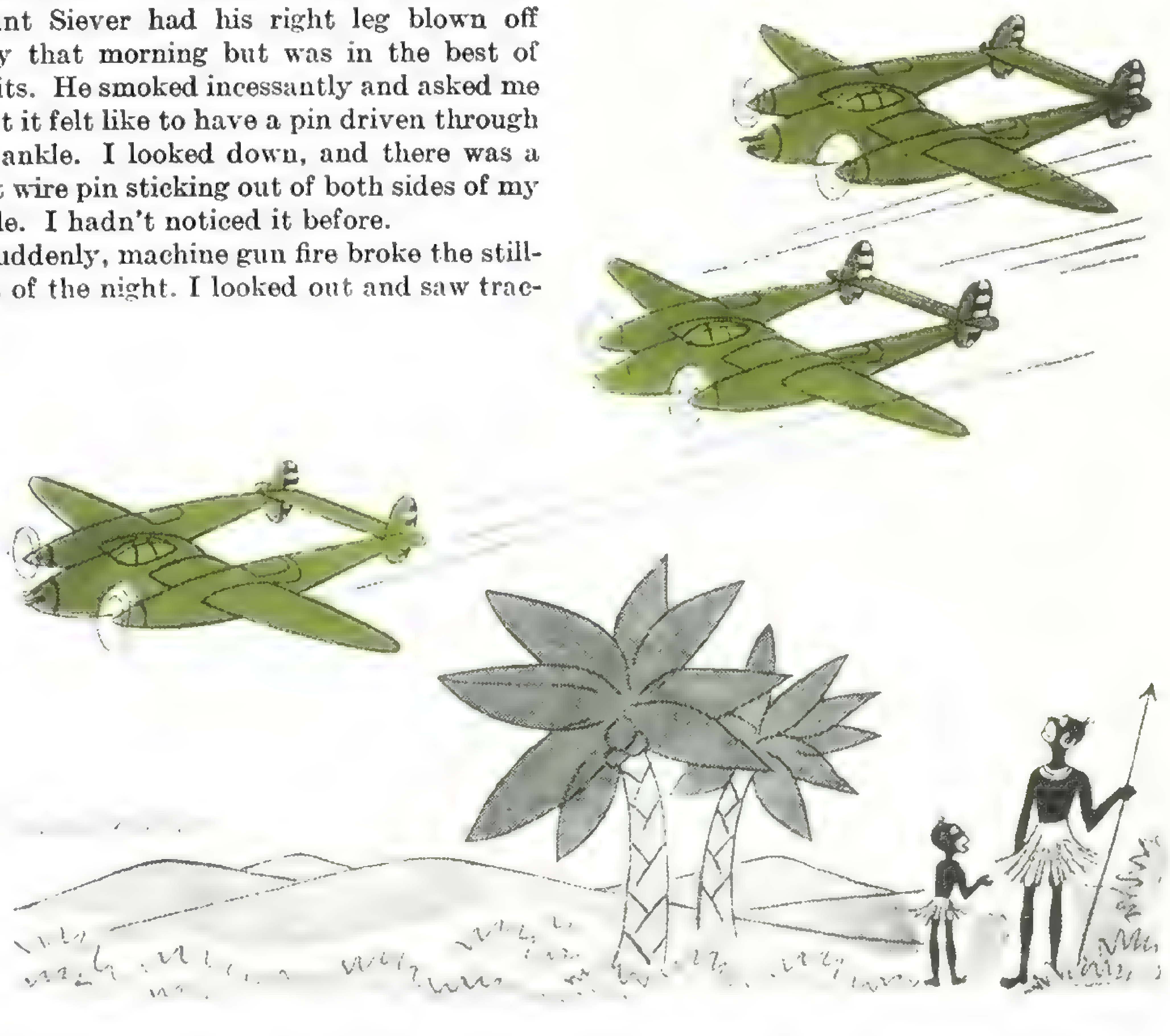
And what a twenty-four hours it had been!

I had relieved the deck only twenty-four hours ago. The first watch was always easy. Plenty to do, with men going over to the Navy Yard to visit friends on other ships, men coming back from liberty in Honolulu, security watch reports, snatches of the movies seen as I moved across the deck. The movie was *The Little Foxes* and the few incidents of it I saw, I didn't like.

One of the Junior Officers, returning from the ship, stopped at my desk and told me he had seen the movie on the *Helena* with one of his classmates. That movie was entitled *Beware the Dawn.*

I was relieved by Ensign (now lieutenant) Dunlap, who next day was to distinguish him-

Continued on page 106



"Quit calling them great white birds, Pop—anybody can see they're P-38's"

Germany's "Magic Circle" Strategy

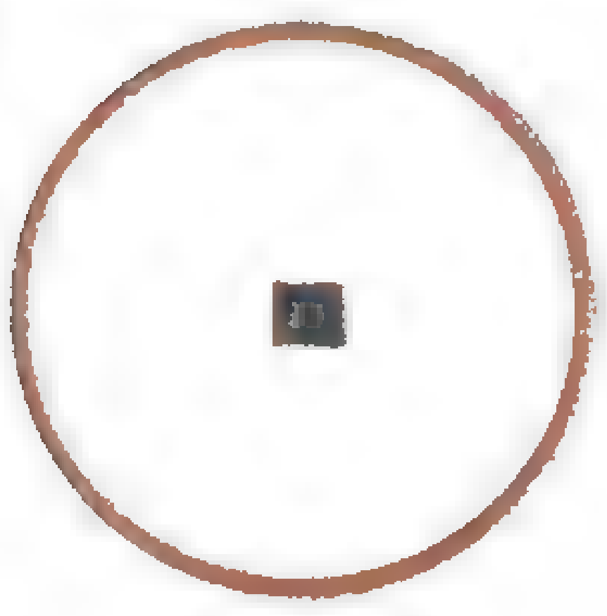
Why Schlieffen's plan of encirclement which Hitler used so brilliantly from Poland to the Balkans failed in Russia

by MAX WERNER

• ARTICLE •

Far into the Autumn of 1942 Germany's military leadership believed that a single, panaceaic idea gave it a monopoly on the supreme art of war. Successive general staffs strutted comfortably in the conviction that the "secret of victory" belonged to the German military mind alone. As late as the Summer of 1941, Colonel Soldan, a leading German military expert, wrote in *Voelkischer Beobachter:* "Strategy has become transformed into an art—an art mastered by the German Army *alone.*"

This single idea of German strategy was encirclement. It stood and fell with this idea.



The masters of the German art of war worked at this geometrical formula of battle which was held to be irresistible. It was the circle: the shape of the battle of encirclement, the figure that was supposed to have possessed magic powers.

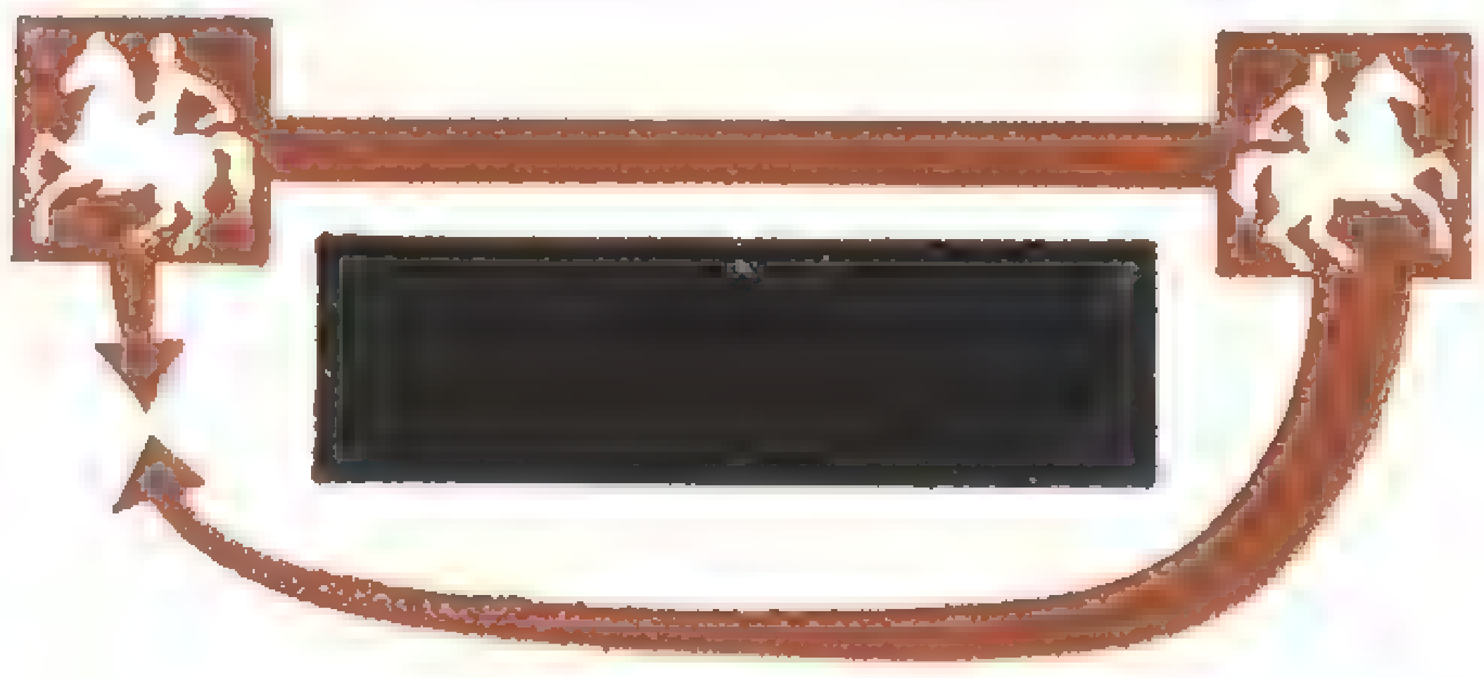
Their calculations ran as follows: once the enemy is completely surrounded, his communications are cut off and thus while the attacker controls all communications, the defender has none. The latter cannot dodge. He is being attacked everywhere, even in his most vulnerable spot, his rear. Thus if encirclement succeeds, he must succumb to the assault. Obviously then, the magic circle makes for the most perfect form of battle and annihilation. Its course is: encirclement=battle of annihilation=total victory.

General Field Marshal von Schlieffen, Chief of the German General Staff from 1892 to 1906, was the intellectual father of the idea. He was German strategy's man of destiny. The Imperial German forces were deployed according to his plan in 1914. But he has influenced German strategy in World War II to an even greater extent. During the Battle of Flanders in 1940 the German press wrote that "the spirit of Schlieffen hovers over the battle."

Schlieffen's source of the perfect plan for the battle of encirclement can be found in ancient history. Neither Napoleon nor Frederick the Great was his master—but Hannibal. Schlieffen designated the Battle of Cannae, won by Hannibal against the Roman Consul Varro, as the model for a modern battle. (The first authority to point to the significance of this battle was the German war historian, Hans Delbrueck.)

A five-page essay written by von Schlieffen and entitled *The Battle of Cannae* has become the platform of German strategy. The picture which attracted Schlieffen was this:

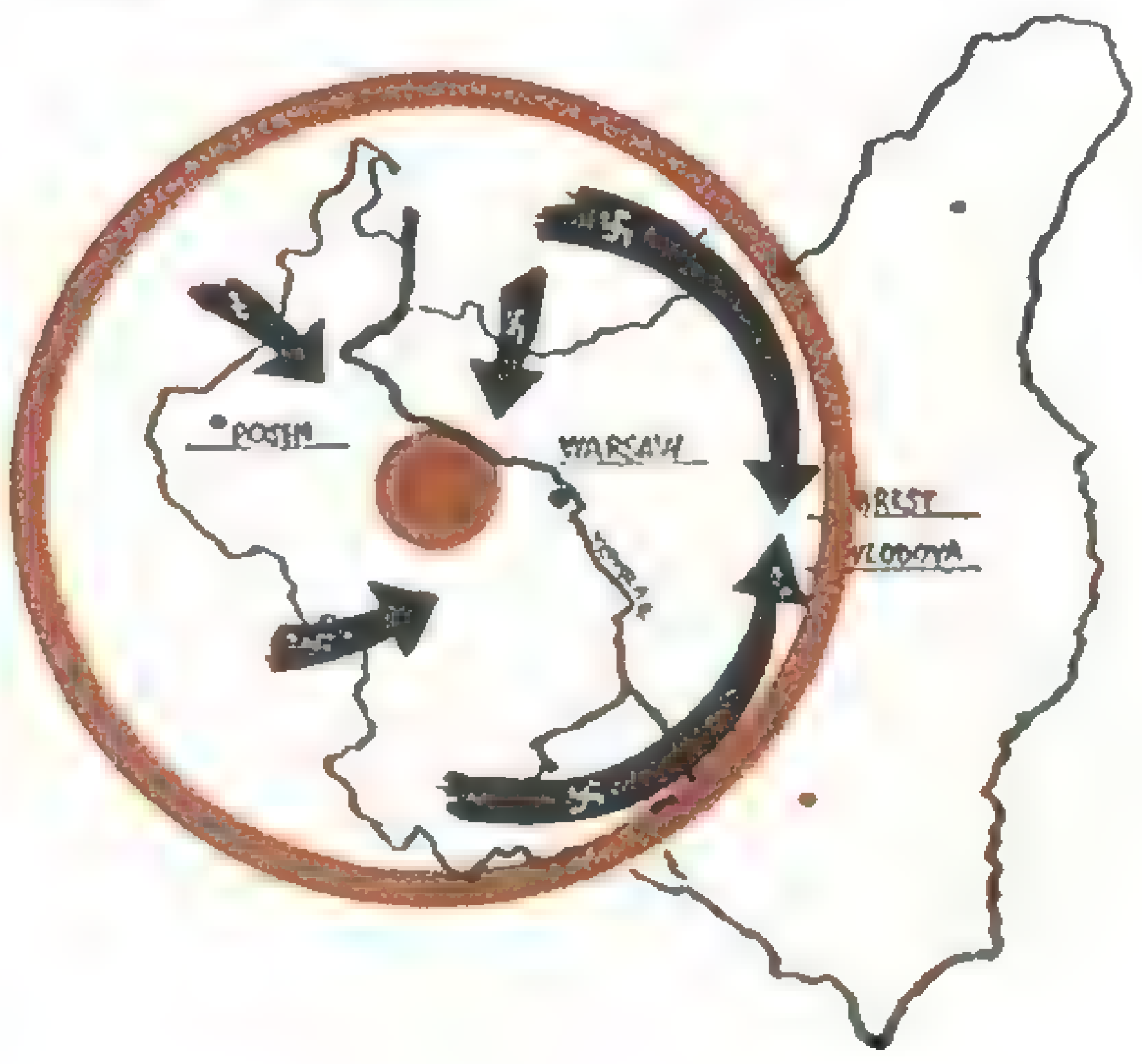
With an army of 50,000 men Hannibal defeated a Roman army of 75,000 men and annihilated all but 6,000. Hannibal achieved this by a double envelopment of the flanks, and encircling the enemy with cavalry, as shown:



Schlieffen's article concludes: "A complete battle of annihilation was won. The major battle conditions have remained unchanged. The battle of annihilation can today be won on the basis of the same plan that Hannibal designed in times past. The essential point is to crush the flanks. Destruction is then completed by an attack on the enemy's rear." Thus Schlieffen's bequest—which has become the program of German strategy in this Second World War. *The Battle of Cannae* became its slogan, the magic circle of encirclements its basic precept in all campaigns from 1939 to 1941.

The Cannae battle of our time was to be won with the aid of all means available to a modern war of movement; German technics would serve this end. Schlieffen had recommended cavalry for the encirclement manoeuvre; Hitler and Brauchitsch, Schlieffen's Nazi counterpart in the German General Staff of 1941, had tanks and motorized infantry for the purpose. Motorized forces encompass greater expanses of battlefield. Tanks and aviation bring surprise and accelerate the encirclement operation. Therefore both technical preparation and tactics in which the Wehrmacht was trained aimed at the highest possible effectiveness and utility in the battle of encirclement.

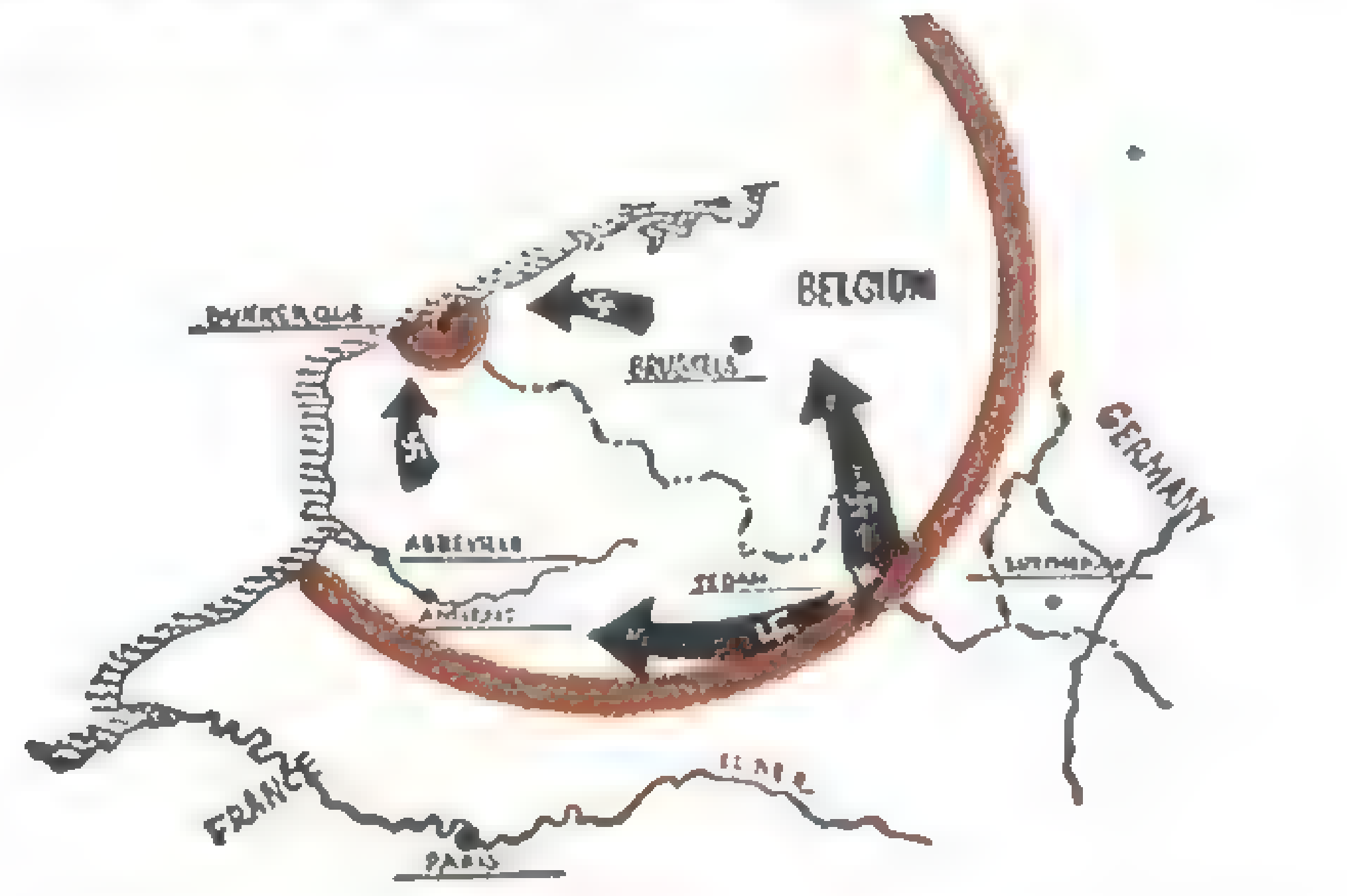
And German General Staff, thinking and planning on this formula, were successful from the Polish campaign at the beginning of the war until the Kiev operations in September, 1941. It won in Poland with two encirclement operations. Note how, in the Polish campaign, the Germans effected a small encirclement near Warsaw, partially surrounded by a greater circle:



In the first half of September, 1939, the Polish army of Posen (the strongest group of Poles) was enveloped into the bend of the Vistula along the small river Bsura. It was beaten by the III, IV and VIII German armies which completely encircled the Polish forces from the Northeast, Northwest and Southwest. The German pincers were closed in the rear of the Polish forces and thus the attacked could not escape. This encirclement was executed in a narrow area.

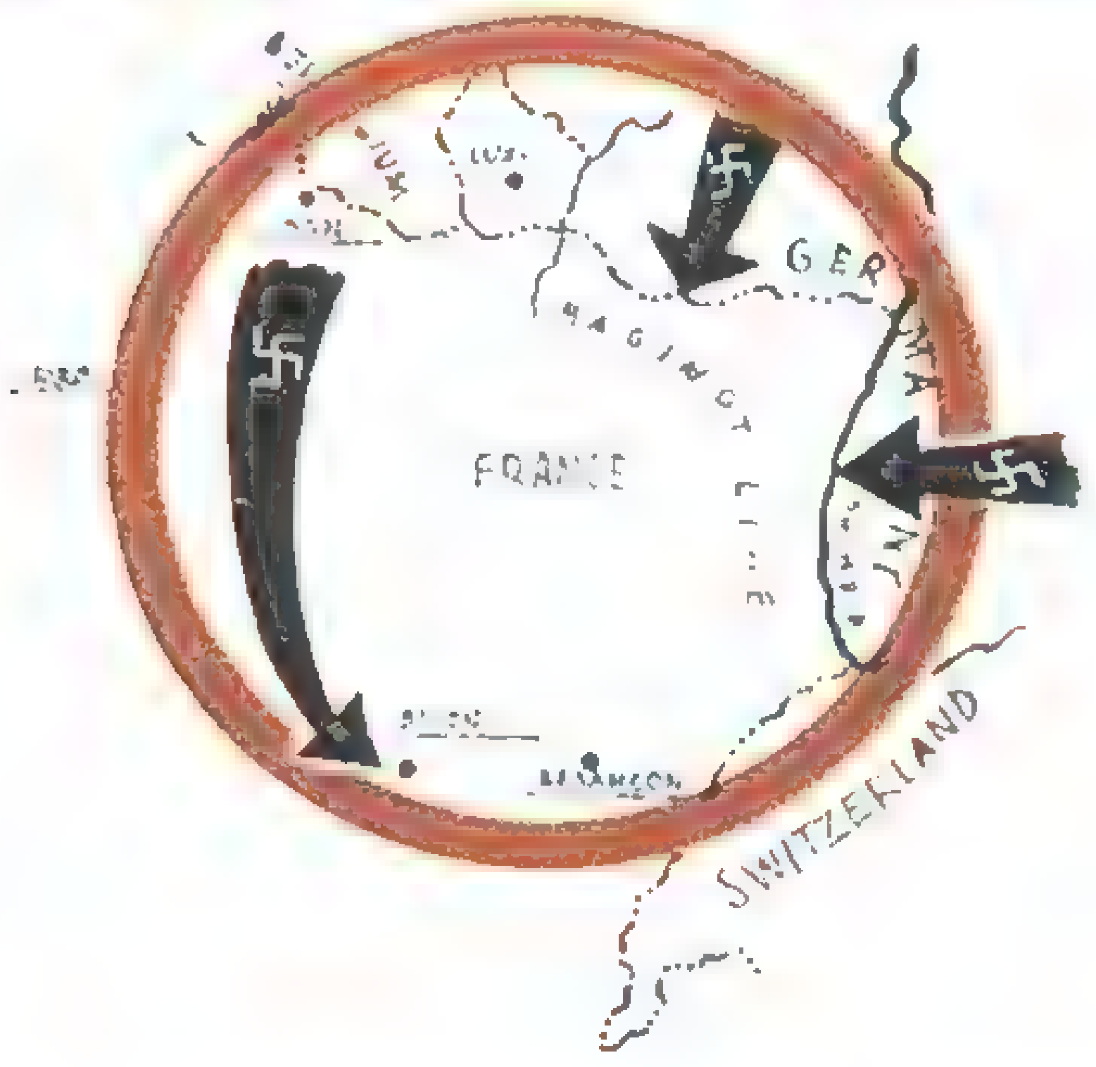
The other ring—a gigantic one this time—was drawn around all the Polish armies still in the field a week later. On September 18th the German III and X armies met between Vlodava and Brest, far beyond Warsaw. In this way all of Poland *with the exception of* the outlying Eastern provinces was in a ring of steel. From East Prussia to Polish Galicia the territory was surrounded. Never before has an encirclement operation been undertaken over such a large area. And indeed, the German strategic circles proved frighteningly effective in the first campaign of World War II.

In the West the following Spring and Summer the Wehrmacht won in three encirclement operations. The first, used against the armies of the two major powers, France and Great Britain, was made in the Battle of Flanders. Forming the maneuvering masses of the Allies were the BEF and the French Northern armies and against these the encirclement was executed with fantastic speed. In five days the German armies broke through from Sedan to the Channel Coast. This cut off the Northern Allied armies. There was no complete circle, since to the rear of the Allies was water, which circumstance helped in the easy and swift execution of the encirclement. The German noose grew ever tighter from the broad pocket around Flanders to the narrow semi-circle around Dunkerque:



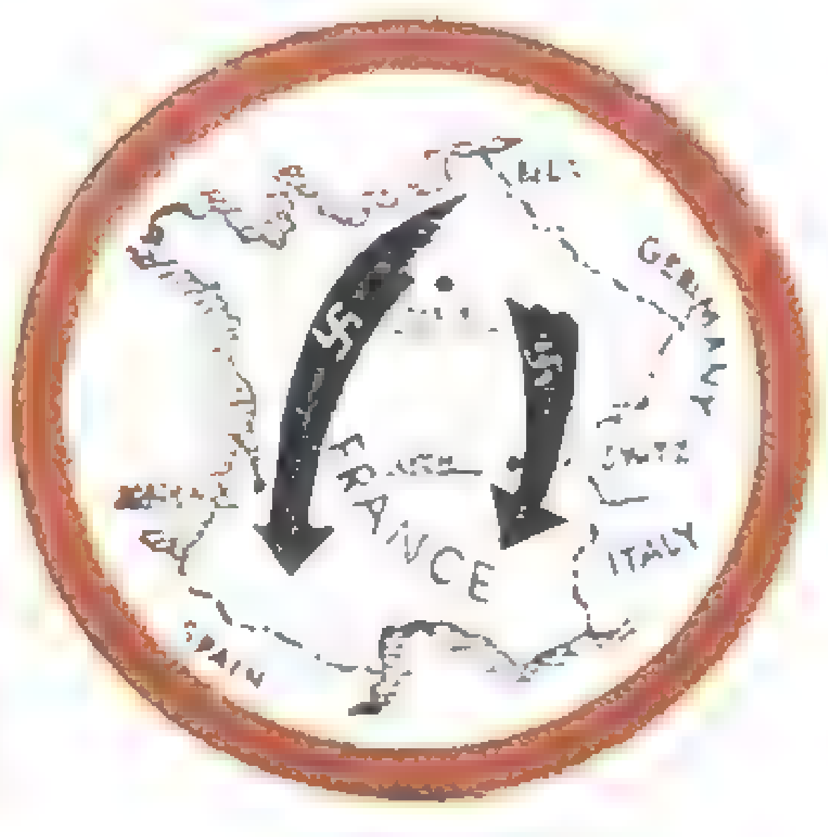
Because the ring was not fully closed and because the British army had sea communications in the rear, they could save themselves. But the bulk of the Northern French army was taken prisoner by the Germans.

The second ring was placed around the French Eastern armies along and behind the Maginot Line. These constituted the core of the French defense forces. In the East they were enveloped by the von Leeb German army group along the Rhine facing the Maginot Line, in the West by the Rundstedt army group which broke through from the Belgian border along the Dijon-Langres-Besançon line East of Paris to the Swiss frontier. This time the circle was perfect, unbroken:



Not a single soldier of the French Eastern army escaped imprisonment. As von Schlieffen predicted: "Capitulations have replaced slaughter."

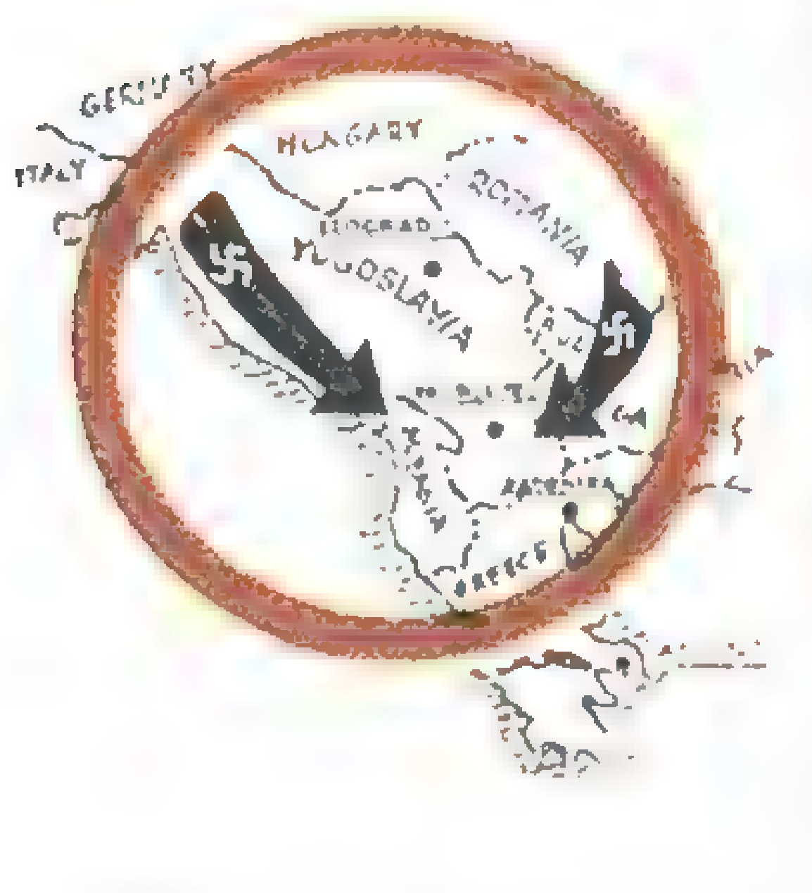
The third envelopment operation in France was the broadest. By the advance of von Bock's army group which penetrated to the Southwest, and the break-through by von Rundstedt's army group to the Southeast, a gigantic ring was laid around France from the Italian frontier and the Alps to Bordeaux and the Spanish border, thus accomplishing the encirclement of the whole of France:



But these were mere pursuit operations against a collapsed French army, though it was the greatest encirclement in the annals of military history. Technically, it was not complete, however: the French army still had the Mediterranean in the rear as the British army had had the Channel in the rear of Flanders. But there was no French Dunkerque.

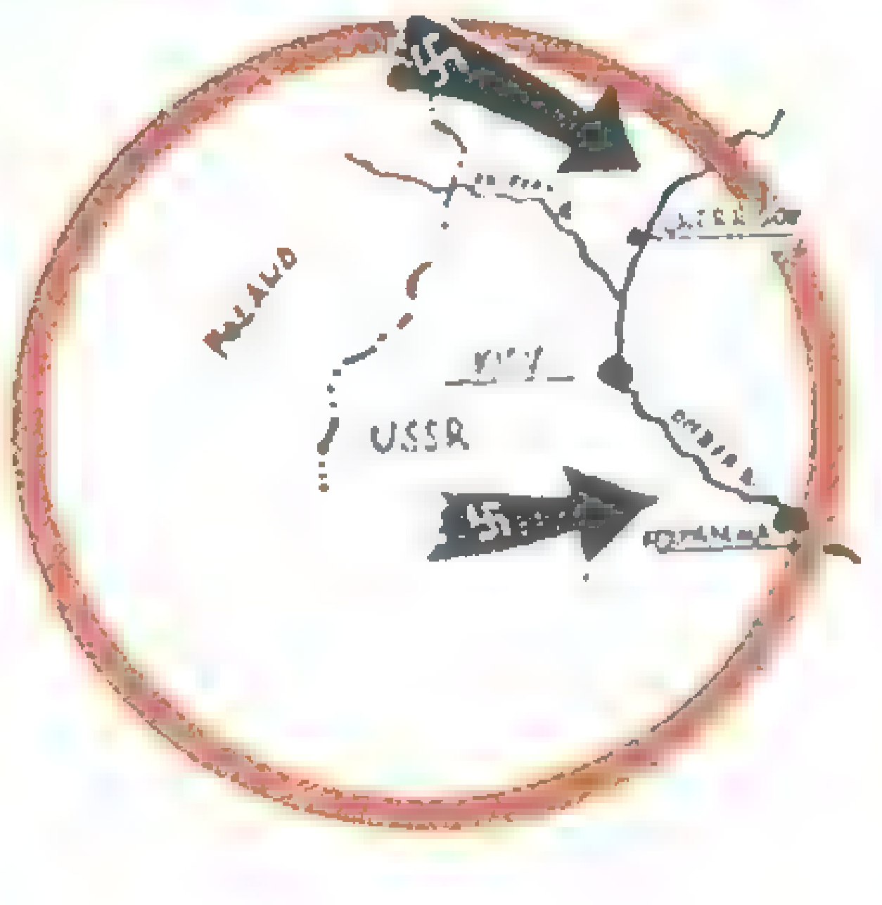
Operations on the Balkans were carried out according to a similar plan.

List's army broke through from the Southeast via Skoplje to Southern Albania, cutting off Yugoslavia from Greece and the British troops in Greece. Von Weich's army marched from the Northeast to Slovenia and the Northern Adriatic coast. Thus the ring was drawn around the Yugoslav army from both sides. The ring around Greece was drawn ever tighter with the break-through to Salonika.



From Poland to the Balkans the magic circle of German strategy worked without fail. It brought major victories, one after the other. The great test came in the Russian campaign.

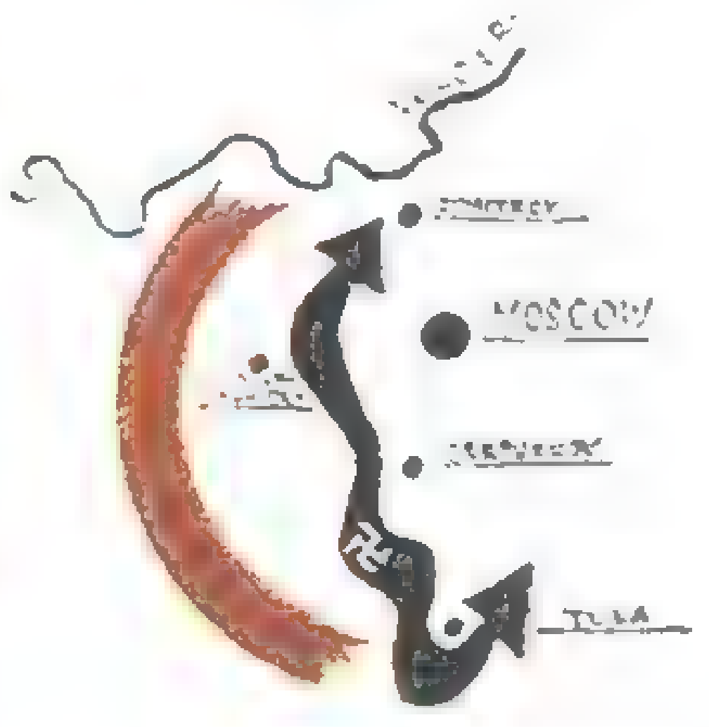
At the very beginning of the attack on the Soviet Union the Wehrmacht attempted the encirclement of the Russian forces stationed near the frontier. But the attempt failed, for the Russians fell back using their mobile defenses.



The "annihilation and encirclement battle of Bialystok-Minsk," of which the German High Command issued a version in a communique in order to proclaim a first victory, never really took place. Later on, however, the Germans did succeed in carrying out an encirclement operation North of Kiev.

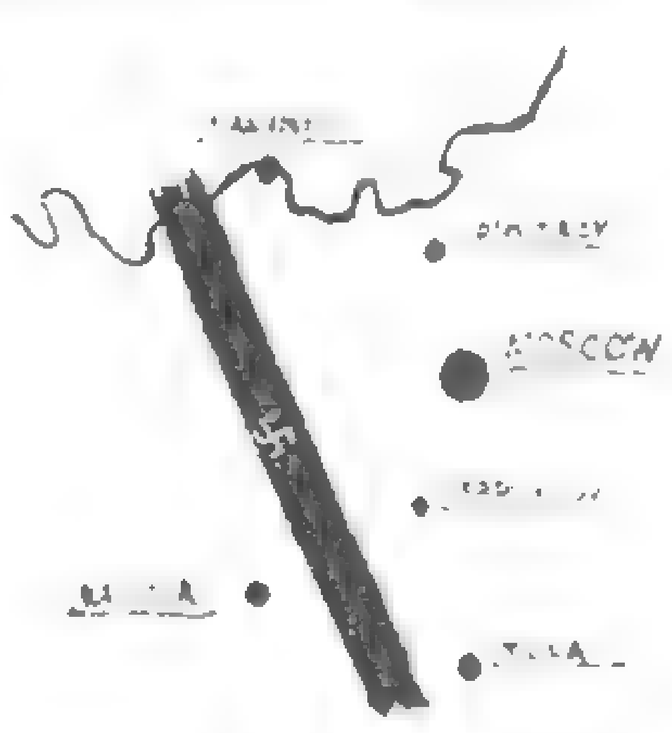
While Budenny's army was still holding Kiev, the Germans broke through in its rear from the North and from the South, East of Kiev. Von Bock's army group (von Weich's troops and Guderian's tank army) proceeded via Chernigov and Nezhin to Romny, 120 miles East of Kiev. The von Rundstedt army group marched past Krementchug (170 miles Southeast of Kiev) in a northerly direction and near Lokhvitsa, General von Kleist's tank units made a juncture with Guderian's tank corps. There it was again: the contemporary variant of the Battle of Cannae. And in the *Voelkischer Beobachter* one could read subsequently this comment about the Kiev operations: "There has been a new Battle of Cannae, its scope unexampled in the annals of war." But Kiev was an operation of only local importance on the Eastern front. And it was the last successful German encirclement in World War II.

The most serious test of the German magic circle was in the battle for Moscow, the greatest battle of the War to date. A sort of semi-circle was flung around Moscow; the Northern jaw of the German pincers pointed from Klin and Solnechnogorsk toward Dimitrov while the Southern jaw was aimed at Serpukhov and further Northeast toward Tula. Here, on Dec. 5, 1941, was the highest point of the German encirclement attempt at Moscow:



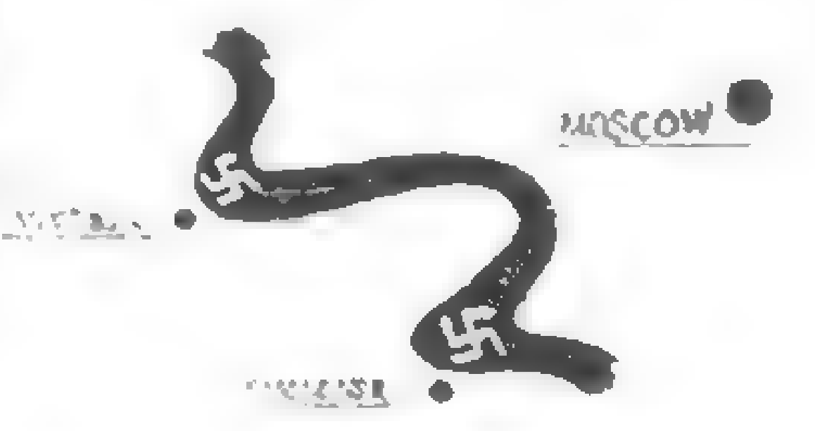
Only 140 miles separated the two ends of the pincers that enveloped Moscow. It was the most dramatic moment of the German-Russian war. There was terrifically intense fighting all along the winding line of the front with every single position being bitterly contested. The beginnings of the German magic circle around Moscow were there. But only the beginnings. Russian defense prevented its complete development.

And then, on Dec. 6, 1941, came the Russian counter-blow, the powerful counter-offensive. By Dec. 20, 1941, the line of the front West of Moscow was running in a straight line:



The German pincer was broken and the German front line pushed away. Not even a trace of the encirclement of Moscow was left. The straight line of the Russian front now ran West of Kalinin and before Kaluga. This lack of a geometric figure of the front reflected the failure of the German encirclement strategy before Moscow. There the magic circle of German strategy had ceased completely to exist. The Wehrmacht lost the German Battle of Cannae for Moscow

The battle, however, was continued in the Winter campaign. Between the middle of December and February, 1942, the line of the Russian front was not only held, but further improved from the Soviet point of view. Now the German front was dented. The Red army stuck wedges into the German front lines in two directions: Northwest and Southwest of Moscow. Note how the German lines are now, in turn, menaced by encirclement:

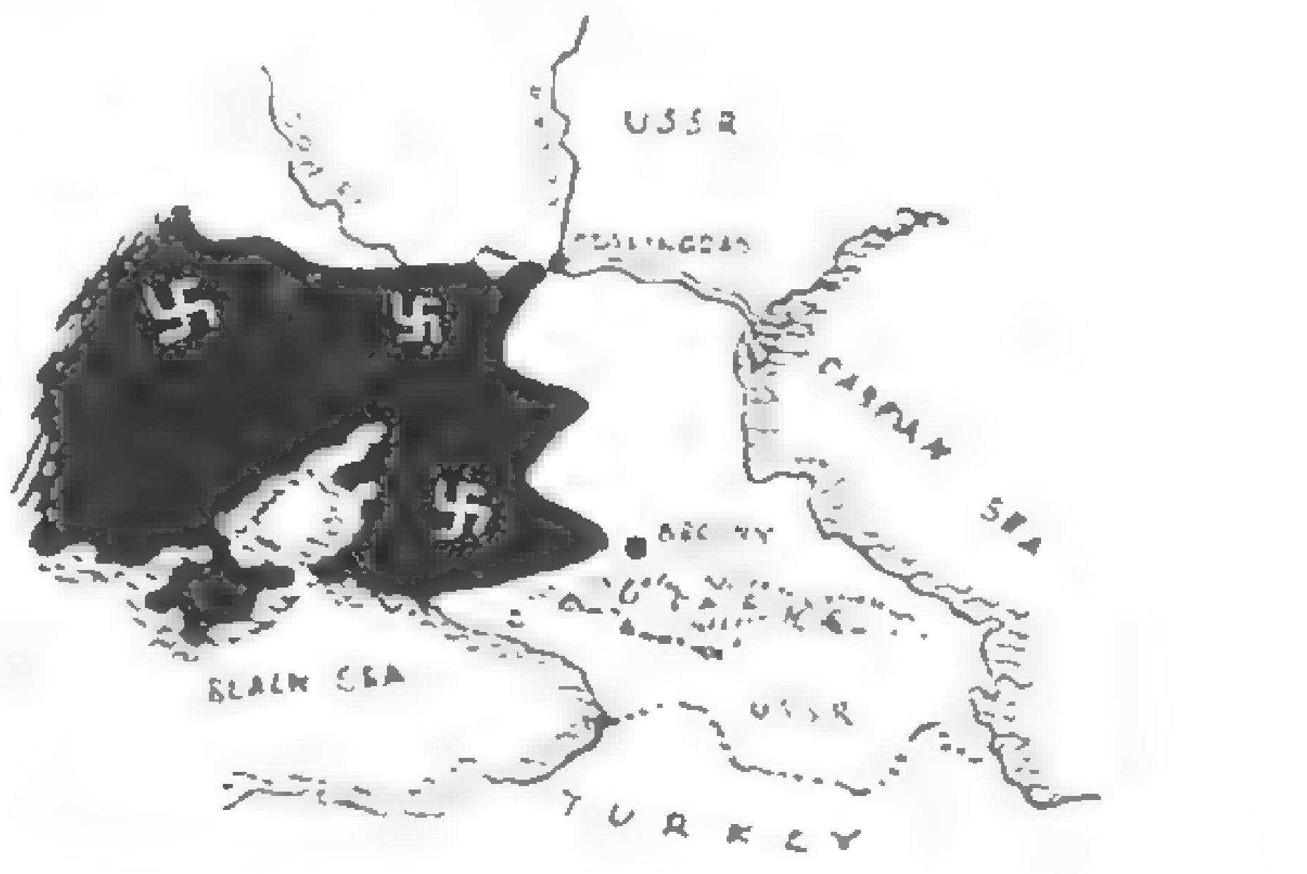


Thus the German pincers against Moscow were replaced by Russian pincers against the German front: in the directions of Velish to Vitebsk and of Dorogobuzh to Smolensk. This was no Russian attempt at a Cannae of their own. It was a Russian counter-offensive with limited objectives, to block repetition of German encirclement attempts. The master-plan of German strategy was impotent on the Eastern front. It is interesting to note that since December, 1941, there have been no German offensives on the Russian Central Front.

While German military's strategic symbol carried the Wehrmacht to success against weak, inexperienced armies, it failed completely in the face of the reserves, the weapons, the tenacity and tactical skill of the Red army.

Nor did the magic circle ever emerge again after the failure at Moscow. No attempt at its use was made in the German offensive of 1942 in Southeastern Russia. A glance at the German-Russian front line in the Southeast at the time of the siege of Stalingrad is sufficient to comprehend the strategic difference.

The German line curved exactly opposite from the way it curved before Moscow on December 5, 1941. It was no longer a German pincers enveloping a central Russian position. It was a German pocket jutting into the Russian lines. Obviously in 1942 the goal of the German offensive was no longer the annihilation of the Red army but, instead, territorial conquest (Caucasus oil) and strategic position (Stalingrad).



These German front lines were over-extended and, on their flanks, exposed to enemy counter-attacks. This kind of front is certainly no derivative from *The Battle of Cannae*. German strategy has been forced to abandon its most effective principle. Nor does it, apparently, have any other secret formula for victory.

In the last phase of the battle for Stalingrad, the Russians fought the battle of annihilation and encirclement. The Nazi flanks were pressed inward, and these forces at Stalingrad found themselves in an encirclement that, if incomplete, was a real menace.

Thus the "magic circle" is no longer a secret of the German General Staff. The Russians know the formula, too. In the measure that the offensive power of the Wehrmacht is crippled, the strategy of the "magic circle" becomes unrealizable by it. And as Germany's military strength weakens, the "magic circle" can be used against the Wehrmacht.

Some day a German historian will ascribe Hitler's defeat to Hannibal. ##

What Became of the Salesmen

How wartime jobs have absorbed those high-salaried, high-pressure, happy-go-lucky extroverts we loved so well

by MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

• ARTICLE •

There's a fairly regular routine for the passengers on the 7:15 a.m. plane that leaves LaGuardia Airport every morning for Washington. There's nothing to look at for the first twenty minutes because the shades have been drawn to prevent passengers from looking at war plants and defense installations, some of which can be seen easily by those going down by train. So you read your newspapers and check your appointments with some WPB pooh-bahs or you put in some worry on whether or not your hotel will really remember your reservation.

The gentleman in the adjoining seat was doing neither. He was reading a little pamphlet. He wore a tropical worsted pin stripe suit that had been freshly pressed. He was in his tired forties and his nice pink face wasn't too round yet. From the effortless way he adjusted his safety belt it was apparent that this wasn't his first flight. The total impression he created was one of substance, a citizen good for, say, 15,000 dollars a year. Fine. But what was he doing reading a pamphlet called, *How to be a Well-Paid Welder in 90 Days*. You might as well expect to find J. P. Morgan reading the Help Wanted section.

I probably stared at the pamphlet a little too long and he smiled:

"As a matter of fact, I shouldn't even be flying down to Washington. A round trip by train would have saved me fifteen bucks. But it's hard to get rid of expensive habits . . ."

It was a little embarrassing. "Well, it saves time, this way."

"Hell, mister," he said with a wry smile, "time is just the thing I've got plenty of. No, it's just a bad expensive habit, this flying business. It was wonderful when I could sell carload lots of aluminum pots and pans in Atlanta one day and in Tulsa the next . . ." He waved the welding come-on in front of me. "Yes, sir, earn big money! Be a welder. That's not so bad. Fellow I know in Pennsylvania—used to be good for about 20,000 dollars a year selling office equipment—is now a boiler maker's assistant at the Sun Oil plant in Marcus Hook, Pennsylvania. . . . Oh well, there are compensations: this year I certainly won't need an accountant to help me prepare my income tax."

By the time we got in at the National Airport I had most of the rest of his story. He had been looking for something since his firm had regretfully let him go in December with two months' salary. He was now angling for a job with the War Production Board. He had a wife, a ten-room house in White Plains, a two-car garage and a son in school at Columbia.

That afternoon I saw a friend of mine who works for the WPB. I told him about my salesman. He waved his hands wearily.

"We get dozens of them in here every day. Wonderful salesmen, all of them. But what the hell are we going to do with them here? Put them down as more civilian casualties of the war. Sure, sure, most of the civilian war agencies need men with years of business experience but they tell me selling experience doesn't seem to count around here. Tough, but that's the way it is . . ."

I saw my salesman again at dinner. He spied me and came over to our table in Hogate's, the huge sea food place near the Washington wharves.

"Well, no luck in this town. Looks like I'm doomed to make big money as a welder," he laughed. "I bet John Henry Patterson is turning in his grave. Or maybe he's just laughing to beat all get out."

I shook my head. "Who's he?"

He waved a hand airily and chuckled. "You'll laugh when you find out. He put me in the fix I'm in today. By the way, which sounds more dignified: gas or electric welding? It seems I have a choice in the matter." I didn't see him again after that.

About John Henry Patterson.

He was the law-giver, the Maker of Super Salesmen, the Deviser of Sure-Fire Spiels (canned to order), the Founder of Sales Quotas, the Great White Father of the Modern Salesman. He was old man High Pressure himself. He died in 1922, aged seventy-seven. On his tombstone they might have inscribed reverently: "He pushed National Cash Register sales to 30,000,000 dollars a year."

His main contribution has a direct bearing on the displacement of salesmen in an America at war. John Henry Patterson blasted the old notion that great salesmen could only be born—never made. He took average men and made them salesmen extraordinary. And when you have the formula of making an average man into an extroverted, aggressive salesman you really have something. Remember, the supply of average men is almost unlimited. You might say of old John Henry that he poured the basic mold for the modern salesman. Millions of men have been in and out of that mold. It was almost too easy.

The salesman, the salesman, oh how we loved that American creation. We said we were too busy for him, that he annoyed us, that he high-pressured us, that he wasted our valuable time—oh, we said those things all right but all the time we knew he was a wonderful institution to have around.

One writer sized the institution up thus:

"*The man himself is a paradox—half fact, half legend; half man, half satyr; half philosopher; half charlatan. He creates nothing with his hands, deals only in words and in impressions . . . by reputation he is a greater wanderer than Ulysses, a sharper trader than the devil himself, a wilder optimist than Micawber, and, if half the tales about him are true, a more ingenious lover than Casanova . . . he is the Paul*

Continued on page 165

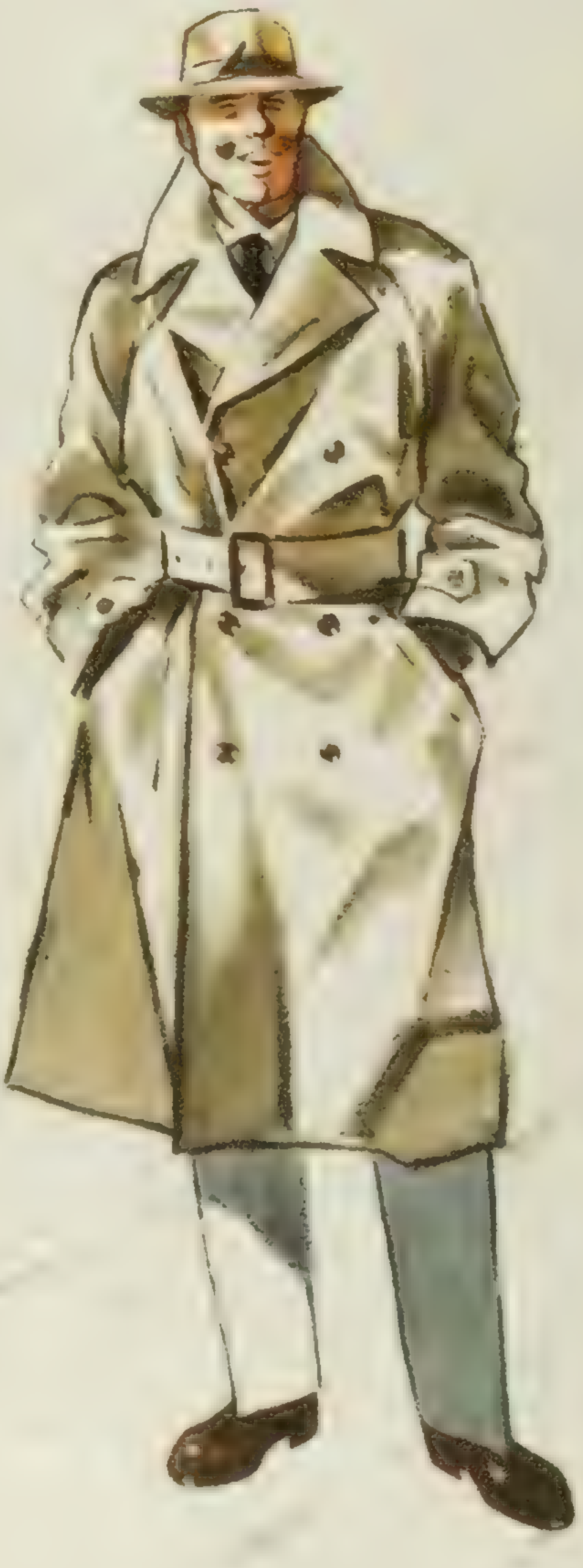
RESTAURANT
GIRL WANTED

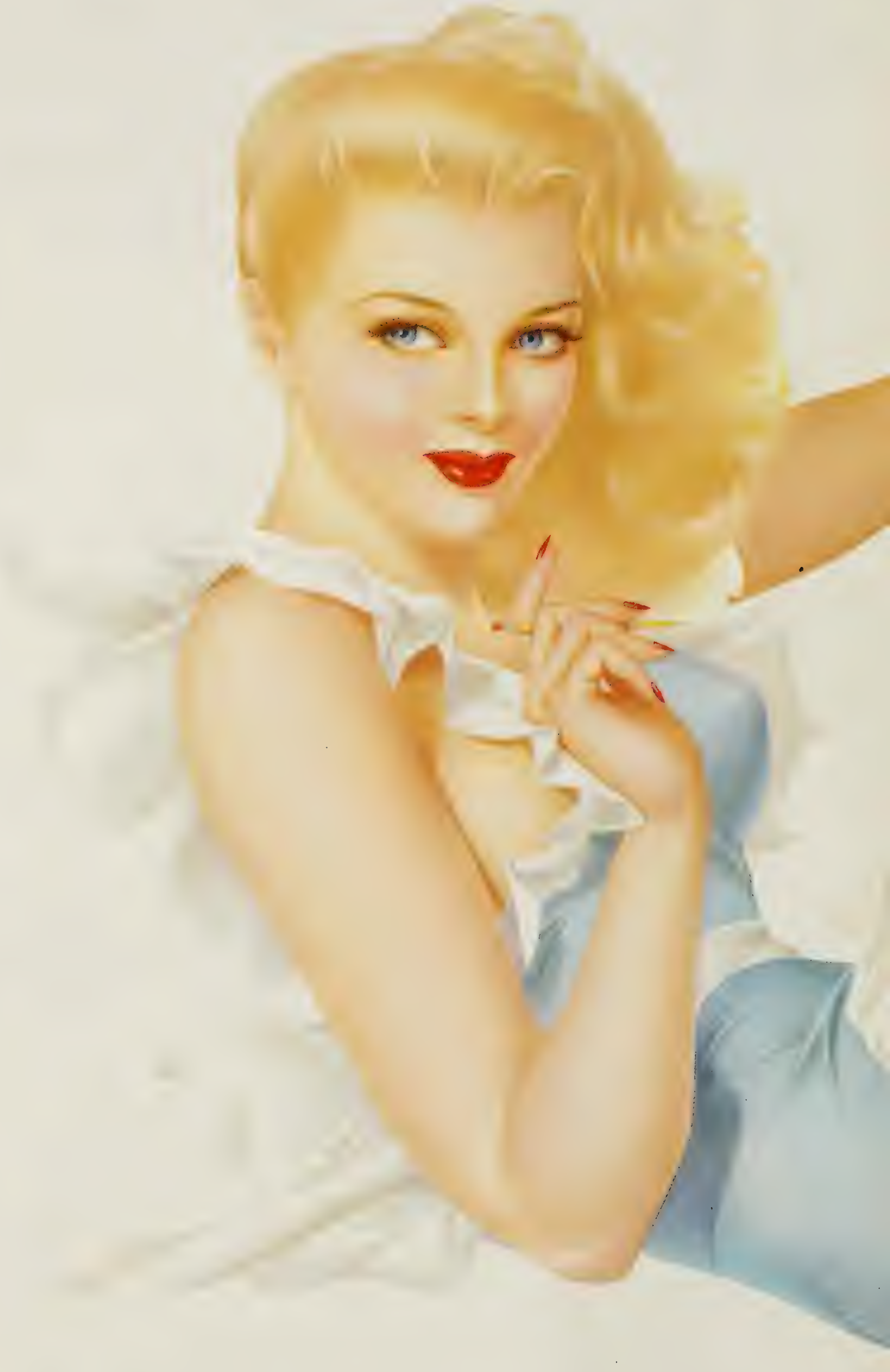
Esquire's Slants on Rainwear

The man at extreme left has on the tan processed cotton raincoat with raglan shoulders and epaulets that duplicates the raincoat worn by the army officer. The military influence on civilian dress is also evident in the plain toe brown blucher shoes, worn with a brown Cheviot suit, hat and cashmere muffler.

The first man in the next panel is wearing the roomy single breasted raincoat, also processed cotton, with change pocket and raglan shoulders. This model was originally a sporting type, but now is seen in town. Also worn are striped worsted suit, broadcloth shirt, starched collar, miniature patterned tie, gray felt hat and black straight-tip shoes. His feminine companion's coat is a Tartan wool and cotton reversible. The pipe smoker's raincoat has the convertible collar, fly front, raglan shoulders and slash pockets. The rest of his outfit: Guards tie, white broadcloth shirt, brown snap-brim felt hat, blue unfinished worsted suit, black shoes and rubbers.

The rainwear combination at the lower right consists of processed cotton bucket hat with lighter binding and double breasted raglan, also of processed cotton.



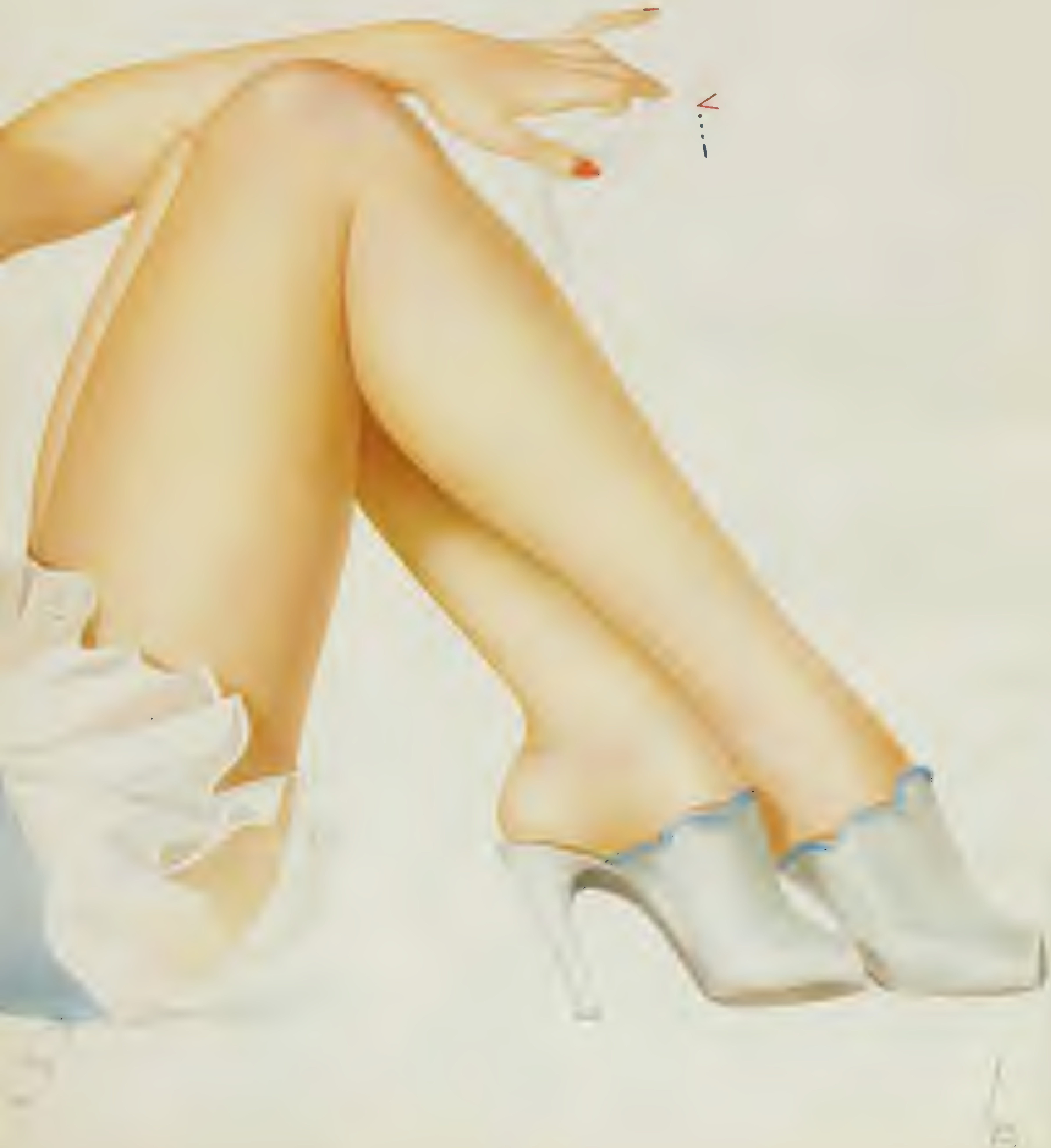


V MAIL FOR A SOLDIER

Do you remember when the night slants down
And all the Inns rouse dreamily from sleep?
Do you remember when this gilded town
Makes promises that it can never keep?
Do you recall a waltz that once we heard?
Do you relive a kiss our lips have known?
Is there a dream that beckons to be stirred
Across the miles that keep us so alone?

You have few hours for memories, I know,
And yet I like to think that you find time
To read these simple words: "I love you so . . ."
And know how well you made those moments rhyme . . .
(That was a happy world that we had then—
So, fight, Sweetheart, to bring it back again!)

PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK



Germany Has Prepared Poison Gas

Certainly humane scruples have not kept Germany from using the poison gas she's been making since the Versailles Treaty

by CURT RIESS

• ARTICLE •

THE 2,400-ton Russian freighter *Aurora*, loaded with German chemicals, had sailed from Hamburg, had made a stop at Stettin and was now bound for Kronstadt. On board, as representative of the Red Army, was Engineer Commander Sukhanov. The *Aurora* was due at Kronstadt on June 16. She did not reach the port at the appointed time. She never reached it at all. After a few days the Russians sent out some destroyers and planes to look for the lost vessel. They found the *Aurora* drifting somewhere in the Baltic. Nobody on board was alive. The Russians understood. They abandoned the ship, turned their own guns on her and watched her sink beneath the waves.

That was in 1924. That was the first time after World War I it became known that the Germans were manufacturing poison gas. It became known to only a very few people. The matter was hushed up. But the second time it could not be hushed up. That was on May 20, 1928.

That day there was an election for the German Reichstag. Stresemann was still Minister of Foreign Affairs. The Socialists and, as a whole, the liberal-socialist bloc, gained an impressing victory. The world breathed easier upon learning that the German people wanted peace. However, that very same day something else happened to indicate that some people in Germany did not want peace.

In the suburbs of Hamburg a young man paddling about the canals in his canoe suddenly became ill. He was brought to the Sankt Georg Hospital and all he could say was that he had got in some kind of cloud floating above the water. The doctors couldn't find anything wrong with him. Four hours later he was dead.

That same Sunday afternoon, eleven more people arrived at the hospital complaining that they didn't feel well. There were symptoms of poisoning, but the doctors didn't know exactly what it was. Within a few hours eleven people were dead and three hundred others struggled between life and death in Hamburg hospitals.

But before dusk, people knew. Poison gas was in the air. According to the words of the AP correspondent, "a wispy, fog-like cloud of death crept silently into the streets of Hamburg." Firemen and the police stopped all traffic toward the suburb of Weddel. Panic broke loose in Hamburg. Soldiers were called in from Berlin in special trains. But before the cloud of poison gas could reach the center of the city, a spring storm began and the rain absorbed the gas.

Later that night it was learned that a phosgen tank in the Stoltzenberg factory in Weddel had exploded. Poison gas being manufactured in the second largest town in Germany? How was that possible? There were whispers: The army . . . military secret. Then there were angry shouts, in Germany, in France, all over Europe. After all, didn't the Treaty of Versailles definitely forbid the manufacture of poison gas in Germany?

Army circles were quiet. For two days there was no comment. Then came a lot of comments, each one contradicting the next. They said that the phosgen had been some stock left over from the last war. They said the gas was manufactured for industrial purposes. They said it was manufactured for American concerns. They finally said, cynically enough, that the Hamburg catastrophe certainly showed how horrible a poison gas war might be and therefore it would make for a long lasting peace.

They did not say, however, what the findings of a secret investigation into the causes of the Hamburg catastrophe had been. These findings were published later in Germany in an opposition newspaper. It was learned that the catastrophe had not been an accident. It had been an experiment. The army had decided upon the cruel expedient of releasing a very small amount of phosgen, not more than six cubic meters. The idea was to study the effect on an unknowing public.

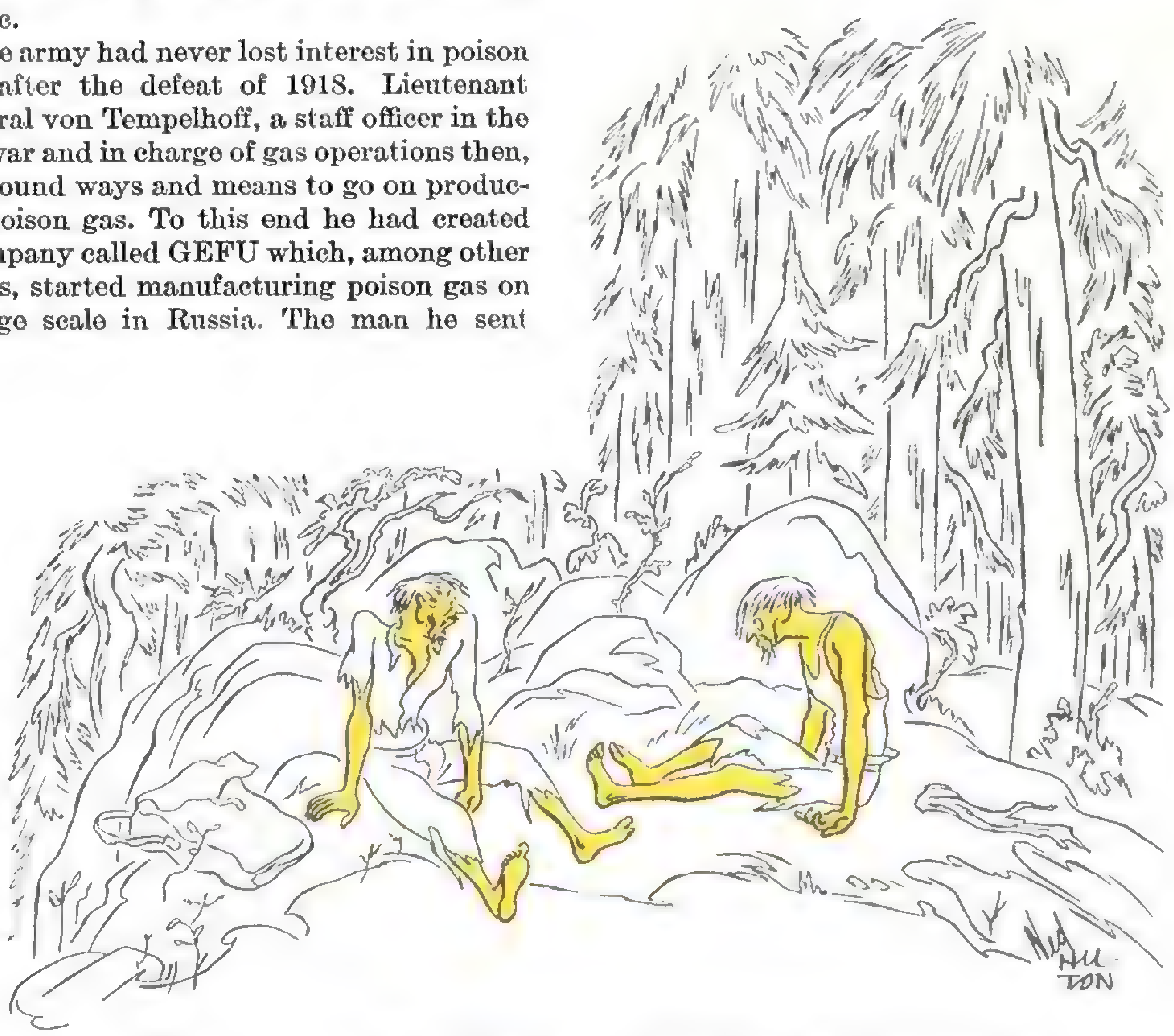
The army had never lost interest in poison gas, after the defeat of 1918. Lieutenant General von Tempelhoff, a staff officer in the last war and in charge of gas operations then, had found ways and means to go on producing poison gas. To this end he had created a company called GEFU which, among other things, started manufacturing poison gas on a large scale in Russia. The man he sent there in 1923 was Dr. Hugo Stoltzenberg who during the next years became more and more a central figure in German poison gas industry, and who today is definitely the man behind German poison gas warfare, should there be any.

I met Stoltzenberg in 1931 when I visited him at his headquarters in Hamburg 1, Moenckebergstrasse 19. The small, dark offices were on the fourth floor. Stoltzenberg, then about sixty years old, was a good-looking man with an intelligent face. His hair was gray, and he dressed with a somewhat sloppy and careless elegance, usually even in his office wearing a white coat over his suit.

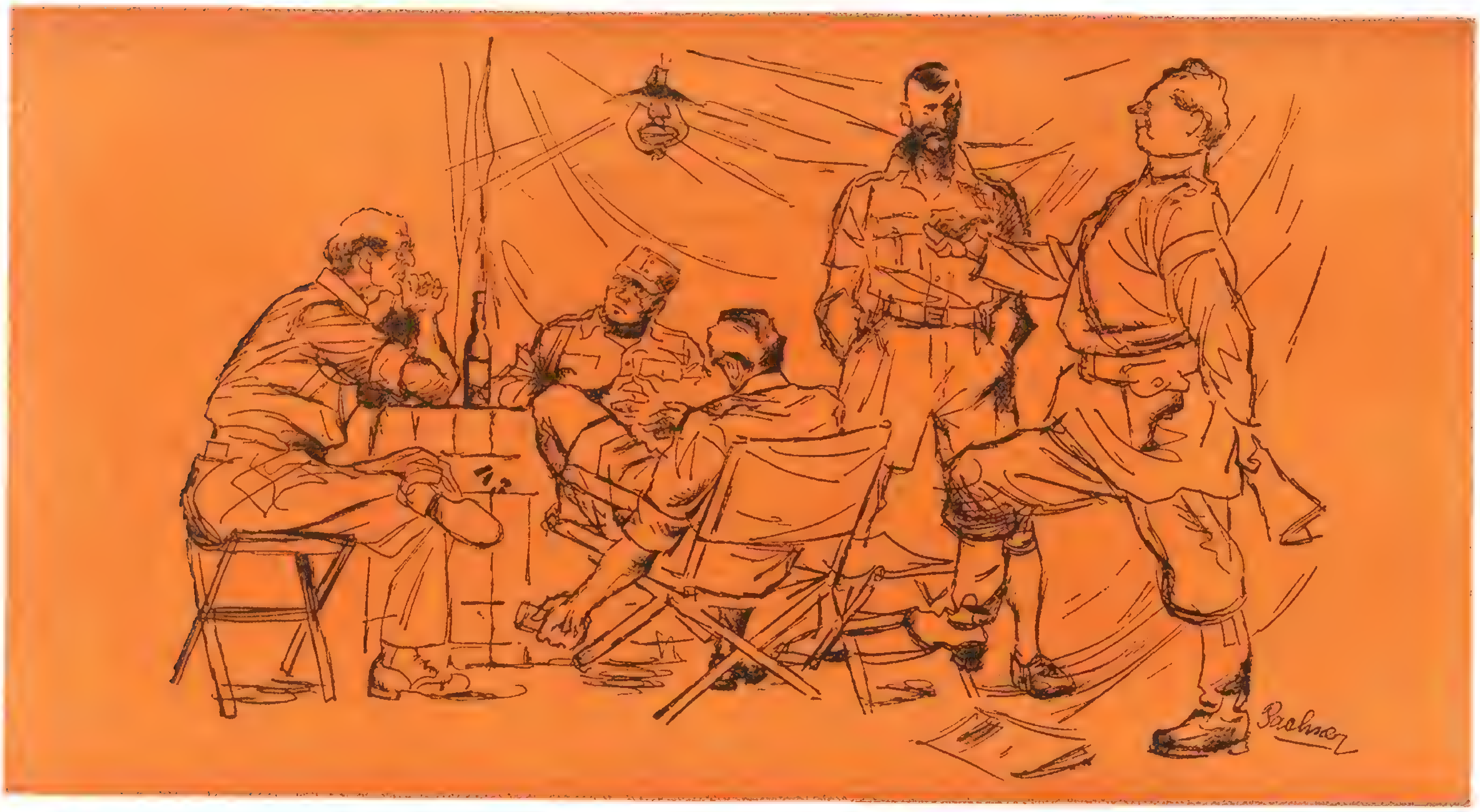
Contrary to what I expected, he was not secretive at all. He talked at great length, though so softly that I had to strain to hear him, about what he had done to circumvent the poison gas clauses in the Versailles Treaty. I felt he talked because he didn't care in the least what I or anybody else thought about him. His eyes were cynical and there was contempt for everything and everybody in his words.

This man, then, had gone to Russia in

Continued on page 148



"Don't worry—they'll find us! I didn't file any Income Tax report this year"



These Four Virtues

The four officers, English, American, Russian and Chinese, were close enough friends to criticize one another freely

by RALPH R. GIFFEN

• FICTION •

Five men were talking in a room in the officers' barracks at an army post—perhaps at Shangri-La. Four were interns, and the closest of friends—an American, an Englishman, a Russian, and a Chinese. The fifth man was a surgeon of such talents as to belong to the whole world.

Smiling, the American addressed the Chinese intern: "Your people are famous for the virtue of patience, but to me it seems far more of a vice. You wait for things to happen, instead of making them happen, yourselves."

The Chinese intern replied, "You Americans are proud of your courage and initiative—but I see foolhardiness and impulsiveness."

The Russian intern spoke up: "I find much to say for each of you, but our British colleague I cannot understand. He is renowned for self-control, for not letting sentiment distract him, but to me this appears to be lack of sympathy."

"Whereas," the British intern answered, "the great sympathy you Russians boast of seems weak emotionalism to me. Between that and your eternal pessimism, I wonder you ever get anything done."

The great surgeon said nothing, although he smiled tolerantly. Shortly thereafter he took his leave. The four friends talked on.

Then suddenly the door was flung open, and a Japanese soldier stepped into the room. How he had got past the guard will never be known—but there he was. These men saved the lives of many soldiers each day—saved them to fight again—so the Jap had come to kill the four interns.

But even as he pressed the trigger, the American leaped. The gun roared, the American's body twisted, but still he managed to smash the Jap's rifle to the floor, then swiftly drew his automatic and shot the intruder dead.

His three friends quickly picked him up. The Russian was openly weeping. "It was so brave!" he sobbed. "And now he is dying. I will get the great surgeon." He dashed from the room.

The British and Chinese interns examined their injured colleague. It was a bad wound, close to the heart. Swiftly they prepared the American for an operation, each knowing that he lacked the skill to save this well loved friend. But when the moment to operate came, the great surgeon rushed into the room.

His examination took but an instant. "I must operate within seconds," he said, "but the patient is still conscious. If we wait to get an anesthetic he will die, and if we don't, the shock of the operation will kill him!"

The British intern gently pushed him aside. Even his iron self-control could not keep the pain from his face as he smashed his friend on the jaw with all his might. The American's head rolled sideways, his eyes closed, and his body lay still.

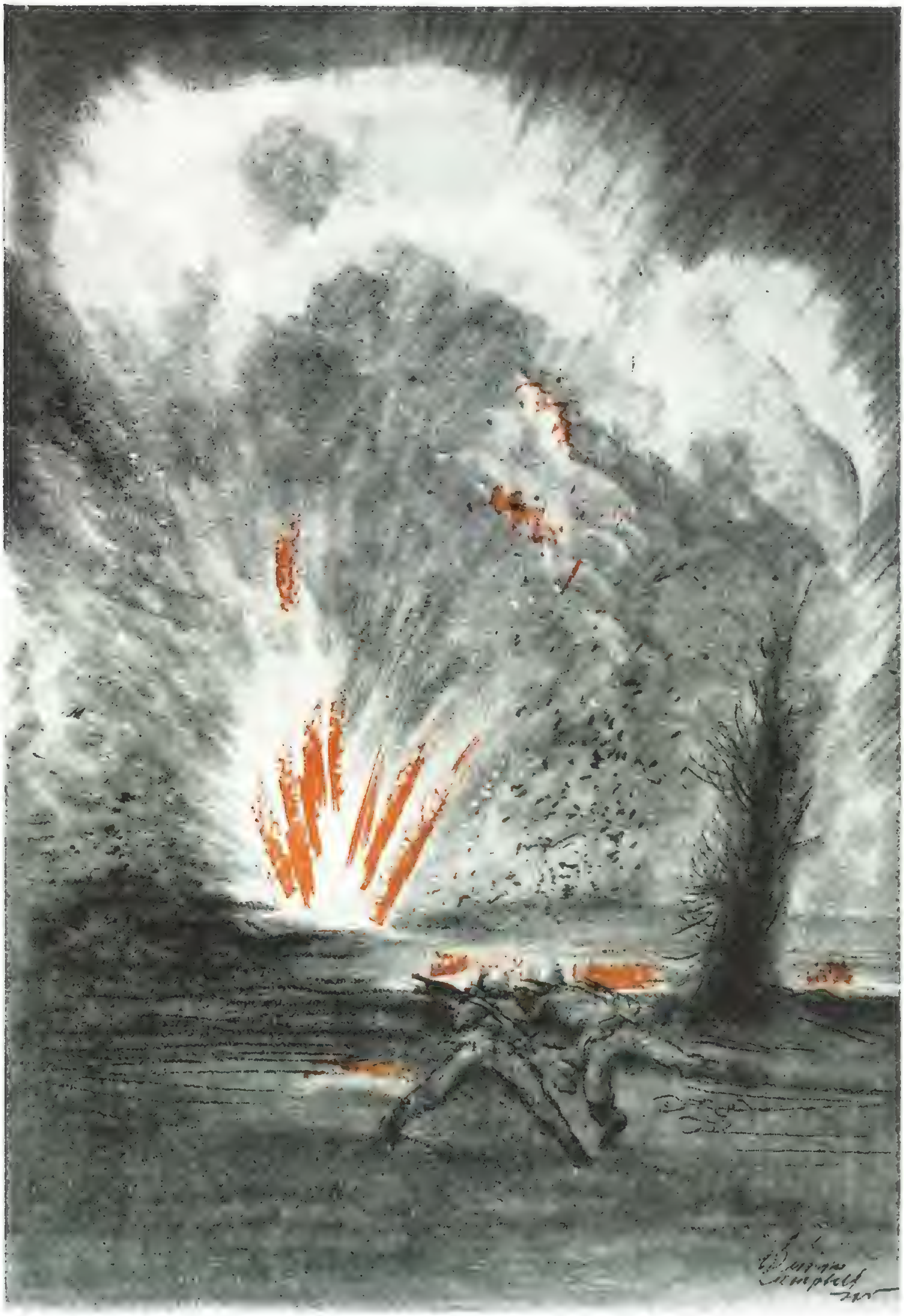
After a quarter hour the great surgeon stepped back and said quietly, "He will live."

When they had all expressed their heartfelt joy, the great surgeon spoke. "Now do you see how little you appreciated one another?" he asked. "If it were not for the American's foolhardy courage, the Jap would have killed you all. If it were not for the Russian's emotionalism and pessimism, our friend would have paid with his life. Only because I was summoned instantly was I able to avert death. And because the Englishman had the self-control to do something he hated doing with all his soul, the patient did not die of shock."

At this moment the door was flung open again, and a second Jap trained his rifle on the group. There was a shot—and the Jap fell dead.

Four pairs of eyes focused on the gun in the Chinese intern's hand. He smiled.

"I thought they would send another," he explained. "So all this time I have been waiting." ⧺



"Boy! Are we lucky—no Income Tax to pay today!"

Look Out for Torpedo Tracks

Such dramatic rescues as this are just another day in the line of duty to the brave men in the U. S. Merchant Marine

by PATRICK O'KEEFFE

• FICTION •

WE HEARD a patrol plane drone over us not long before dawn, and presently, as the darkness began to thin, we saw dense smoke on the horizon ahead. It might have been coming from a funnel smoking excessively, but soon we could see the glow of fire; and all at once a red hand-flare sputtered from a distant lifeboat or a raft.

If an S.O.S. had been sent, we ought to have received it despite the heavy static that had crackled all night and still crackled. Most likely the burning vessel was the victim of a submarine, silenced before she could flash out a distress call; and since the attack could not be many hours old, the submarine was perhaps still in the neighborhood, lying in wait for any craft that might be lured within range of its torpedo tubes.

A vessel laden with a harmless cargo might reasonably have excused herself from playing the Good Samaritan. It would have been even more pardonable in our case, a tidy-sized ship carrying on and below decks crated and boxed annihilation in the form of T.N.T., nitro starch, aerial bombs, and shells.

We held to our course, however, and by six o'clock the burning vessel lay some three miles off our port bow, sending up a great column of smoke like a huge smudge pot, fire no longer visible to the naked eye in the daylight. Two American naval flying boats were circling over her. They gave us no warning of the presence of enemy submarines.

Our course had carried us close to a lifeboat, and, trusting to the planes to give us quick warning of any danger, we steered toward the boat.

Suddenly the alarm bells went off. An object suspiciously like a periscope had been spotted. All hands except those on duty in engine and boiler rooms came running sleepy-eyed on deck, clutching life-jackets and showing by their expressions that they knew this to be no mere practice drill at so early an hour.

They gathered round the lifeboats, kept lowered to the level of the fish plates at sea. The captain's voice sounded through the loudspeakers:

"Loosen the lashings on your boats and stand by for further orders. Keep a sharp lookout for torpedo tracks."

By now the object had been identified as the stepped mast of a distant lifeboat. A lug sail had been hoisted, and, to make the craft even more conspicuous, an orange-colored flag had been planted in the bow.

We headed slowly up to the first lifeboat. The sea was comparatively smooth, and as the boat pulled alongside, an attempt was made to make it fast so that we could keep moving; but the line got fouled, and we had to come to a dead stop.

Cargo nets and pilot ladders were being draped over the side. The men in the lifeboat chose the nearest ladder. There were seven in all. One man seemed to have been hurt. Another was in underwear only, and a third was entirely nude except for a cork life-jacket. This pair must have felt thankful that these were not cold latitudes.

The last man to leave the lifeboat was scarcely on the ladder before we hurriedly got moving again. As the boat drifted astern a shell was fired from the after gun to sink it. This was the first and only shot expended in such a purpose. For by this time the first batch of survivors had told their story, and the ensign in charge of the gunners ordered every gun manned and a strict lookout kept and no more fooling around with potshots at a lifeboat.

Their ship, according to the survivors, a deeply laden freighter, had been attacked about eight-forty-five on the previous evening by two submarines. She was struck by two torpedoes, they said, and then given a severe shelling. They added that the submarines had prowled around on the surface until the coming of the planes toward dawn had forced them to submerge.

This was not cheerful news. We might reasonably hope to evade a single submarine, but with two, one perhaps acting as a decoy while the other made the attack, our prospects of frustrating it would not be bright. Moreover, two rafts had meanwhile been sighted in addition to the second lifeboat; all three were widely scattered, and to pick them up would entail a great deal of maneuvering and long exposure to easy attack.

The two planes, however, had not given any warning, and as if emboldened by our initial success, we headed for the nearer raft.

We took off its nine men without getting blown to bits, and then steered for the other one to try our luck again. It was presently seen to be a pair of rafts lashed together and supporting fifteen men. As they came alongside, a greenish shapeless thing was seen undulating under one corner, and there were cries of "Shark!" But the creature came closer to the surface and assumed the form

Continued on page 175

A RUSSIAN CONVOY SONG

THEY went through blizzards. They faced the paralyzing Arctic cold. They fought Nazi dive bombers, U-boats and warships lurking in Norwegian fjords, like robbers in their hide-outs. But they delivered the goods in Murmansk—guns, trucks, wheat, sugar, medical supplies, all badly needed by Russia in her great fight.

At one time the ice on the decks was three and four feet deep. The cold was so intense that as the spray broke over bows it seemed to freeze in mid-air. Some of the ships of the U. S.-British convoy were in danger of becoming top-heavy because of the ice. The sailors tried to melt it by using the steam hose, but that was of no help, and they had to get out pick axes. On one of the ships, the crew cleared forty tons within an hour. The submarines escorting the convoy had an especially tough time. The short time they used to come up to the surface was sufficient to cover the bridges with blocks of ice. Over and over again they were in danger of becoming top-heavy. Glycerine had to be rubbed on the conning towers every few minutes so that the sailors could slam the door if they had to dive in a hurry.

For a week, the Nazis bombed the convoy. Incessantly, U-boats tried to blast the Allied convoy to the ground. In the air roared the Luftwaffe. They succeeded only in sinking a few ships. To make up for the lack of greater achievements, Nazi pilots dashed down low and machine gunned the sailors of the ships that had been sunk, helpless men struggling in the ocean to find something to cling to.

They were later picked up by vessels of the convoy. But before that, the Allied sailors, fighting for their lives, had a marvelous experience. They saw two planes engaging the Luftwaffe. Burst after burst. In a couple of minutes, two of the Nazi pack fell down in flames, and the rest were dispersed.

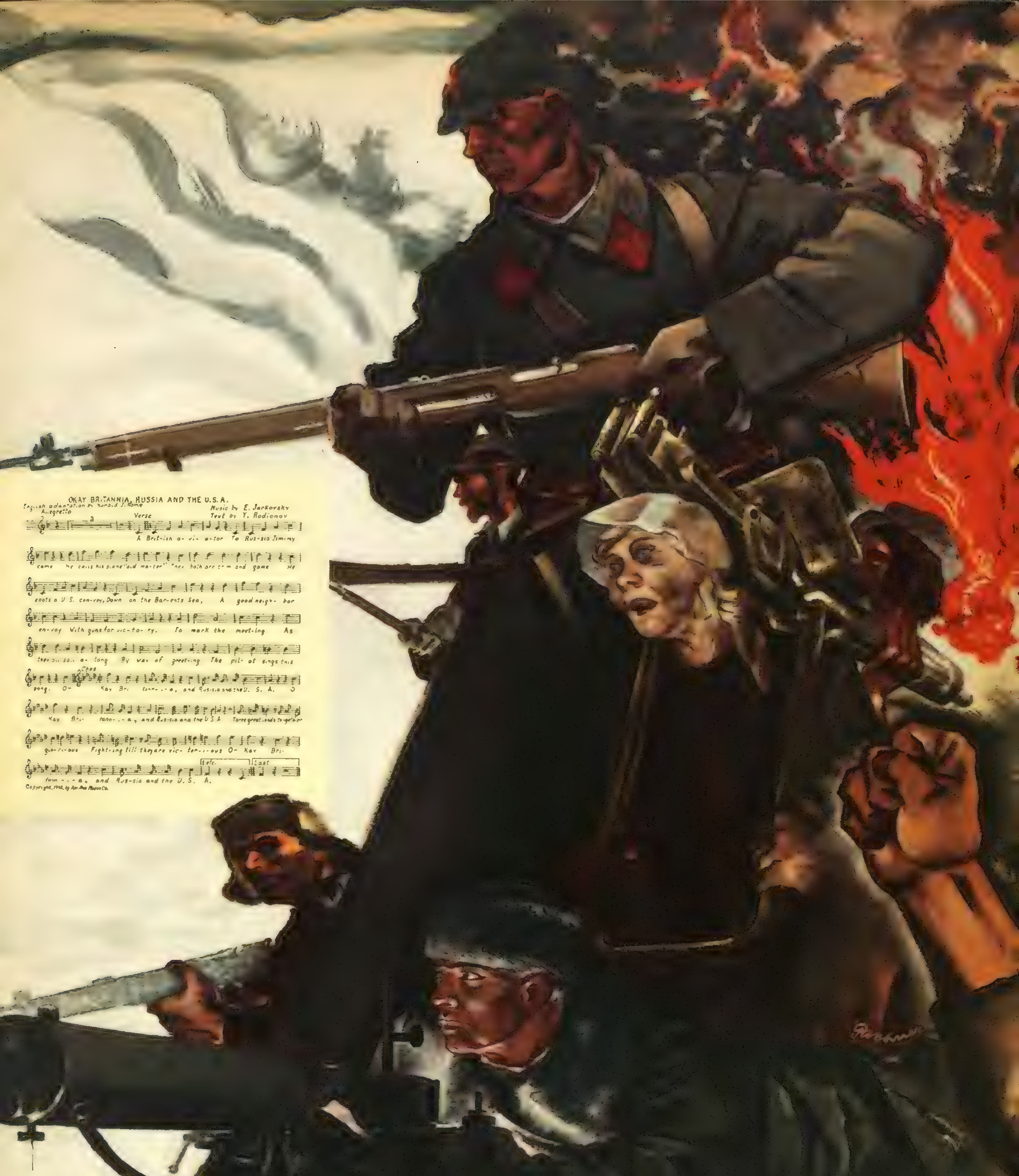
Only when the convoy had reached Murmansk, the Allied sailors heard the inside story
of this air struggle of which they had caugh
glimpse. It turned out to have been a sample
the efficient cooperation between British a
Soviet flyers, a job of comradeship-in-arms
true United Nations achievement.

In Murmansk, the epic of solidarity c
tinued. Ten and twelve times a day the Lu
waffe came over to blast at freighters which h
arrived in the port. Once a bomb struck
American vessel, starting a fire. The preci
cargo of explosives was likely to go up a
moment. But a local Soviet fire brigade
cided to save it at the risk of their lives. One
its members was lowered on a rope into
blazing hold where the cargo of explosives w
stored. He was ready to give his life. He sav
the cargo.

The U. S.-British crews of the convoy w
still in Murmansk, when some time later N
planes again attacked the port. They dropp
explosives and thousands of incendiary bom
Wind aided the Nazis' destruction and carr
the flames from one building to another; M
mansk was in gravest danger; the bombs h
been sufficient to turn it into a heap of as
and debris. But in the midst of the raid Brit
and American seamen rushed to the dan
spots and aided the Soviet fire brigades. Th
extinguished flames, saved civilians, helped
injured. The people of Murmansk say t
those British and American seamen saved ma
blocks of dwelling houses. "We are sorry not
know their names," the Russians say, "but
appreciate their deeds as an expression of t
comradeship."

They voice their gratitude for the help of
United Nations in a song which sprang up fr
the heart of the people, a popular ballad, g
and stirring. The song deals with the epis
of the two Russian and British flyers join
in action. It tells part of the story of this c
voy, a story which will go down in history
one of the finest sagas of mankind.

—WILL SCHAE


OKAY BRITANNIA, RUSSIA AND THE U.S.A.
English adaptation by Harold J. Rome
Music by E. Jarkovsky
Text by Y. Rodionov
Allegretto
Verse
A Brit-ish a-vi-a-tor To Rus-sia Jim-my came He calls his plane "old ma-ter" They both are trim and game He spots a U. S. con-voy, Down on the Bar-ents Sea, A good neigh-bor en-voy With guns for vic-to-ry. To mark the meet-ing As they sail a-long By way of greet-ing The pil-ot sings this song.
Chorus
O-Kay Bri-tann-i-a, and Rus-sia and the U. S. A. O-Kay Bri-tann-i-a, and Rus-sia and the U. S. A. Three great lands to-geth-er glo-ri-ous Fight-ing till they are vic-tor-i-ous O-Kay Bri-tann-i-a, and Rus-sia and the U. S. A.
1 etc.
Last
Copyright, 1942, by Am-Rus Music Co.

OKAY BRITANNIA, RUSSIA AND THE U. S. A.

I:
itish aviator,
ussia Jimmy came
lls his plane "old mater"
both are trim and game

oots a U. S. Convoy
on the Barents Sea
d neighbor envoy

ark the meeting, as they sail along
ay of greeting, the pilot sings this song.

IN:
Britannia, and Russia and the U. S. A.
Britannia, and Russia and the U. S. A.
great lands together glorious
ing till they are victorious

VERSE II:
Up soars a Soviet fighter
To join him in the air
And Jimmy's heart's made lighter
To see his comrade there.

They tilt wings to each other
In greeting as they go
And welcome the brother
That sails along below.

The Russian flier—Oh Sasha is his name,
Flies up still higher, and his song is the same.

REFRAIN:
O. K. Britannia, etc.

VERSE III:
A pack of flying Fritzes
Emerges from the cloud,
"We'll show you what real Blitz is,"
Both pilots think aloud.

"Though you think we're your quarry
Because we're only two,
You'll be mighty sorry
When both of us get through."

One swoops on Sasha, but Jimmy comes around,
And with guns flashing, sends Fritz to the ground.

REFRAIN:
O. K. Britannia, etc.

VERSE IV:
Then Jimmy is in danger
But Sasha's guns now flash,
And one more German stranger
Drops flaming for a crash.

Two more go earthward spinning,
The others take to flight
Our two fliers grinning
Say "Boy, you did all right!"

And as they're winging, the convoy safely by,
They both keep singing, the same song from on high.

REFRAIN:
O. K. Britannia, etc.

A. Leydenfrost

America's War from the Air

Our Air Force must fly the war to the Axis, carry men and tanks, destroy its factories, resources, even its people's will to fight

by CLYDE VANDEBURG

• ARTICLE •

THERE is no need to exaggerate the importance of airpower. The facts are clear and speak for themselves. No other combination of weapons has done so much to revolutionize modern warfare—no known combination of weapons possesses such untold powers of potential destruction.

Lessons in military change are best remembered when the examples lie close at home. The United States was a victim of military change. The first lesson concerned the potency of airpower. It was thrust home on the morning of December 7, 1941, when 105 unsupported Japanese combat planes brought death and unprecedented destruction to American ships, planes and installations at Pearl Harbor. From the standpoint of sheer destruction the Jap blow was staggering in its implications of airpower potentialities.

Some details of the Pearl Harbor incident will serve as a graphic lead-in to this examination of the growth of American airpower since Pearl Harbor. As far as the U. S. is concerned, the Jap aerial action over Pearl Harbor set a standard for aircraft effectiveness that was by no means wholly due to the element of surprise. Sheer "surprise" airpower had its debut in this action. At the moment of attack, 86 ships of the Pacific Fleet were moored at Pearl Harbor. Discounting small craft, these included 8 battleships (all that we then had in the Pacific), 7 cruisers, 28 destroyers and 5 submarines. Under constant attack by 105 Jap planes for a period of two hours, the United States sustained these losses: 5 of the 8 battleships sunk or out of commission; 3 destroyers out of commission; the target ship *Utah* lost and a large floating drydock damaged beyond further use. The 3 remaining battleships, 3 cruisers, a seaplane tender and a repair ship were damaged beyond immediate use. In addition to the 19 naval vessels listed as sunk or seriously damaged, the 105 Jap planes destroyed 177 U. S. planes of all types, numerous shore and dock installations and fighting personnel to the total of 2,117 killed, 960 missing and 876 wounded.

Out of the most tragic defeat ever suffered by American air and naval forces came popular demand to support Air Corps proponents of an all-powerful United States Air Force. Public clamor growing out of the Jap "sneak" attack gave tremendous impetus to lagging programs of U. S. aerial development. Such stimulus was urgently needed!

At the moment of headlong entry into war, the United States was on its slow way toward a well integrated air force designed for continental defense. Prior to December 7, this nation was reluctantly preparing to defend what it had. Incentive was lacking to attain that which we did not have, because we did not want. This attitude of semi-passive, self-satisfied defense was rooted in political philosophies of isolationism which in turn dictated our military preparation.

There can be no doubt that this nation was thrown off military stride by the manner of our entry into war. December 7 found us partially prepared for continental defense and wholly unequal to the task of global defense. Under the pressure of circumstance we were forced to push our defensive horizons to the limits of the earth. Equipment designed for continental use was thrust into this assignment. The immediate hope was to minimize the damage to ourselves and to make the best defensive use of what we had until better weapons could be provided and more forces trained and put into position.

While fighting a delaying, holding action on a dozen world fronts, the United States Air Force has at the same time managed to come from a state of relative weakness to one of offensive power on several major fronts.

This astonishing recovery was possible because of Air Force preparations under way before December 7 but not ready for action on that fateful date.

In April 1939, an expansion program was inaugurated with provision for 5,500 planes—British and French orders, meanwhile, were resulting in an expansion of aircraft plant facilities. After the conquest of the Low Countries, the President called for 50,000 planes a year. The Army Air Force kept pace by setting up a training program to provide 40,000 officers and 600,000 enlisted men.

During 1942, personnel expansion has continued on schedule to meet the 2,200,000 figure set for the end of 1943. United States airplane production has now passed the combined production of our enemies to a total of 49,000 planes in 1942.

A balanced air force consists of three primary ingredients—planes, airmen and air bases. The first two ingredients are assured by a production facility that produced 49,000 planes in 1942 and a training program that points to 2,200,000 Air Force personnel by the end of 1943.

Plane production and personnel training are closely followed by the program to establish adequate air bases at home and on the fighting fronts, together with a transport service assuring supply and plane delivery to the zones of action.

Most of our air bases in the Pacific were lost in the first months after Pearl Harbor. New ones have been established in a series of stepping stones across the Pacific. Across the top of the world to Russia, around its equator to Africa and the new front, networks of supply lines are pointing the way to a strengthening flow of aircraft and personnel moving in upon our distant battle fronts.

Organized last June from a nucleus of com-

Continued on page 123

The Hard-Hitting Vultee Vengeance Is Our Deep-Bellied Answer to the German Stuka

THERE has been so much controversy among the military concerning the value of dive ombers in modern warfare that many people re confused about its tactical use. Certainly he use of the dive bomber is limited to certain onditions, but these conditions can be made y an Army Commander, and when made, a ive bomber becomes a most effective weapon. Vith fighter protection, dive bombing attacks re carried out with relatively light losses. his plane can dive bomb, releasing its load om as high as 8,000 feet with very accurate esults. At this altitude it is fairly safe from he average anti-aircraft fire (that is anti-air- raft fire usually found protecting the type of arget which is the natural object of dive bomb- g attacks). This altitude can be lowered to ,000 feet with increased accuracy and still ith relatively little difficulty from anti-air- raft fire. Germany used its dive bomber, he Junkers, with tremendous effect in Poland, he Lowlands and France, where it had con- ol of the air. The damage this weapon did as devastating. But their dive bombing at- cks on London were absolute failures because the anti-aircraft defenses and English fighters. This was due to wrong employment of the dive bomber rather than to the fact that dive bombing is not effective. The Vengeance, which is produced for Great Britain and the United States Air Forces, where it is known as the A-31, is one of the heaviest striking dive bombers in the world. It is far superior in fire power, speed, range and bomb load to either the Junkers 87 or Junkers 88 or any other dive bomber we know of that the Axis has. It was designed as a result of the experience of the British and U. S. Air Forces in this war. Besides dive bombing, it can be used as a torpedo plane, an attack plane or a light low level horizontal bomber. It requires only a crew of two as against many times that in other bombers and is single-engined, thus decreasing maintenance problems in remote lands. Though it carries less load than larger bombers, it is more maneuverable and can be used to good purpose close to the ground. The Vengeance at present is acquitting itself with valor on all the fronts and when situations are created on these fronts, like the present one in Africa, it will be as useful and valuable an airplane as there is in the AAF or the RAF.

The Soldier and the Lady

Smoot said Hollywood didn't know what it was up against in picking Ortwingle and Corky Smith to play like soldiers

by LOUIS PAUL

• FICTION •

"The way I gather it," said Corky Smith, "this hero name Private Brown is in love with this deputant name Elouise Randolph whose ole man is so rich he owns at least a small percentage of everything. He also owns a lot of farm blocks, and is in charge of tellin' Congress if it is okay to pass a law. In the meanwhile he is also a dollar-a-year man in Washington. The way I understand it, if he invites some soldier to dinner he has him made into a lieutenant colonel first because he don't like to have socialist intercourse with nobody except high-rankin' officers."

"In real life," said Sergeant Smoot, "such a guy would wind up behind stripes and bars."

"Well, the way these Hollywood scenarios figger it, people isn't gonna pay no four bits to go into a movie show to find out what real life is like, because for the other twenty-two hours of the day they git all they want of it free from personal experience."

"Also," said Ortwingle, "half the fun of a movie is sayin' afterwoods how lousy it was."

"That's right," said Corky Smith. "There is nothin' that makes a audience nervouser than a good movie."

"Lissen," said Sergeant Smoot. "This is the last time I am gonna tell you to lay off my Creme de Paris face lotion."

"Good," said Ortwingle, who was applying it with prodigal liberality to his well-tanned cheeks. Corky Smith and Corporal Ortwingle were putting the finishing touches on their toilet in Smoot's room. "Good. I was gittin' a little tired of hearin' you beef about it."

"You ack like a couple of prima donalds. You two dog-faces makes me laugh," said Smoot morosely.

"Don't pay no attention to Smoot," said Ortwingle. "He is merely nauseous with envy."

"Well, the way I understand this story," Corky continued, "this here deputant which is engaged as the fiance of Private Brown wants to have her ole man speak to General Marshall to have him promoted up out o' the ranks so he kin wear a pair o' silver wings or something."

"But this Private Brown wants to be a private," said Ortwingle.

"That's right. There's a dramatic part where he says darling or something you have got the wrong slant on things, and this deputant says how do you figger I am got the wrong slant on things, and he says all your life that ole man of yours has went ahead and gave you everything you wanted. With his political pull he has bought and sold men like they was judges. And now it is his philosophy of life that the object of this here war is only to wear the uniform of a officer. He thinks he will buy me a commission so's his daughter will not be seen goin' to the hot spots with a mere rear-rank private. And what is your philosophy of life, Arthur, astes this deputant, so he explains that he ain't lookin' for no high rank or fame but ony to knock hell out o' the Axis. He says Elouise it is the common everyday solder whom is fightin' this here war for freedom, and when it is over such people like your father is gonna be defrosted and done away with. So this Elouise says, hell, that is practically communism, and besides that Arthur, remember he is my father after all. Well, they bust off their engagement in a huff, and this Private Brown feels lousy and this Elouise Randolph feels lousier still, because underneath everything they are fundamentally screwy over each other."

Ortwingle shook his head approvingly. "One good thing about movies is that in the end you kin awys figger that finely everything will come out okay."

"Them picture people from Hollywood," said Sergeant Smoot, "jist don't know what they are up against around here. Accordin' to past experiments, anything in which you two guys is got anything to do with never comes out okay."

Corky Smith shrugged his shoulders, and a knowing look passed between him and Ortwingle. "Smooty is jist green with jealousy because us two guys is been chose to re-enact the role of doughboys in this film clastic and he's been passed aside like an ole leftover glove."

"This directer gives one look at me," said Ortwingle, "and he tells the compny commander I am photogeneric. I ast Hyler what that stands for and he says it is havin' the luck to possess a face adopted to a motion picture's career."

"As far as I am concerned," said Smoot, "I wouldn't adopt your face if it was on an orphan that was left to freeze to death in a blizzard on my doorsteps."

"Well, Ortwingle may have a photogeneric face for pictures," said Corky Smith, "but I guess I am got the Hollywood mind, because this guy who keeps yellin' quiet please lets me take a scripture of this screen play to read, and that's how come I know the plot. After this Elouise and this Private Arthur Brown bust up on account of a different slant on philosophy, then comes the real stuff that everybody likes. Private Brown becomes a tough commando and is finely put into the A.E.F. expeditionary force and leads a terrific raid—"

"How many minutes more is it till we haff to fall out to act in this Hollywood film drama?" Ortwingle asked.

"Not for a half an hour yet."

Ortwingle studied his face in Smoot's mirror. "It's funny that I ain't been gave instructions to put no makeup on. The way I been told, a acter puts some yellow glue or somethin' all over his face so that when the camera takes his picture he looks natural."

"Makeup," said Corky, "is ony for the main acters who git paid for bein' stars. Another thing I notice about movies is that these acters awys look more like real people than real people do. If a acter is takin' the part of a criminal he seems like a better criminal than a criminal does. Another example is this acter who is takin' off the part of Private Brown in this celluloid clastic we are in. There ain't a guy in the whole battalion who he looks as much like a private as this Private Brown looks."

"So what happens after this guy becomes a commando and takes part in this terrific commando raid?"

"Accordin' to this scripture the scene shifts to this deputant name Elouise Randolph back home, who she goes to her father and demands to have this Private Brown transferred against his will to some safety zone so he won't git killed until they kin become fiancies again, because deep down she's still nuts about this Arthur. But what happens is that durin' one of these raids this Private Brown is left behind in enemy's territory and is reported amongst the killed. Well, this deputant feels pretty lousy when she hears this and finely she gits a whole new slant on things and gives up fame and fortune and joins the WAACs. Because of her socialist position and education they want to make her a officer, but now she says no the hell with that I kin understand jist exactly how Arthur must of felt and so she becomes a mere private in the rear rank."

"This is the kind of a movie I like," said Ortwingle.

"All this makes Elouise's father think twice, and finely he realizes happiness cannot be bought so he puts his whole fortune into tax-exempt bonds and volunteers to cut the salary he gets from his corporations to twenty-five thousand bucks after they pass this law, and even decides to listen to Roosevelt's speeches and support the New Deal at least for the duration. And in memorial to this fiance of Elouise's who died a hero's death in foreign soil he builds a lot of little sanitary places all along the highways for soldiers while they are waiting for a lift. In the meanwhile this Private Brown ain't dead at all but is masqueradin' under a fictitious accent to gather a lot of information that they kin use for a second front, and finely, after many hair-devil escapades, makes his way to India, from where he is flew back to Washington in a B-19 to be decorated by the President."

"And what part of the picture is the part they're makin' here?"

"The part in which he first goes to trainin' camp."

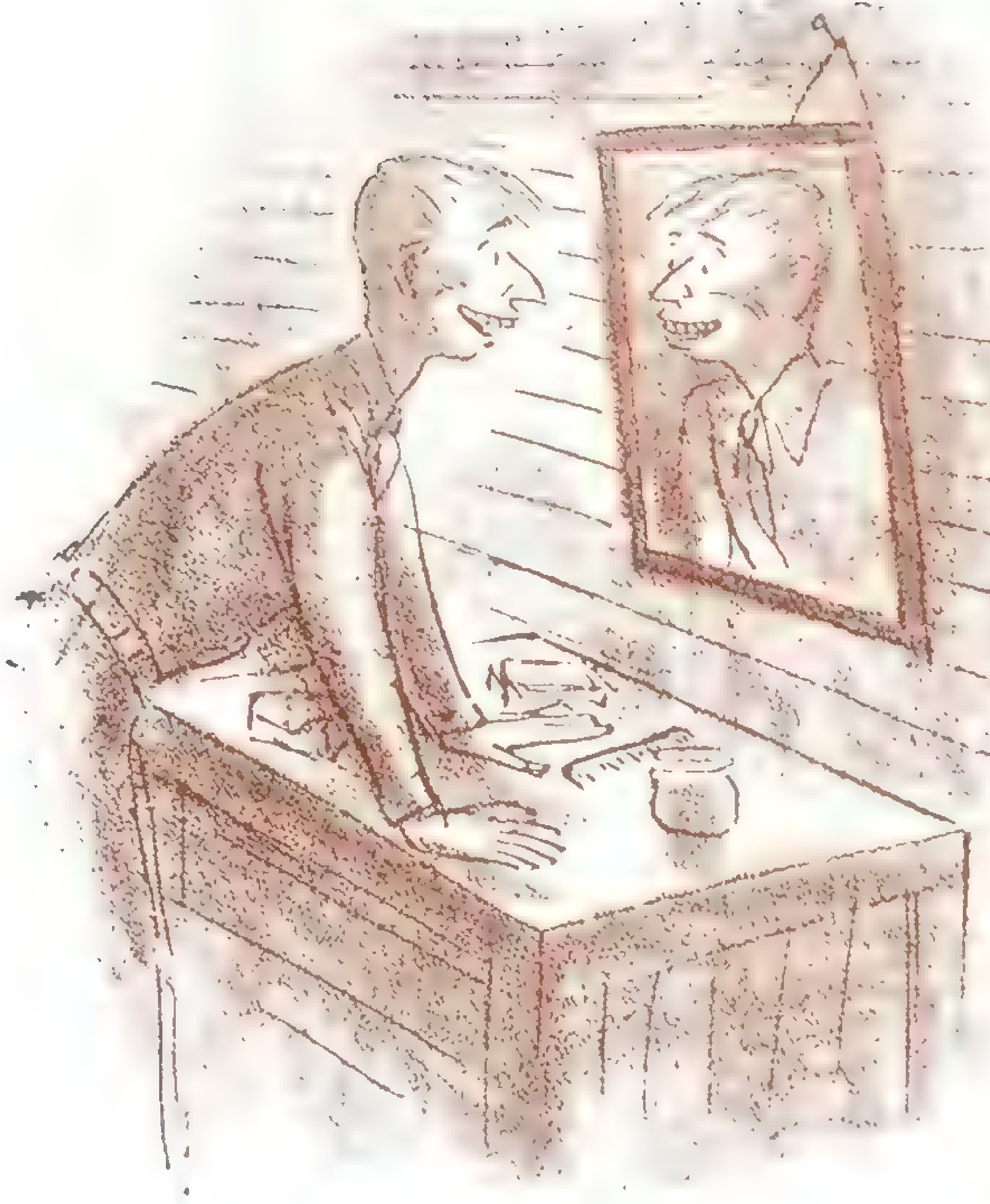
Ortwingle had begun to make grimaces, regarding himself approvingly in the mirror. "I figger I am more probly on the Gary Cooper type than anything," he decided.

"As far as I am concerned," said Smoot, "you are more on the type that Corky Smith mentioned, the criminal which is more like a criminal than a criminal is."

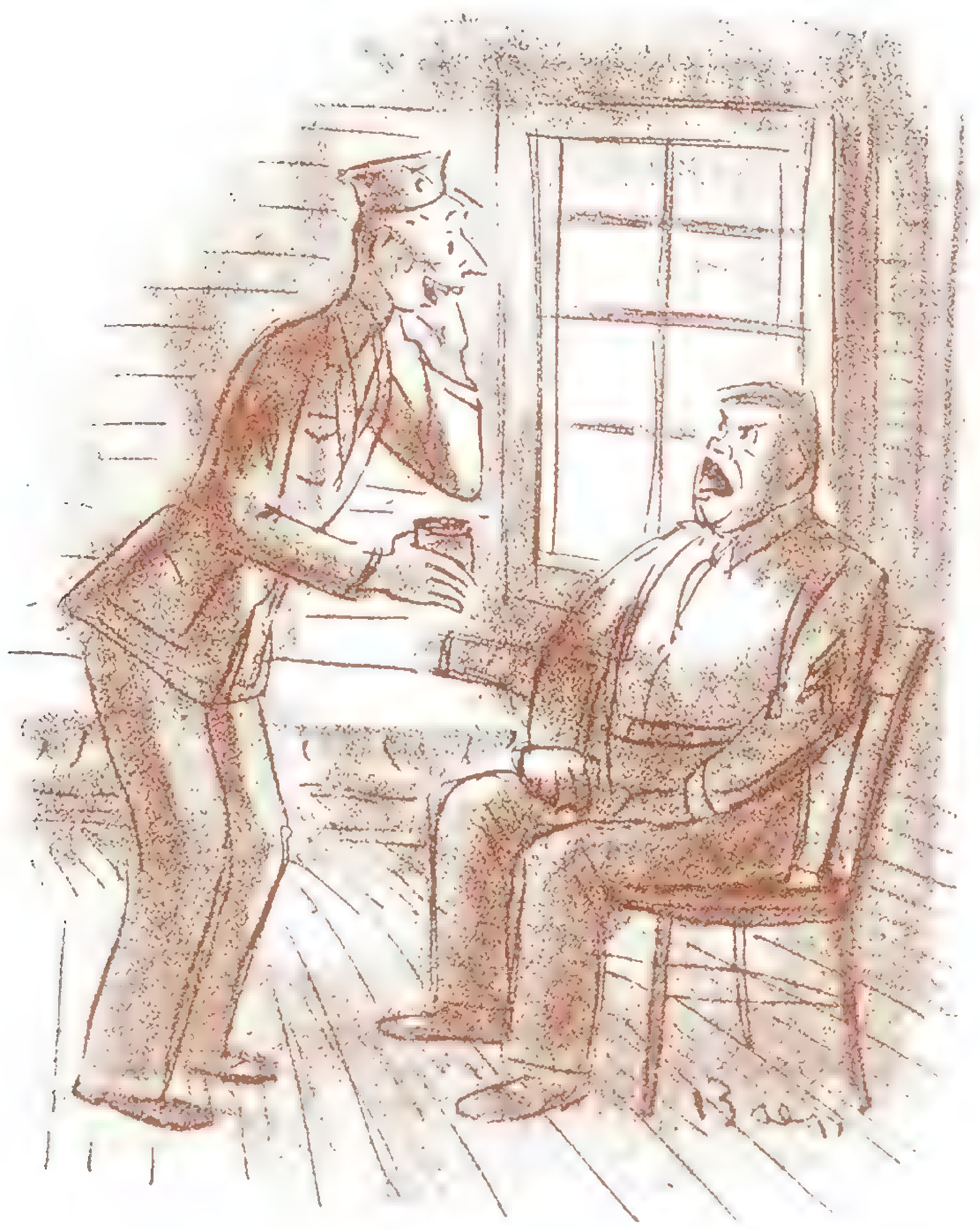
"I am never seen a guy jealouser of anybody than Smoot here," said Ortwingle. "With him it is a pure case of the lion and the sour grapes. After the war is won I guess I will take a little whirl at pictures, if it is ony in comedies to begin with."

"I forgot to mention that this Private Brown has a big fat buddy who gits killed in this raid and makes everybody cry when he smokes one last cigarette and astes this Private Brown jokingly to shoot two Nazis the first chance he gits to make up for them killin' a fat guy like him."

"I like to see this here movie when it comes out," said Ortwingle. "I like to see how photogeneric my face is when I'm lookin' at it from the angle of a spectater."



"There's also a beautiful forward that the scenarios has wrote to go up on the screen before the picture starts," said Corky Smith. "It says that this movie is dedicated to all the soldiers who are fightin' to preserve the democracy of the democratic nations and that the great American democracy will never take no guff from nobody but will finely show these Axis bustards that our soldiers mean business and we will knock hell out of 'em on land and sea until they yell uncle. It kind of makes you feel patriotic and wish you was a Hollywood star or a scenarist writer or somethin'. *The Soldier and the Lady* they call it."



"Gosh ain't them thirty minutes up yet?" asked Ortwingle. "I am liable to git nervous if they keep me on pins and hooks too long."

"There is lots of time yet," said Corky Smith. "So the way the movie finely ends is that this Private Arthur Brown in spite of himself is made into a major to train recruits to be commandos and the final scene is where this Elouise Randolph in her uniform of the WAACs and this Arthur Brown with his gold leafs is standin' off the Brooklyn Bridge watchin' thousands of bombers flyin' off to Europe and there appears a hazy face in the water and it is the smilin' face of this fat buddy of Brown's wishin' them good luck from the grave and by this time I guess everybody is sneakin' out their hankerchiffs and that's the way it ends. With my Hollywood mind this scripture gives me a new idear for a terrific scenarist that I think I'll jot down and submit—"

A shrill whistle cut Corky short. "Everybody chosen for the picture outside!" a sergeant yelled.

"That's us," said Ortwingle. "Well, wish me congratulations, Smooty, on my first screen test of impersonatin' a movie hero in pictures."

"All I hope," said Smoot cynically, "is that them guys is got an extra few dozen spare lenses when they begin grinding your face into the camera."

"Ain't you gonna come out and watch us act?" asked Corky.

"No," said Sergeant Smoot. "I figger I see enough recruits drillin' all day without watchin' a movie bein' took of them on my spare time."

An hour later Ortwingle and Smith returned to barrack. They were dusty and tired and uncommunicative. Finally Ortwingle admitted that the battalion in which they'd maneuvered had never got within half a mile of the film company's camera.

"We never even got to see this feminine acress which is takin' off the part of this Elouise Randolph," said Ortwingle. "Even with a microscope attached to the end of a spy glass I guess you wouldn't be able to tell which guy is me. The closest we ever come to the camera is once when we was runnin' like hell with our backs to it."

"I was gonna sent a special air mail delivery letter to my ole grandmother to be sure and see me in this movie," sighed Corky Smith. "But I don't think her eyes is so good any more."

"Well, the next time they come to this camp to take a movie," said Smoot, "do me a favor and ast them if it is ony a small part you are in, because this here Creme de Paris face lotion sets me back a dollar six bits a bottle." #

Rise and Fall of the Luftwaffe II

Inside story of how Nazis fostered an illusion of invincibility, as told to Curt Riess in the second of a series

by HAUPTMANN HERMANN

• ARTICLE •

The building up of the Luftwaffe was not achieved without long and fierce struggles backstage. Most of these struggles were fought by Goering and Hitler against the generals of the army.

In World War I the air arm had, of course, not been a separate unit, but was a part of the army. Soon after the war, as we have seen, the army started building up aviation. The leading men of the army during the twenties had a pretty good idea as to the role airplanes should play in the next war. This next war was to be, according to everybody who had any say in the army, a blitzkrieg, a very short, lightning war. Military aviation in such a war should play the part of an advance thrust, should be a preparing weapon, should constitute the first line of assault.

All this was, of course, extremely secret. Officially there was no military aviation in Germany at that time or at any time till 1935. During maneuvers at which, of course, the military observers and attachés of many countries were present, the Army would arrange to hire a few commercial planes for a day or two to circle over the struggling armies. It was a great comedy success with the attachés on the ground—most of whose home armies had military planes—who never suspected that this was a maneuver for their benefit to lull them into complacency.

At that time the army was building many prototypes inside and outside of Germany. It also trained many of its officers outside of Germany, especially in Russia. It furthermore possessed in Germany an organization which allowed it to train officers in flying. I am referring to the so-called *Luftsportverband* (Air Sport Association) which seemed exclusively interested in the sports angle.

Beginning in 1930, the Nazis had begun to penetrate into the Luftsportverband. Six weeks after Hitler came to power, they took over. Decrees were issued reorganizing all clubs, associations and groups which had to do with aviation in the Luftsportverband. Thus the Luftsportverband, which had consisted of about 300 clubs before, now had 2,500 which were reorganized in 60 geographic groups. Many devices and promotion programs were employed to bring the membership, which had been about 60,000, to about 500,000. Immediately an enormous training program, disguised as many different sports activities, was instituted. It was this Luftsportverband that in 1935 became the Luftwaffe.

With reference to the difficulties and differences between Goering and the army, the role of General von Fritsch must be mentioned. He was a strong opponent of Nazi infiltration into the army and up to his resignation in 1938, did everything to prevent the air force from becoming an exclusively Nazi weapon. It was exactly for the purpose of achieving what Fritsch feared that Milch and Goering later, e.g. after the Luftwaffe was established officially, created new titles and ranks for the Luftwaffe which were different from those of the army.

"I'm sorry—he just stepped out. Who shall I say called?"

It will perhaps never be established definitely whether Fritsch and the other generals were, as they pretended, against a separate, autonomous Luftwaffe for strategic and formal reasons mostly, or for anti-Nazi reasons.

Probably they had both reasons. Anyhow, there was a long-drawn-out duel between Goering and Fritsch and the duel was won by Goering. Of course, the Nazi had to make certain compromises. He would never achieve recognition as a military leader, so far as the generals were concerned. In vain did Hitler promote Goering overnight, and bestow on him the rank of a general. The others, the real generals, never forgot that Goering had been discharged a captain at the close of World War I—and that was that. The generals were even more definite in their dislike of Erhardt Milch and it meant nothing to them that Goering later on made this civilian a general, too. There was a saying in higher military circles that "Milch may be a general manager, but he will never be a general."

Fritsch finally—that is, in 1935—won an important point when he got his friend and collaborator, General Walter Wever, appointed to the important post of Chief of the General Staff of the Luftwaffe. But, unfortunately, Wever crashed with his own airplane in 1936; thus Fritsch and his friends lost their tenuous hold over the Luftwaffe and were never able to regain it later.

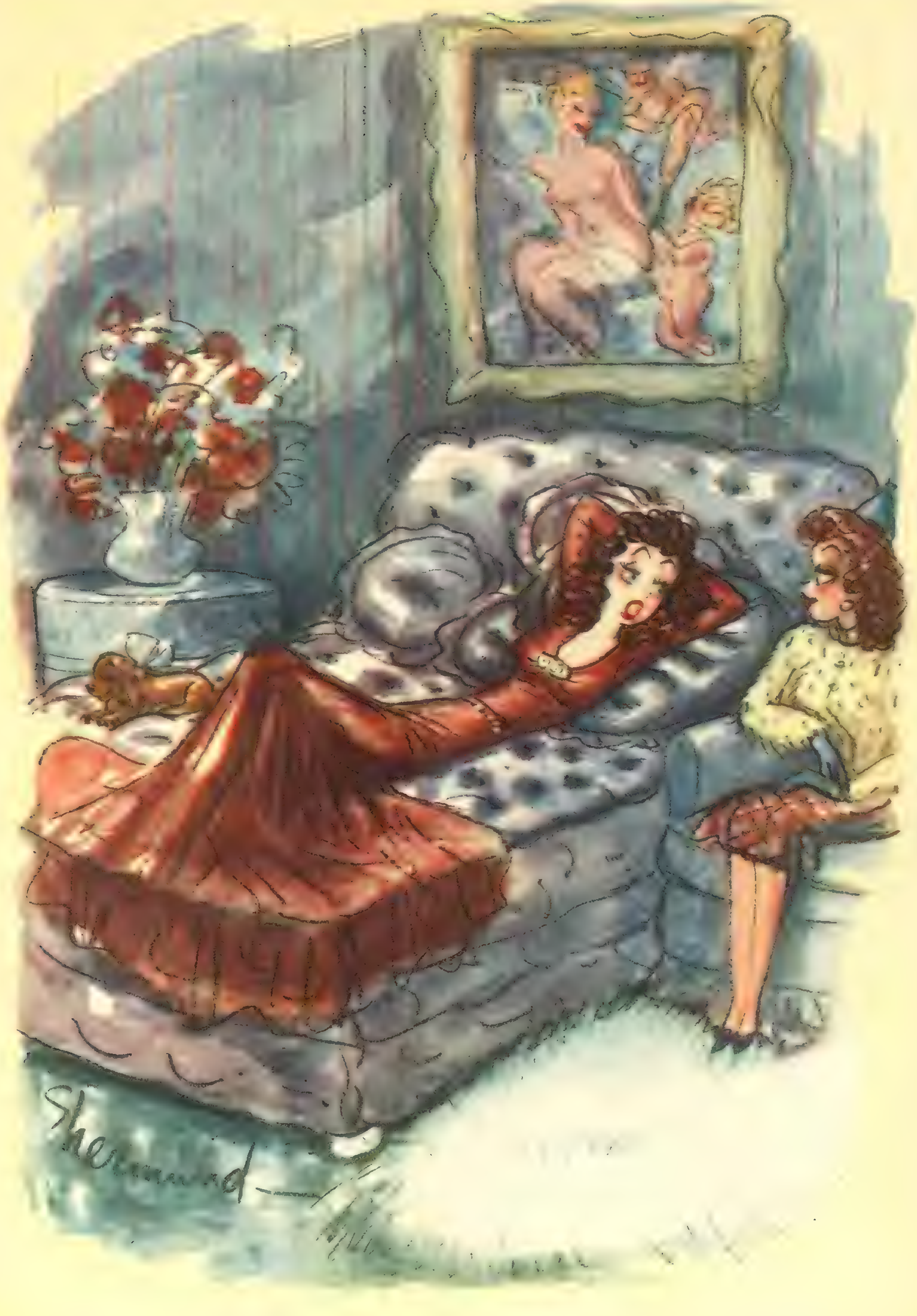
After Wever's death the Luftwaffe again became purely a Party weapon, in direct and deliberate opposition to the politically neutral army. All the key positions were filled with reliable Party members—with one exception, to whom I shall refer presently. The young pilots were reliable anyhow, from the Nazi point of view, because they were young men who had long been under the influence of Nazi education.

Goering even went a step further. He wanted to make the Luftwaffe his own, his very personal weapon. When later, much later, after the beginning of the Russian-German War, the likelihood of a civil war was discussed among high Nazi dignitaries, Goering once was indiscreet enough to make a certain remark concerning the importance of the control of the air in such a civil war. He said, "Victory will be where I shall be."

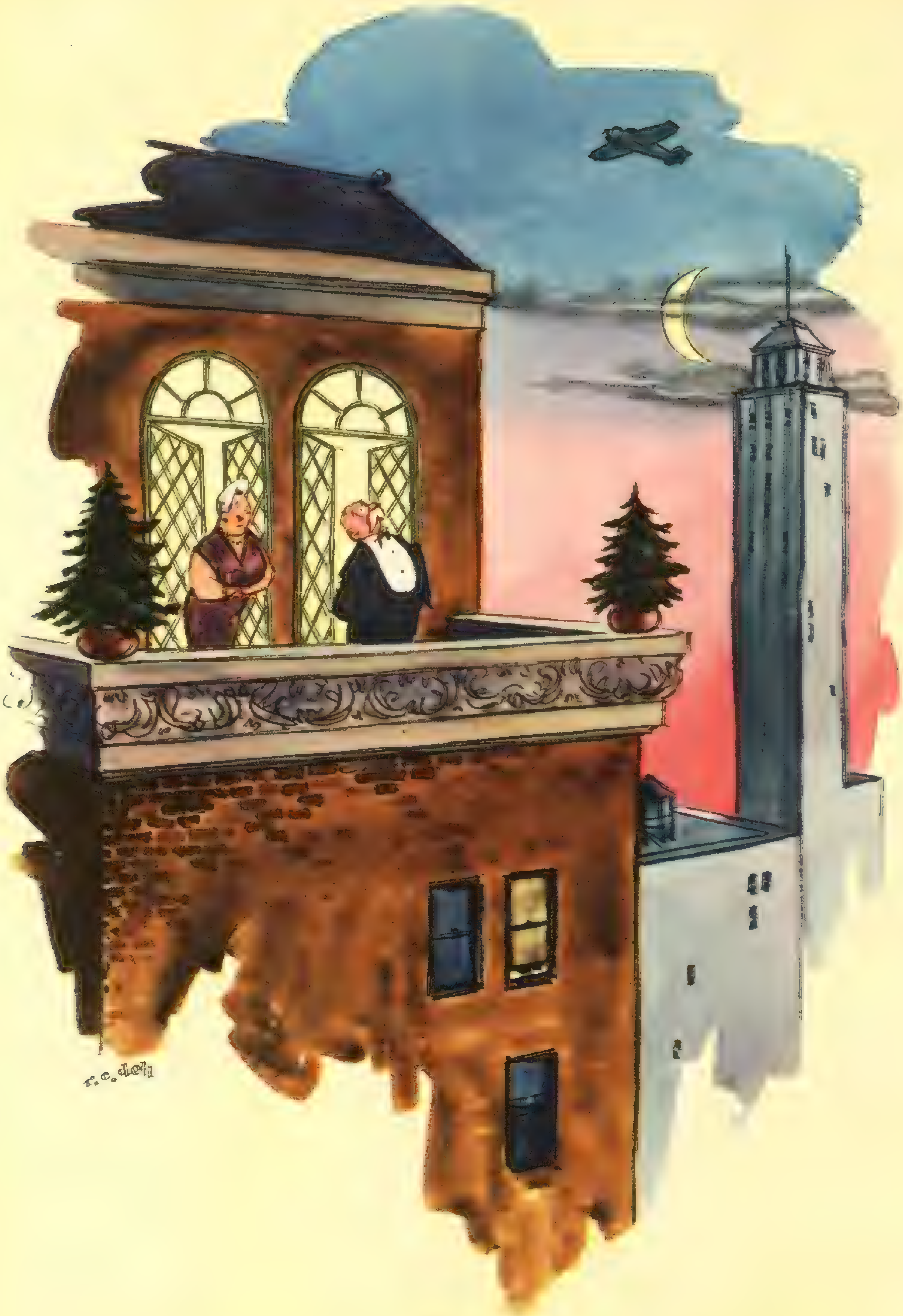
A remark which came to the ears of Hitler immediately afterwards, and which must have helped a lot to shorten the career of Goering, if not to end it.

During all these years of preparation, the

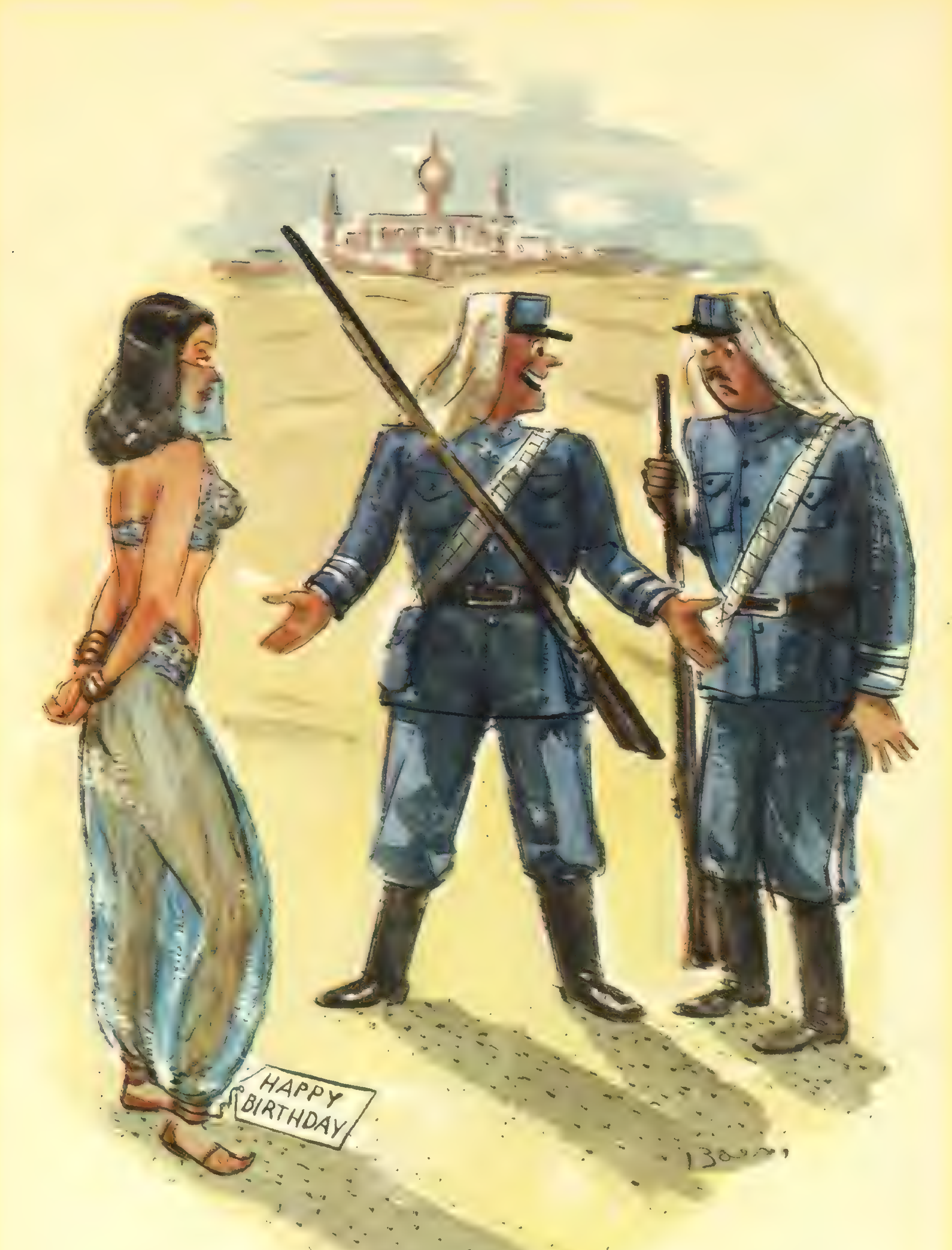
Continued on page 111



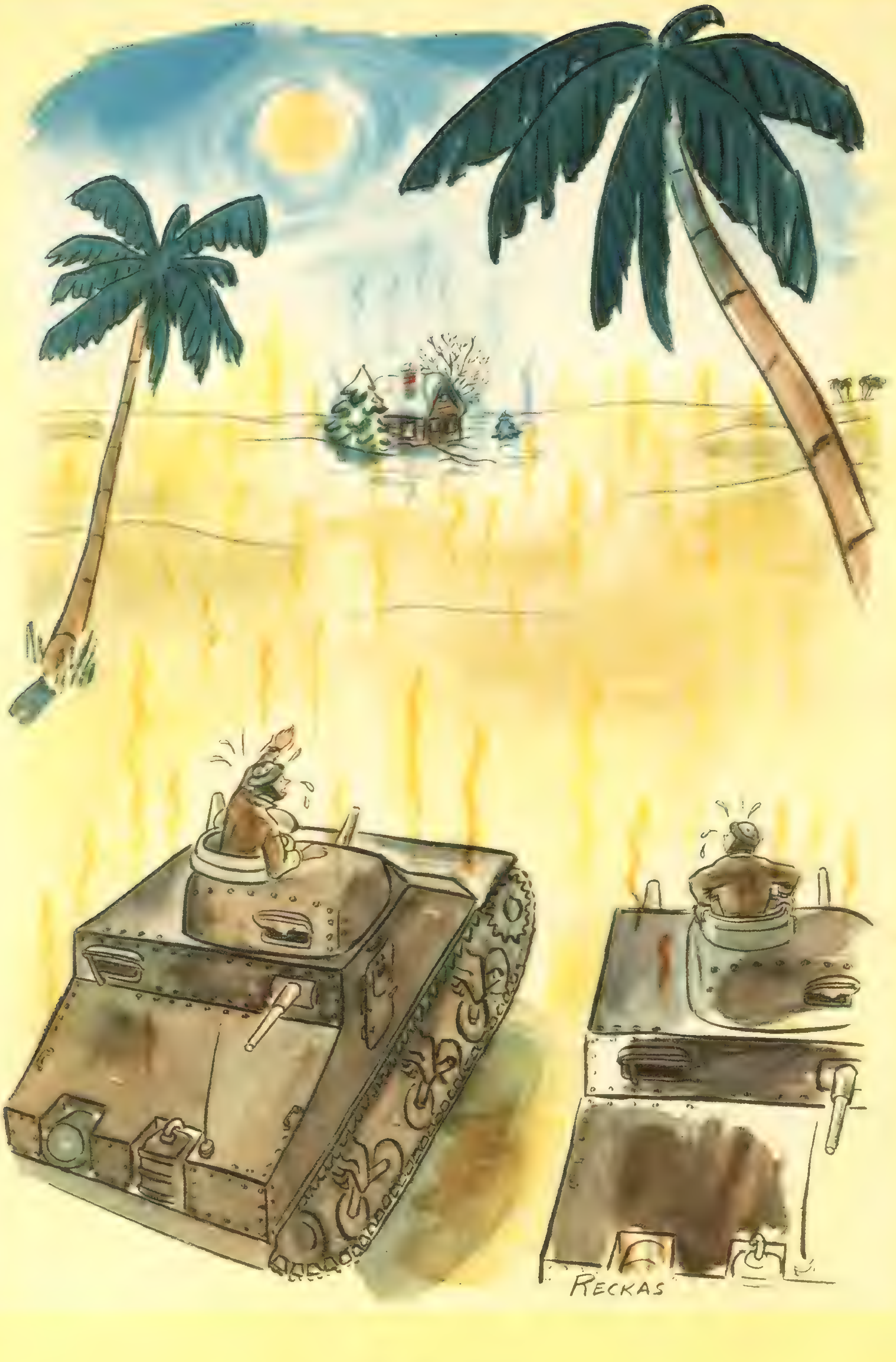
"It's really simple, Bertha—I met the son, became engaged to the father, and married the grandfather who has the money"



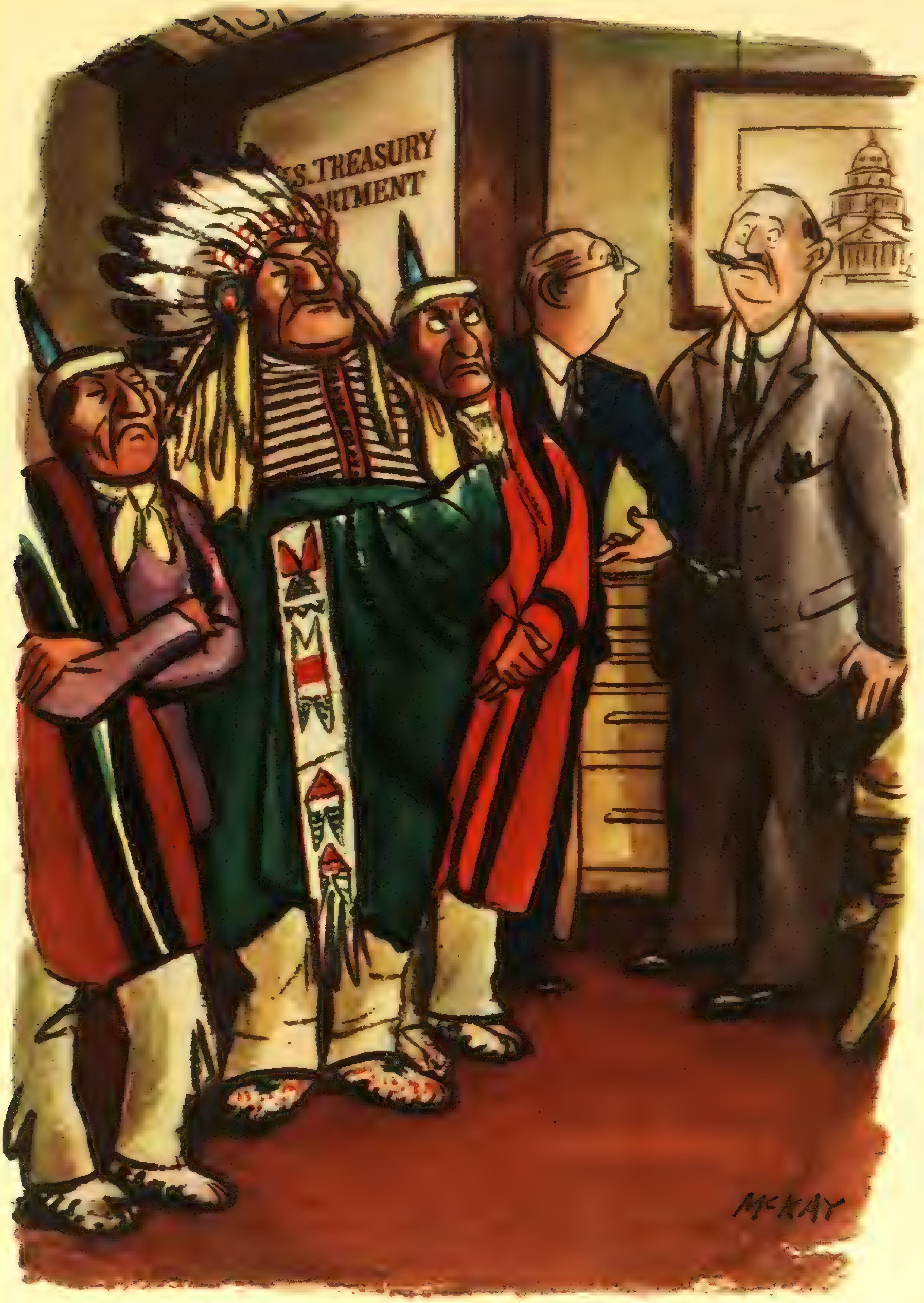
"I looked at an English basement apartment today, dear"


HAPPY BIRTHDAY
Baum

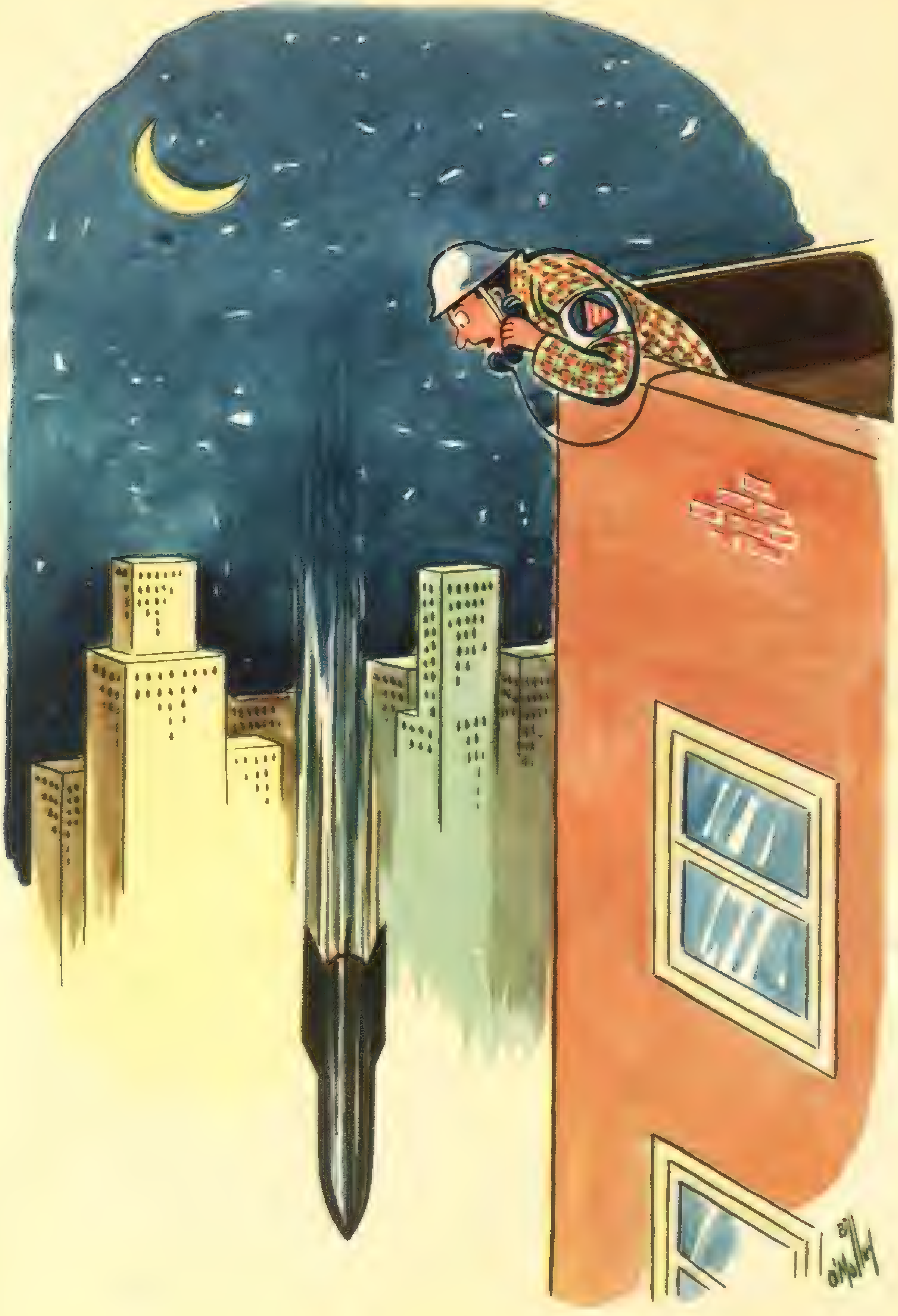
"I wonder how the sultan knew this was my birthday"



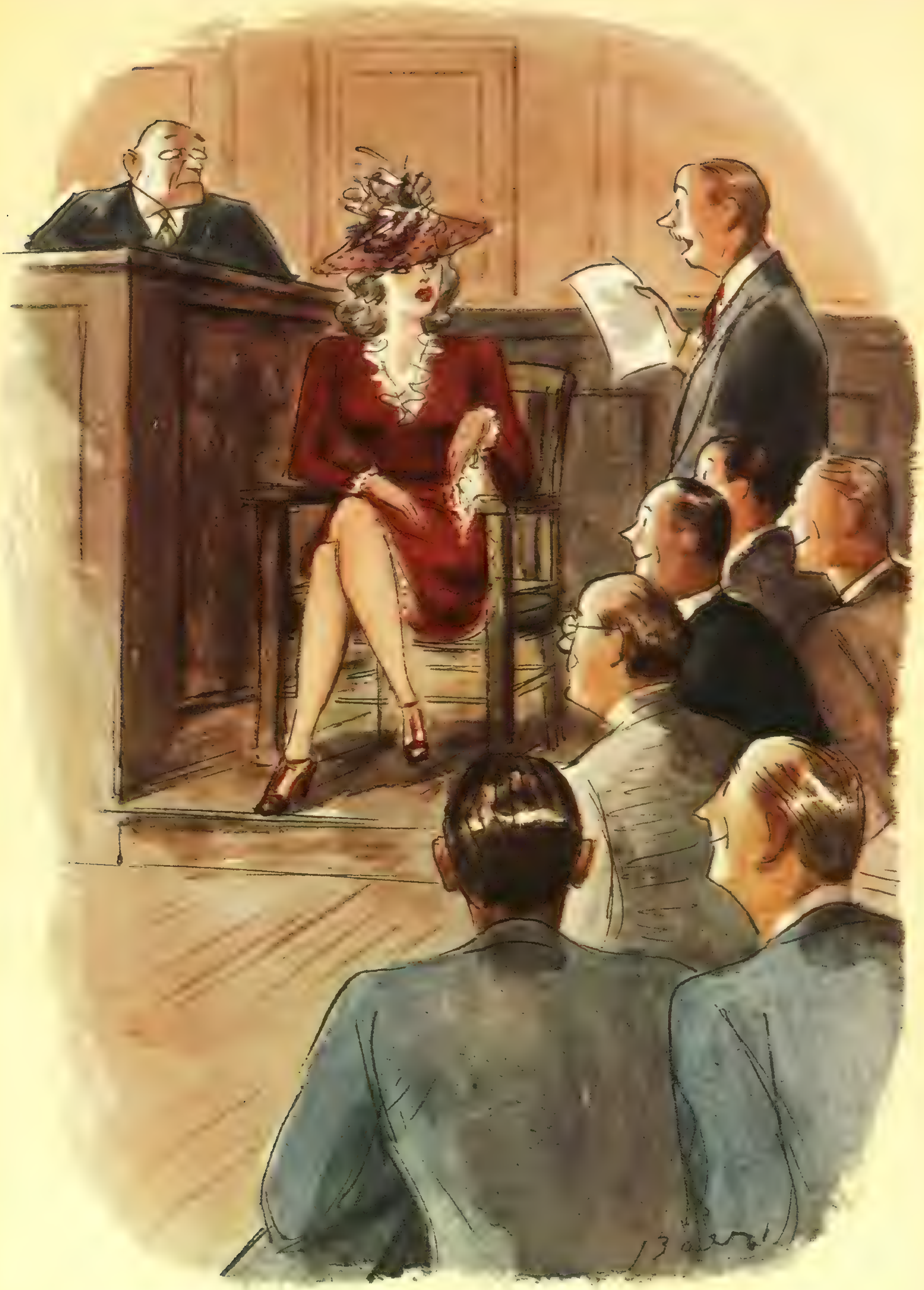
"Must be a mirage!"


U.S. TREASURY
DEPARTMENT
McKAY

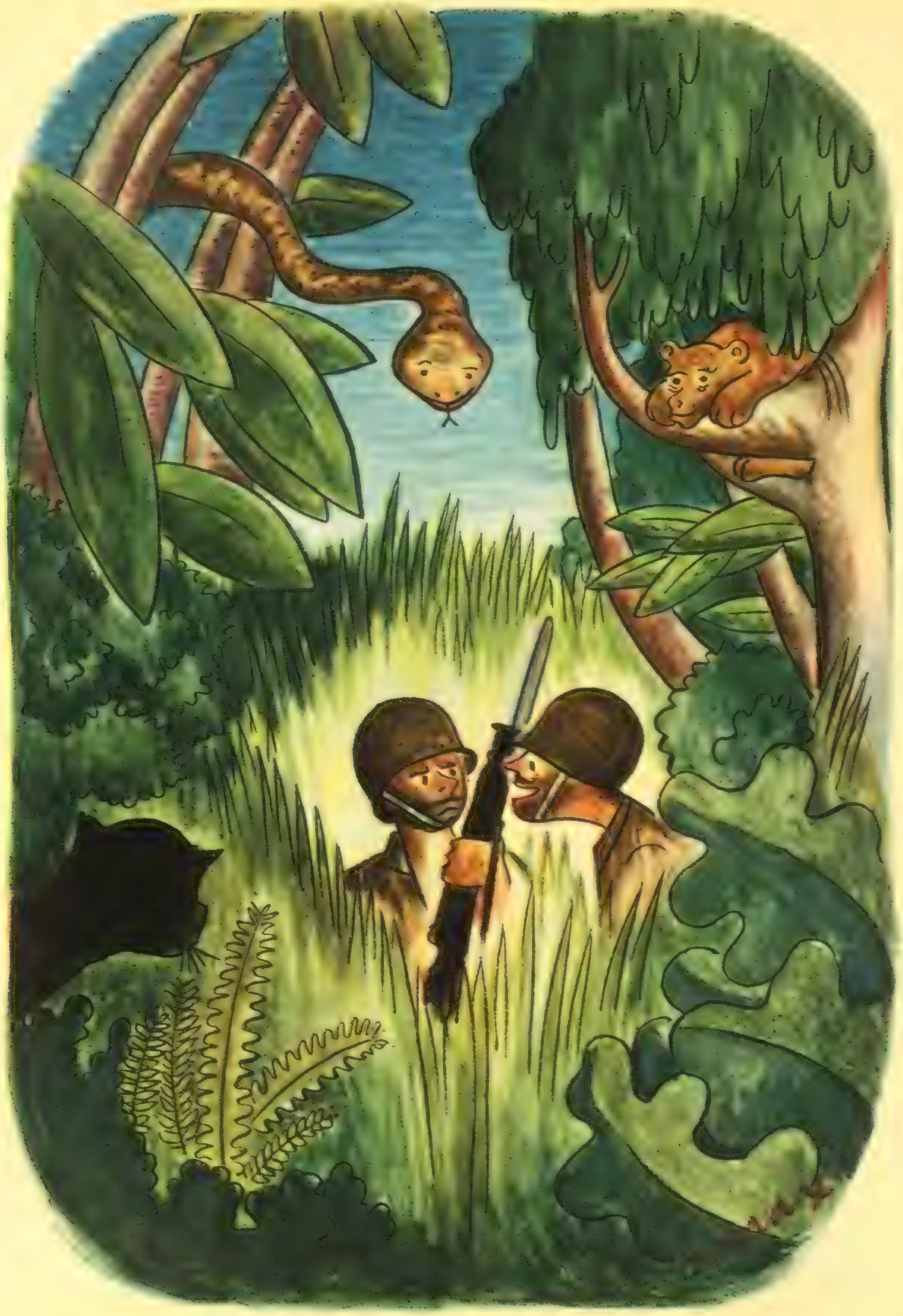
"They want to see Henry Morgenthau about putting the Indian head back on the nickel"


Bill O'Malley

"It'll be down there any minute, now"



"We find the defendant gorgeous, breathtaking, sweet, lovely, and—oh yes—not guilty!"



"We ought to be getting close to Dottie Lamour!"

He Buys for the Navy

Multi-ciphered appropriations are duck soup for Frank M. Folsom, who is the Navy's most powerful employee in mufti

by EARL SELBY

• ARTICLE •

In the Navy building at Washington, room 2008 is occupied by a short, jowl-chinned civilian whose business cards announce him as Frank M. Folsom, Assistant Chief of Materials in Charge of Procurement for the United States Navy.

It's a long title, and Folsom confides that he can explain it easier than repeat it. "Hell's fire," he says, "all it means is that I'm doing what I've been doing all my life. I just sit here and buy, buy and buy."

Having thus classified himself as a professional shopper, Folsom says little else about his job. Because he takes his work for the Navy seriously, the President's dictum that government employes should be careful about their public talk made a profound impression on Folsom. He's scrupulous about submitting his speeches to the Office of War Information for censorship before any one else sees them, and Washington's wagging tongues never find room for rumor in his conversation.

His unwillingness to talk about himself therefore may cloak in anonymity his vital importance in our war effort. He is probably unknown to most of the nation, but Washington observers call him the magician whose deft fingers in the marts of trade provide victory-winning equipment to both the marine in the Solomons and the sailor en route to Murmansk.

He is, in short, the Navy's number 1 civilian expert in the purchase of guns, ships and material. With the uncanny touch that made him the Paul Bunyan of modern merchandising, he now furnishes the sound voice of business experience in the expenditure of multi-ciphered Congressional appropriations. If victory on the sea can be bought with equipment, his friends like to think that Folsom will buy it.

The inner sanctums of Washington's war agencies have no end of regard for this solidly-built 190-pounder with the thatch of grey hair. He has had no trouble in making people like him and remember him, a feat he explains by saying that the feeling is reciprocal. There is some speculation, however, that part of his ability to make friends is based on a decision of his youth.

When Folsom was a boy in the town of Sprague, Washington, he insisted that he be addressed by his given name of Francis Marion. A family heirloom passed on to each Folsom generation, his name was homage to the memory of an ancestor, the famous General Francis Marion of the Revolutionary War. Folsom felt it his bounden duty to defend the General's honor, and when other boys started calling Francis Marion a sissy's name, he used his fists to gain a public retraction of the smirch.

He stopped insisting about the Francis Marion part when he sailed as a cabin boy at the age of thirteen on a freighter through the South Pacific. That was in 1907, and although Long John Silver's breed had vanished from the sea, the sailors of the day were often strong enough to bash a barrel with their fists. In this environment Folsom answered to the call of "lad," or "boy," or "Frank," or just plain "hey, you!"

After his ship docked in San Francisco, Folsom discovered that he made friends more easily by permitting himself to be called Frank. Francis Marion, he found, made the Franciscans stand-offish because it was so unusual along the Barbary Coast. He then adopted Frank for what he calls his "business handle" and started signing himself "Frank M. Folsom." He is still using this form, but newspaper financial writers have never cottoned to it. For some reason they usually refer to him as F. M. Folsom.

The decision to stop being an exact namesake of the General has probably borne fruit in Washington, where family-style, one-syllable names are considered conducive to a sense of intimacy. Washingtonians, who might tend to be disturbed by the vaguely upper-class implications of Francis, like the democratic touch supplied by Frank. He thus finds an entree into the chummy atmosphere of the capitol hill set.

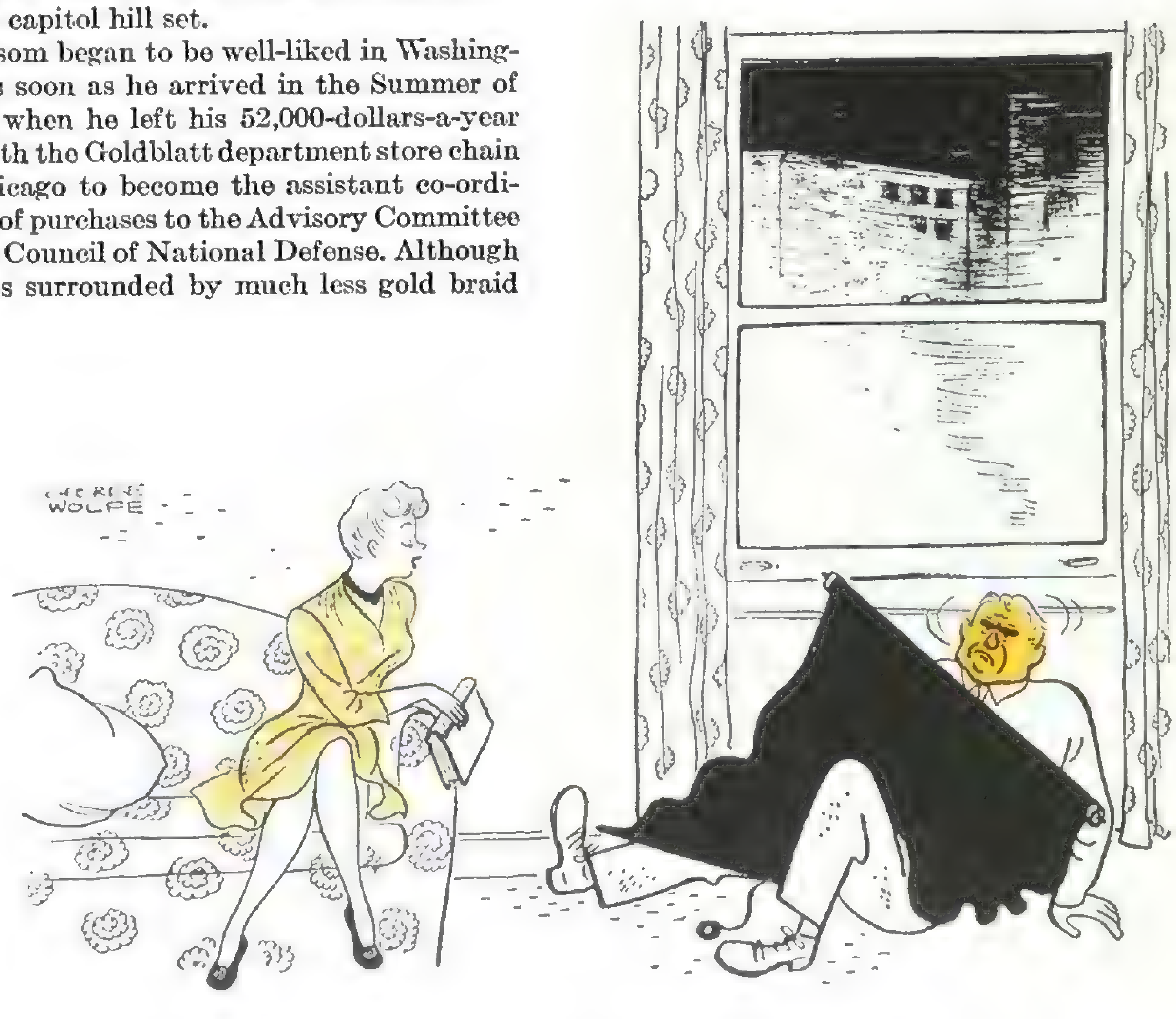
Folsom began to be well-liked in Washington as soon as he arrived in the Summer of 1940, when he left his 52,000-dollars-a-year job with the Goldblatt department store chain in Chicago to become the assistant co-ordinator of purchases to the Advisory Committee of the Council of National Defense. Although he was surrounded by much less gold braid than now, his classic "buy, buy and buy" interpretation of his present job applied to his first position in the government.

He was still buying when the Advisory Committee was shuffled out of existence in the strategem that gave birth to the Office of Production Management. Folsom was appointed the OPM's deputy director of purchases, a position he left in late 1941 to return to his desk as executive vice president and general merchandising manager of the Goldblatt chain.

Room 2008 came into his life December 8, 1941, when the powers-that-be announced he had been appointed to his current post. In this capacity he reports directly to Vice Admiral James M. Robinson, who in turn is directly responsible to Undersecretary of the Navy James V. Forrestal. Folsom thus emerges as the most powerful Navy employe in mufti for the preparation of plans and placing of orders for all of the Navy and Marine equipment.

It's Washington gossip that one of Folsom's strongest backers for the Navy job was WPB chairman Donald M. Nelson. Folsom and Nelson, in pre-war days, had been friendly

Continued on page 171



"That isn't exactly what I had in mind, dear, when I asked you to pull it down!"

In Defence of Parallel Skiing

A rebuttal contending average skiers, learning the sport for pure pleasure, are better off without the Snowplow

by E. FRITZ LOOSLI

SPORTS

ANOTHER ski season is upon us, it would seem, the very profusion and confusion of the falling snow rivalled only by the arguments—once more—of my antagonists, who apparently would attempt to disprove on paper what I am proving conclusively on snow—namely, that you don't have to be a contortionist to ski. I have reference, of course, to the most recent attack upon my system of Parallel Skiing, printed in the January issue of this magazine and authored by Otto Lang. Will any friends of Mr. Lang who are reading this kindly advise him to be ready to duck? He asked for it, and here it comes!

"Loosli's method," wrote O.L., "takes us right back where we started many decades ago, for that was the gospel which the first Scandinavian skiers brought to the Alpine countries, Austria and Switzerland." Sure, I know it's silly. But that's what he wrote.

In the first place, O.L., "the gospel which the first Scandinavian skiers brought to the Alpine countries" was not a method of controlled skiing by any stretch of the tibia or the imagination. They skied with their skis locked closely together, their bodies in an upright position, and when they wished to change direction they jumped or fell around. What, may I ask, has that in common with Parallel Skiing?

"First of all," O.L. continued, "there were no principles and they had no method of imparting their knowledge to others eager to learn. 'Look here, just follow me,' they said, 'this is the way it is done.' And that was all, no more." And that is all, I might add, that it takes to disprove Mr. Lang's point, which seems to be to attempt to link my method with the methodless skiing of thirty years ago.

Parallel Skiing is very definitely a method of ski instruction—a method founded upon proved principles. After dozens of years of observing and instructing skiers and after many hours of studying the actions of experts through the medium of slow-motion movies, I have succeeded in breaking these actions down into three different phases. The first phase involves the work of the skis only, the second has to do with the action of the knees and the third involves the part the shoulders play in the turn. Each movement is so definite that a beginner can be taught to master one at a time—and by thus simplifying ski instruction I am able to combine, in a short time, these separate phases into the finished turn.

In teaching the work of the skis, only I have—as most skiers know by now—eliminated the Snowplow turn. I, too, taught the Snowplow for many years, accepting it as a safety device affording the skier a means of putting on the brakes, so to speak, until he could become more proficient. Quite some time ago, however, I realized that the Snowplow was more a detriment than an asset—that it was teaching the skier many things he would have to forget to reach the later stages of skiing perfection. I noted, moreover, that only a very small percentage of skiers is ever able to forget these hampering movements of the Snowplow, as is evidenced on any open slope, where less than ten per cent of the skiers will be seen to be skiing completely free of the triangular entanglements of the Plow. What greater proof of the fallacy of teaching the Snowplow could one ask for?

In place of the Snowplow—to give the beginner a safety device which will allow him to turn—I teach a Modified Open Christiania turn. In making a right turn, for instance, the skier is taught to place his weight on the left ski, to advance the right ski, opening the tip slightly and exerting a little pressure on the uphill edge. Soon he is brought to the point where he no longer has to open the tip as he advances the ski slightly and continues to edge it a bit. This is the Pure Christiania, even as advocated by Mr. Lang—the skier, by my method, having reached it by progressing through simple and related phases.

"To ski at Lac Beauport where Loosli teaches his Parallel Technique is one thing," wrote O.L., "but to ski down the reputed Taft Trail, or the Headwall at Tuckerman's, or to run Warmsprings, or the Diamond Sun Standard Course on Mt. Baldy at Sun Valley with a vertical drop of a mere thirty-one hundred feet for two miles in total length—that is another matter."

I will agree with Mr. Lang there. It certainly is another matter. Is Mr. Lang, however, advocating that people be *taught* to ski on the trails he has mentioned? After all, I presume that he was talking about teaching people to ski.

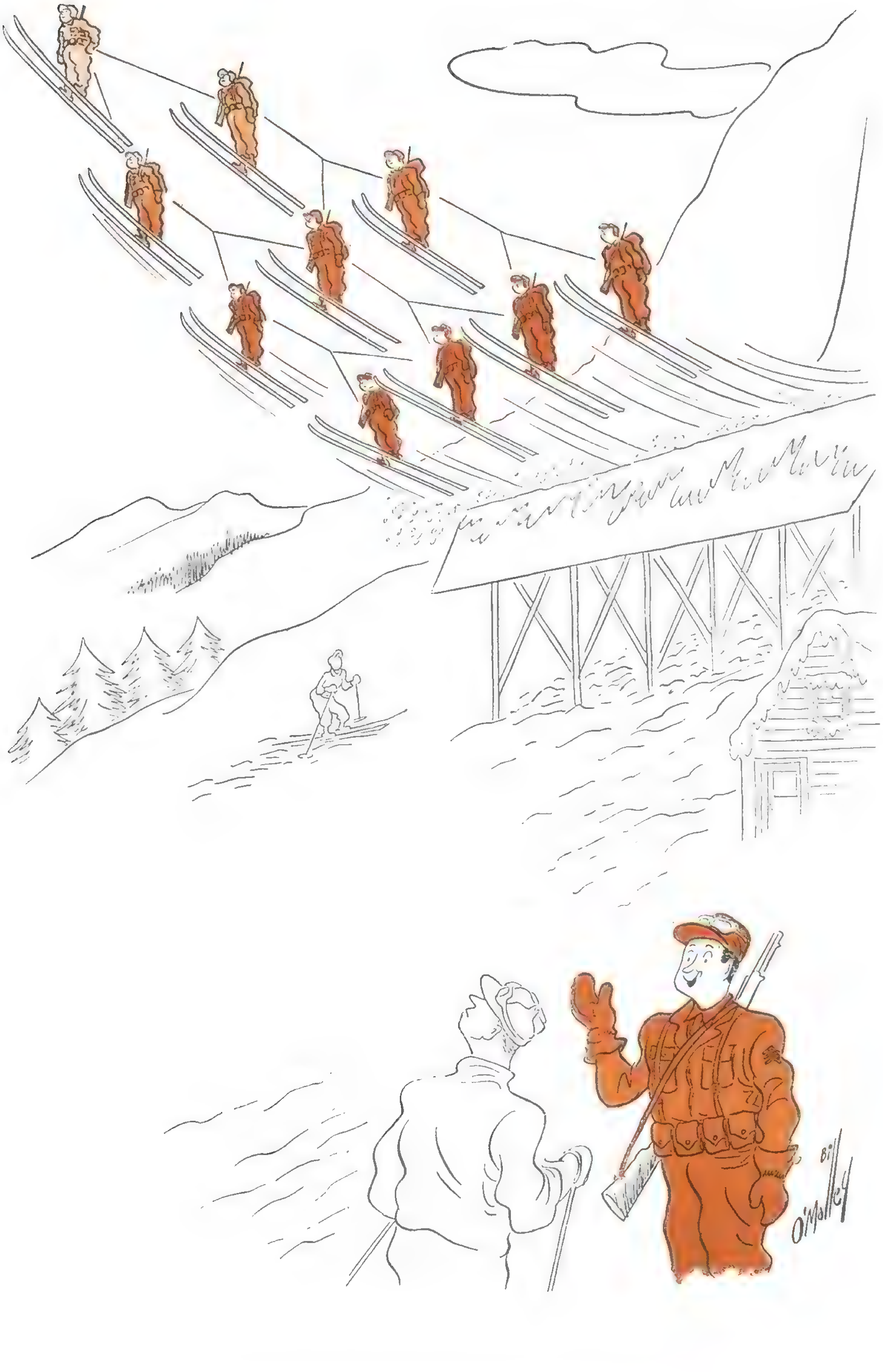
It has always been my contention that the place to teach people to swim is not in the surf but in relatively shallow, quiet water where they have the assurance that they are safe. Thus it is with skiing—and thus at the Chateau Frontenac we take our guests out to Lac Beauport where, as Mr. Lang said, "the slopes are just right."

"As a matter of fact," he went on, "to ski on such a surface as these slopes all you would need is a little better than average athletic ability, enough courage to accumulate a certain amount of speed and a good sense of balance. In that case why bother with any instruction at all."

That is precisely the point. My system has been designed for persons of average athletic ability, average courage and an average sense of balance. Too long have ski experts failed to recognize physical limitations affecting most people taking up the sport. I don't doubt that my conviction that skiing should be—and can be—made simple for all sounds

Continued on page 162

"Here come Mrs. Barnes' skis home without her!"



"Those are our new ski glider troops"

Nothing Is Sacred

Radio's bad boy, Henry Morgan, endears himself to fans by satirizing the ads, commentators and his successive bosses

by MURRAY C. MORGAN

• ARTICLE •

HENRY MORGAN of WOR is the only radio announcer in history with a contract guaranteeing his right to insult his sponsors, his network, his station and his listeners. Of course, the lawyers didn't use the word "insult" when they drew up papers for Morgan and WOR to sign. They merely provided that Morgan's fifteen minutes on the air were to be his, all his. If WOR executives didn't know exactly what that meant, they had short memories.

Henry Morgan was the man who, a year before, had auctioned off the Mutual Broadcasting System, station by station, vice-president by vice-president, for eighty-three dollars—including goodwill. That was on a broadcast over Mutual. And when Dorothy Thompson was a regular performer on WOR-Mutual, Morgan went out over the same stations with a slashing satire on the Thompson technique. Following female logic, he proved conclusively that "Fascists have infiltrated the Carnegie Concert Hall, because a hundred men there rigidly follow the leadership of one man. So Wake Up America!"

Even had WOR executives forgotten those escapades, there could be no forgetting Morgan's Life Saver broadcast. It is already a radio legend—the dream of many an announcer, the nightmare of every station manager. After reading a routine plug for Wint-O-Green and Pep-O-Mint, Morgan ad libbed a solemn warning not to buy Life Savers because there was a hole in the middle of each piece. Before the startled engineer could cut him off the air, he concluded, "But it's all right, folks. I've made a deal with the company to buy all the holes, and sell them as Morgan's Mint Middles. They'll come in the same delicious flavors—magnesium, concrete, tarpaulin. . ." Life Savers canceled their commercial.

So WOR officials knew the chances they were taking when they signed a new contract with Morgan, giving him the uncensored run of the airwaves. They also knew insults made good listening. Morgan didn't disappoint them. First he quarreled with the network. He had been giving a repeat broadcast of his WOR program for Mutual at 7:15. Mutual offered it to local sponsors, but only one appeared—and he was in Hawaii. That meant Morgan was working for next to nothing. Finally he refused to carry on without cash. With the cheerfulness of a man who makes from 250 to 400 dollars a week by hurling insults, he told Mutual where to go. It didn't end there. On his sponsored broadcasts over WOR—one of Mutual's three major outlets—he never misses a chance to needle the network. Whenever Mutual loses a program to CBS, NBC or Blue, Morgan happily points it out to all of Mutual's listeners in the New York area. After the Lone Ranger galloped off to Blue, Morgan did a monologue on *The Strange Disappearance of the Mutual Network*, and remarked joyfully that "Manager Fred Weber may soon be reduced to wearing fifty-nine cent shirts."

Morgan started to maul radio ten years ago when, at the age of seventeen, he went to work as a page boy for WMCA, New York. He soon found that page boys are not supposed to comment on the merits of programs, announcers or actors. To duck that censorship, he developed a leer which let everyone know exactly what was on the Morgan Mind. To get him out of sight, WMCA made him an announcer. (Morgan remembered that, and when he "auctioned" Mutual, he sold announcers only in pairs, so they wouldn't get lonely.)

Morgan didn't last long at WMCA. He transferred to WABC long enough for a cup of coffee, then moved over to WCAU in Philadelphia. He left WCAU not long after he had thoughtfully inserted the station manager's name on a missing person's program. There followed a term as station manager in Duluth, where Morgan relieved the strain of comparative respectability by developing a record program, *Rutabaga*, in which he tried to shout down phonograph records. Later he did time at Boston and Brooklyn stations and finally, in 1938, came to unsuspecting WOR as a staff announcer.

WOR saw nothing unusual in the brown-haired, blue-eyed youth, who looked like a slightly over-stuffed edition of Robert Montgomery, until he was assigned to announce dance programs. One band played at a hall well outside of New York, and Morgan was required to say "This program comes to you from Whozis's Tavern, forty-five minutes from Times Square." He didn't think the slogan made sense, so he added, "If that's where you're starting from." Later, after trying to get to work in forty-five minutes from Times Square, he interpolated comments on the need for a motorcycle with triple overdrive. The tavern management and the WOR management agreed that an explanation was due. Morgan had one: "That stuff's in me. It's got to come out."

As a safety-valve, WOR furnished Morgan with a fifteen minute program of his own on Saturday mornings. With happy abandon, Morgan blasted at such scattered targets as William Randolph Hearst, Greenwich Village beer, the *New York Times*, Walter Winchell, Mutual soap opera and Westbrook Pegler. WOR carefully censored his finished scripts, and Morgan carefully replaced all deletions when he went on the air. The result was a program such as had never been heard before. Morgan's listeners multiplied, and so did his time on the air. He became a daily fixture, first at a morning hour, then at 6:45 p.m., replacing Superman. He even found sponsors.

WOR sold Morgan on a participating sponsorship basis. The station did not ask any one sponsor to take full responsibility for Morgan. Instead they inserted three or four different commercials or transcriptions in the show. Morgan murdered the ads—recorded

Continued on page 160

AMERICAN BEAUTIES, WESTERN STYLE

The face and the fortune of Jean Rogers

JEAN ROGERS is one exotic ornament in *Dubarry Was a Lady*, that vast mélange of music and Freudian celluloid from the factories of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. *Dubarry* is the picture that boasts the much-heralded Esquire scene, a dream of Varga Girls and kindred cuties, so Miss Rogers is an incarnation of an Esquire reader's fondest dream come true. She is not a newcomer to the screen, but with *Dubarry Was a Lady* her stock begins to climb, her star begins to shoot upward. She is a product of Belmont, Mass. She first got the Hollywood notion on a Boston ferryboat. A stranger on board tapped her on the shoulder, told her that she was beautiful and that she ought to be in pictures. The story is not the familiar one of Little Red Riding Hood; the stranger's shockingly naïve approach turned out to be the McCoy. He turned out to be a talent scout. He persuaded Miss Rogers to enter a Bostonian beauty contest. She won. She came to Hollywood.

Miss Rogers has appeared in a host of serials, providing a romantic incentive for t
millennial Flash Gordon, among others in t
continued-next-weeks. She has tracked do
clues with Charlie Chan, ridden the ran
with the Cisco Kid, passed the swabs to
Kildare. She has built up, meanwhile, a bac
ground and a public. MGM figures it's ti
to turn her into a glamour girl.

Rogers on Men: "Perhaps the doctor w
brought me into this world was a very sup
rior male but the truth is that I've liked m
ever since I can remember . . . I like the ea
with which men can dress without the wor
of current fashion and the clean look th
have after shaving and the fact that they c
walk in the rain and not have to worry abo
how their hair will look. I guess I just li
men. God bless 'em."

Vital Statistics: *Real name*, Eleanor Lo
gren; *Educated*, Belmont grade and hi
schools; *Height*, five feet five inches; *Weig*
118 pounds; *Hair*, light brown; *Eyes*, bl
Hobbies, horses, swimming, tennis, painti

PHOTOGRAPH BY HUR

MGM's
JEAN ROGERS
Hurrell Photograph

GUARDSMAN OF WALNUT HALL

(The Beagle)

Color Photograph

by HENRY WAXMAN

Learning Good Golf by Sense

This pro trusses his pupils up with a couple of belts so they learn just how their muscles feel if they swing right

by BEN HOGAN

• SPORTS •

I CAN harness your golf swing so you'll be converted from a high-handicap hacker into a sensationally good swinger. The transformation will be made easily within a few weeks.

"Sensation-ally good" is the right term to apply to the new and correct swing you'll have. Your swing will be founded on sensations.

A sensation, according to the dictionary, is "an impression made upon the mind through the medium of one of the organs of sense; feeling produced by external objects, or by some change in the internal state of the body."

In this case of golf instruction the "organs of sense" involved are those of feel.

You can learn good golf if you use the sense of feel.

The soundness of the principle of golf instruction in my method has been demonstrated repeatedly by the caddies who've become great players. They don't learn by first mastering the mechanics of the game. They begin by imitating some good player and subconsciously becoming clearly aware of the difference between the feeling that accompanies a good shot and the awkward feeling of a shot incorrectly made.

The chances are that you now don't recognize the *sensation* of a good swing.

Not knowing the difference between the feeling you should experience when your muscles, bones and nerves have collaborated in producing a good shot and the feeling you should have when you make shots with any one of your numerous incorrect swings, you are without a foundation for your game.

If you don't know golf as a game of feeling, you are like a deaf man trying to play piano by ear. Then you, and the pro teaching you, are up against the extremely difficult proposition of trying to get words to describe sensations that are felt when a correct swing is made.

It has been said by very successful older golf instructors that golf is about 25 per cent taught and 75 per cent learned. The pupil's attitude is the major factor that determines whether golf instruction is or isn't going to be effective. Long before I came into the game, expert golf teachers commented on the tough job it is to get a pupil into a receptive frame of mind.

In getting the pupil conditioned to receive the knowledge of shot-making the pro has, the great handicap to be overcome is that of pronounced tensity. When pros talk together about their instruction problems, almost invariably they refer to the first and most important step in teaching as that of getting the pupil to relax.

Why is this relaxation so vital? It has a lot to do with the basic principle of the method I'll give you for learning good golf.

Why do you grit your teeth, hunch your shoulders, get tense and taut when you expect pain? The reason is that you thus hope to deaden your sensibility to the feeling of pain. When you're relaxed you believe that you'll feel too acutely. Delicacy of feeling is what we want in golf; hence the high valuation pros place on relaxation.

To give yourself an idea of what the pro is up against in trying to teach you, and to remind you of what an achievement golf instruction has registered, try to describe in your own words the feelings you have when you are feeding yourself. By repetition, these feelings of handling your knife and fork have become subconscious. But when you have an injury in one or more of your fingers the feelings that differ from the habitual sensations are awkward and instantly recognizable. Yet they are difficult, if not impossible, to put into words.

Perhaps you have tried to improve your swing by paying conscious attention to several different elements in the swing, such as pivoting by a sliding turn of the hips, keeping the left arm straight, having your left shoulder touch your chin at the top of your backswing, and uncocking the wrists when your club gets down near the ball.

Science has proved that the action of the golf swing occurs too swiftly for you to apply consciously all these tips you have in mind.

The swing pattern is a complete thing. Professor John Anderson of the University of Minnesota, a noted authority on motor skills, impressed that on pros at a professional golfers' clinic at the University of Minnesota two years ago, and again at the 1941 Professional Golfers Association national meeting in Chicago. Some pros were inclined to debate with Professor Anderson, but I'll say from my own studied experience that I can tell by the feeling of the swing I have when I hit it whether or not a shot I have hit is good or bad, but I can't put my finger on what I have done wrong.

Often you may have read that you should have a picture of the swing in your mind. That doesn't mean a thing to most golfers, for how they look and how they think they look during the swing are two different pictures. You frequently see efforts made to apply this advice when you see high handicap players hold a pose after the completion of their swings. They think they are imitating some star golfer, whereas they generally reach this posed position by means of some jerky, unnatural movements forced after their swings actually have been completed.

In your mind should be, rather than a picture, a condition to photograph (for lack of a better word) the sensation that is associated with a properly made swing. Maybe it will be impossible for you to recognize definitely more than one definite association of the action with a certain set of muscles. Don't worry about that. You are not conscious of any special motion in the action of lifting your knife or fork to your face, are you?

Chick Evans says that one of the earliest items of golf instruction he received—and about the only one that has stood the test of years—is that he ought to feel a pulling of the muscles back of his left shoulder when his downswing is getting under way. Maybe some other one item of muscular consciousness will register with you when you are making a good swing.

Now, after this explanation of the basic principle of my method, I think you'll understand that the fundamental problem in teaching—and in getting the pupil to learn—good golf is the problem of making the pupil's muscles aware of what they should do.

And this is how the muscles can be trained to perform properly in making the sort of a golf swing one should have:

My method, amazingly effective with

Continued on page 127

THE BEAGLE

GUARDSMAN OF WALNUT HALL owned by Mrs. Davis H. Tuck. There are those who think it probable that the hounds used by Xenophon in hare hunting resembled today's beagle. That is pretty far back for a little hound dog to trace his lineage—however, it could be, as the hound is reputed the progenitor of all sporting dogs. In Queen Elizabeth's day a small variety of hound called beagle was hunted on hare, and in the middle of the nineteenth century a very good pack was got together by Parson Philip Honeywood of Essex. With this pack the modern beagle made his debut. Beagling is described as a "pure" sport, the fact that the field follows on foot being proof that a Beagler's sole aim and interest is to watch the work of hounds. There are thousands of beagle enthusiasts in the country who hunt their hound individually, and some twenty packs of twelve couples are recorded with the National Beagle Club. A beagle should stand not more than fifteen inches at the shoulder and his expression must be a steady, questioning gaze spelling an alert expectancy.

—CHASE HERENDEEN

Disney—Our Secret Weapon

Creator of *The Three Little Pigs* now makes films to teach military science and lick that Big Bad Wolf, the Axis

by SIDNEY CARROLL

• ARTICLE •

THREE years ago Walt Disney moved into his new studio in Burbank, which is just around the corner from Hollywood.

Snow White had grossed seven million dollars for the Disney enterprises. The new studio cost a cool three million. It was really new. When Disney built, he built for the future. His buildings were pink and white and functional, like a row of toy blocks. *Snow White* had taught Disney himself the possibilities of the magic wand he wielded and now he had a place spacious enough, modern enough, well enough equipped, for his new dreams. In no time at all he dreamt up *Pinocchio*, *Fantasia*, and *The Reluctant Dragon*. In other words he proceeded to dream himself almost into bankruptcy.

Pinocchio lost $1,000,000. *Fantasia* lost $1,000,000. *The Reluctant Dragon* was also an expensive failure. It began to look as though the new incubator in Burbank could hatch only bad eggs. The staff had to be cut. Stock in the firm, which had always been held in entirety by Disney and his business-manager brother Roy, had to be sold to the public—about 155,000 shares of new preferred. Many of the shiny new buildings were rented to the Lockheed Company to house that burgeoning plant's surplus executives. It was a bleak time for Disney. You could have had 20 to 1 against him if you wanted to make book on his chances for a comeback.

On the face of it, it was his Lockheed tenants who started to turn the tide, though that may not be the proper way of looking at it. The proper way may be to consider that some of Disney's good fairies were finally showing their gratitude. Walt has created so many of them, they may have decided to take him under their wings. A few of them from the ill-fated *Fantasia* might have perched on the shoulders of the Lockheed executive who came to the master one day with a strange idea.

Over at the Lockheed plant they were having a hard time training riveters. It had occurred to somebody in the organization that some sort of visual education might turn the trick—something like a motion picture. And then somebody else thought of Disney. Would he like to try his hand at an animated educational short, something to be called *Four Methods of Flush Riveting?* To the progenitor of such fables as *The Three Little Pigs* and *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, that was an astonishing proposition. Disney said he'd like to try it.

The Lockheed people were delighted with *Four Methods of Flush Riveting*, one Disney cartoon that will never be shown in the movie houses of the nation. Lockheed proudly showed it to business and government executives, and one of the interested spectators happened to be a representative of the Canadian government.

The plot thickens.

Canada has an antitank gun called the Boys gun. It had come off rather badly at Dunkirk, mainly because the men didn't know much about it. After Dunkirk the Canadian antitank men had an open aversion to the weapon—called it a jinx. But the military authorities knew that the Boys was one of the best in the world. Their problem was a psychological one; they had to restore confidence in the weapon. They came to Disney. Would he make a film on the Boys gun, instructing the men in the proper use and care of the thing? Disney, whose mind was seething with new plots and shenanigans for Donald Duck and Goofy, sat back in the ultra-modern chair in his ultra-modern office and said yes—he'd like to try it.

Disney's picture for the Canadian authorities did all that was expected of it and more.

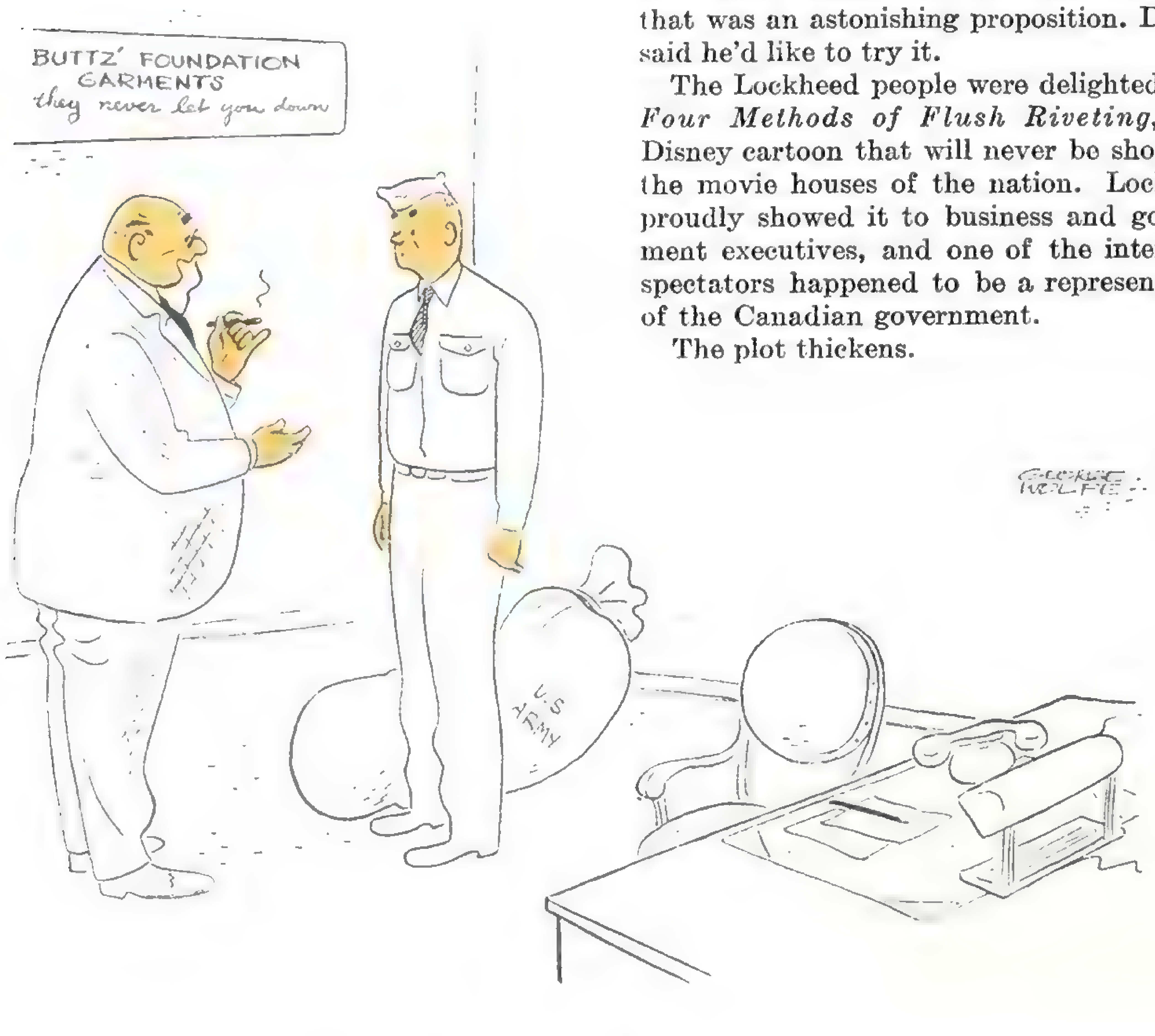
At this point our own government began to get wind of what was going on, began to realize that there was a giant sleeping right under its very nose. Henry Morgenthau came to Disney and asked him to make a short on the Income Tax. With 14,000,000 new taxpayers coming up for initiation Morgenthau had an immense problem on his hands. He had to tell those people to pay their taxes, to pay them promptly, and just how to pay them. He asked Disney to do what he could as fast as he could. Disney turned out a Donald Duck film called *The New Spirit*. He turned it out in four weeks. (The average Disney film takes about 8 months to make.) About 26,000,000 people saw that short. Dr. Gallup asked them if the picture had had any effect on their willingness to pay taxes, and 37 percent of them said yes, it sure had.

Here is where the Disney who almost got burned to death in the roasting of *Pinocchio*, *Fantasia*, and *The Reluctant Dragon* rises Phoenix-like, with the zest of Clara Cluck, out of his own ashes. Here is where the new Disney is born.

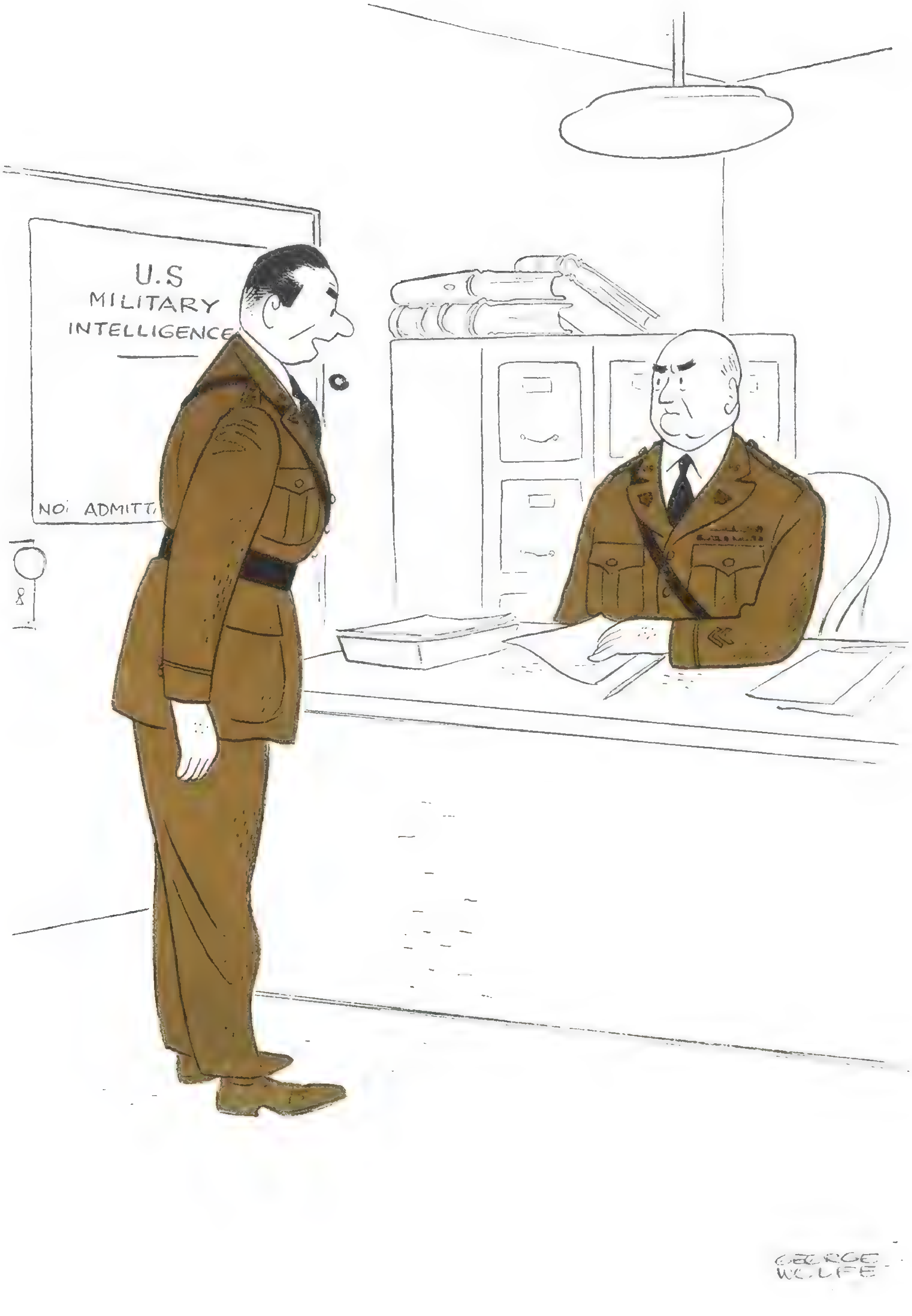
The New Spirit was really the start of it. After that film had accomplished its fabulously difficult task so efficiently, so tactfully, the government moved in on Disney. The Army and Navy moved in. For suddenly, as if by revelation, they realized—administration, Army, Navy—just what Walt Disney could do with an animated cartoon. He could do anything.

He could make training shorts. He could make films about the weather for aviators, and films about the tides and currents for men of the Navy and the Merchant Marine. He could show how machinery works and how guns shoot and bullets fly and whether pigs have wings. He could *teach*, by a simple, wonderful, new device that people enjoyed. And—miraculous—it was all done by quiet little men with pencils and paper and paint;

Continued on page 95



"Good luck, Scheffer—and don't forget, wherever you're sent, be sure and put in a good word for Buttz' Foundations!"


U.S
MILITARY
INTELLIGENCE
NO ADMITT
GEORGE
WOLFE

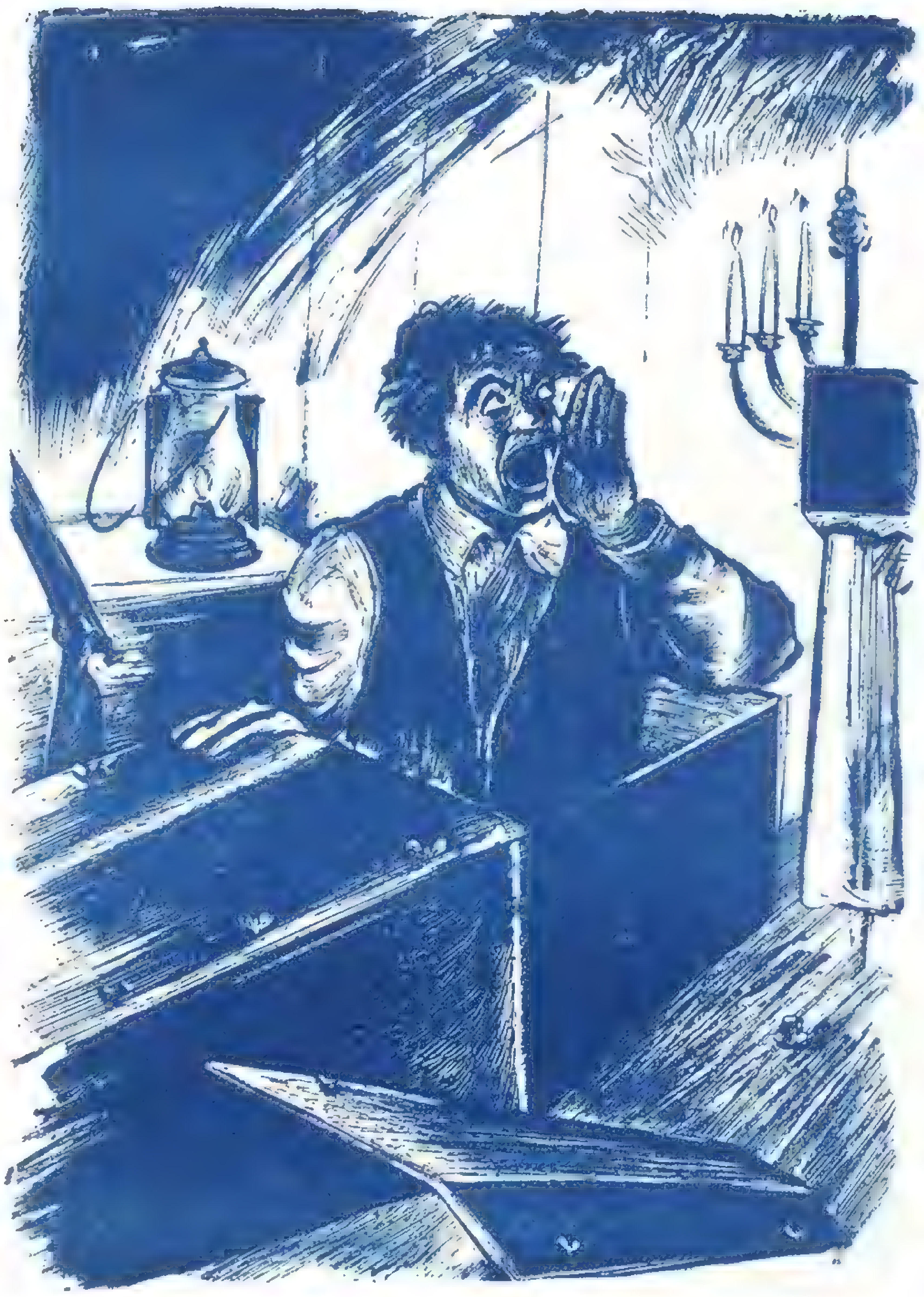
"B29 reports he has contacted Hitler's barber—are there any instructions?"

Poachers in Paradise

That bottle of Gates Ajar threw Uncle Jeff and Zack into a sweetly sorrowful mood that allowed them only one course

by EDMUND WARE

▪FICTION▪



One melancholy fall, just before the freeze-up of Mopang Lake, Thomas Jefferson Coongate, the one-eyed poacher, joined with his friend Zack Bourne in a high octane exploit, or revelrie, which touched briefly in Heaven and terminated at the starting point, in Hell.

The affair resulted from circumstances over which the two old woodsmen exerted little, if any, control. That season the hunting around Zack's cabin had been poor. For their winter's meat they had been able to jacklight but one deer, a venerable buck worn to skin and bones from wooing does on the bleak ridges surrounding the lake.

Gnawing futilely on a piece of the creature's loin, Uncle Jeff, who was something of a gourmet, had remarked: "Tastes like the tongue of Roscoe Carrion's moccasins."

"On'y less flavor," Zack had replied.

Though neither Jeff nor Zack liked fish, there seemed to be no other prospect for the winter's larder. The one-eyed poacher recalled a gravel bar in Leadmine Cove, where he had seen trout and salmon spawning in appropriate numbers. It was with this in mind that he and Zack went down to Privilege by canoe and, in Sim Pease's store, innocently purchased an amount of dynamite adequate to their cause.

"Aim to blast the rocks out of Zack's back clearin'," the one-eyed poacher gravely explained to Sim.

"We'll want a barril, too," said Zack to the storekeeper, "an' twenty pounds of salt."

"Goin' to salt down the rocks?" asked Sim, coyly.

Uncle Jeff Coöngate regarded the storekeeper with a baleful and imperious eye.

"We're goin' to salt down some butter to last for winter," said he. "Go git that barril an' the salt—an' mind your own business."

Sim Pease's delicate sensibilities were pricked by the one-eyed poacher's rebuff. Rankling, he went out to his back room for the supplies. While there, his glance fell upon a greenish quart bottle which had been sent him a year ago as a free sample from the Host Distilling & Vitriol Corporation, of Slant-Eye, Minnesota. According to the label, a tasteful plaster depicting myrtle, harps, and four-color angels, the bottle contained a fluid traveling under the alias of whiskey. The brand name of the whiskey was Gates Ajar.

Because of the tragic motif of the label, or because the bottle, like his ammonia and acid jugs, was stoppered with rubber, Sim had looked askance at the Gates Ajar and tucked it away on a back shelf where the dogs couldn't run afoul of it. Now, moved partly by revenge and partly by curiosity, Sim took the bottle down and brought it to his customers.

"What you got there?" inquired Uncle Jeff, his eye kindling with a tender flame.

"Some kind of a lotion?" said Zack, tongueing his parched lips. "Or a linimint, like?"

Sim Pease held the bottle to the light. He shook it cautiously.

"This here," said he, "is a new whiskey they sent me from out Minnesoty way." Sim turned the bottle, exposing the label. "See? Name of Gates Ajar."

"How much?" asked the one-eyed poacher.

"Ninety-five cents."

"For the whole quart?"

"Yuh, but that's just to you fellers."

"Well," sighed Uncle Jeff, "I don't know but what we better take it along. You got the money, Zack?"

Zack paid for the Gates Ajar. He also paid for the barrel, the salt, the dynamite, the fulminate caps, and the fuse.

The one-eyed poacher, lest he appear selfishly eager to depart for a sampling of the Gates Ajar, lingered for a moment of congeniality with the storekeeper.

"Poor weather we been havin'. Cold."

"Yuh."

"Is they any news? Anythin' goin' on in town?"

"No."

"No deaths, births, pregnancies, rapes, nor murders?"

"One death," said Sim.

"Whose?"

"Ambrose Crib's."

"Ambrose Crib?" The deceased had been a crony of Jeff's and Zack's. The old poacher's face saddened. He sighed. "Poor ole Ambrose. Must of been eighty."

"Eighty-two," said Sim. "Died in his sleep. He's laid out up to Moses Mutter's Fun'rul Parlor. Moses told me his own self that Ambrose looks jest like in life, beard an' all."

"Well," said Uncle Jeff, cuddling the bottle under his arm as he made for the door, "we all got to die sometime."

"That," said Sim poignantly, "is what I allus say."

Carrying their supplies, Uncle Jeff and Zack walked down toward the canoe landing. They passed Moses Mutter's Funeral Parlor with eyes downcast and thoughtful. The death of Ambrose Crib, the slate-dark waves on the lake, the prospect of eating fish all winter, and the long hardship of their lives filled both the old men with gloom. It was about noon when they finished loading the canoe and sat down on the rotting wharf to brood.

"We ain't hardly got no future left," remarked the one-eyed poacher.

"I wisht I was Ambrose Crib," Zack mourned, "layin' up there to Mutter's, peaceful an' warm in a box."

Uncle Jeff uttered a moan of assent and, bending forward, removed the Gates Ajar from under the stern seat of the canoe. He sat back on the wharf and musingly opened the bottle, after which he observed: "It come out all crumbly, in li'l pieces."

"What come out crumbly?"

"This here stopple. Made of rubber, too. Don't know's I ever see one like it, in a likker bottle. Well—here's to Ambrose Crib."

The one-eyed poacher's Adam's apple bobbed thrice, and once again. After a moment or two a thin stream of vapor curled from his nostrils. As the vapor met his mustache, there was an odor of singed hair.

"That," said Uncle Jeff, delectably, "is as nice a whiskey as ever passed the lip of man. Have some?"

Zack took the bottle, held his thumb against the side to mark a fair level, moved his thumb down an inch, and took a cauterizing gulp. As he sat back and scratched a match to light his pipe, the atmosphere in his vicinity took on a turbulence. There was a series of tiny explosions resembling the bursts of dense, but minute antiaircraft fire. The display went unnoticed. Uncle Jeff Coongate had again reached for the bottle.

"No way to keep the whiskey from spillin', with the cork all crumbled to nothin'. Guess we got to drink the whole of it."

"We could whittle a plug," offered Zack.

"My knife's dull."

"Well, so's mine."

After another round of Gates Ajar, Uncle Jeff's lone eye roved toward the dynamite in the canoe. Forgetful of the fact that he was visible from the windows of the homes of Privilege, he suggested putting down a charge or two off the public landing.

"We might get somethin'—pickerel, or maybe some whitefish. Save us that long paddle into Leadmine Cove."

Zack reached amiably for the caps and fuse, and a general demolition was prevented only by the appearance of Tom Corn, the young Mopang County game warden. To the one-eyed poacher, who had detected the warden's nearness by supernatural powers rather than by sight, the covering of the dynamite with a coat was merely a conditioned reflex. The warden passed by, giving the two old men a wave of greeting, as between respected enemies.

Their blasting project forgotten, the oldtimers took a third treatment of Gates Ajar, following which they entered a phase of bliss and reminiscence. Tom Corn's appearance had called to their minds a hundred escapades of jacklighting, salmon-spearing, and feasting on the illegal flesh of moose. They recollected prices they had received for the fur of chloroformed beaver, and they dwelt upon long, happy hours they had spent in jail at Mopang.

Early in the afternoon, when the bottle was empty, they began to examine the overpowering beauty of their friendship. So hallowed and immense grew their emotion that they deemed it irreverent to discuss the subject sitting down. Accordingly they defied gravity and stood up, baring their heads, stretching forth their arms, and caressing one another with pats as tender as the touch of a post maul.

"Zack," pleaded the one-eyed poacher, "if you'll jest let me say one more word, I—"

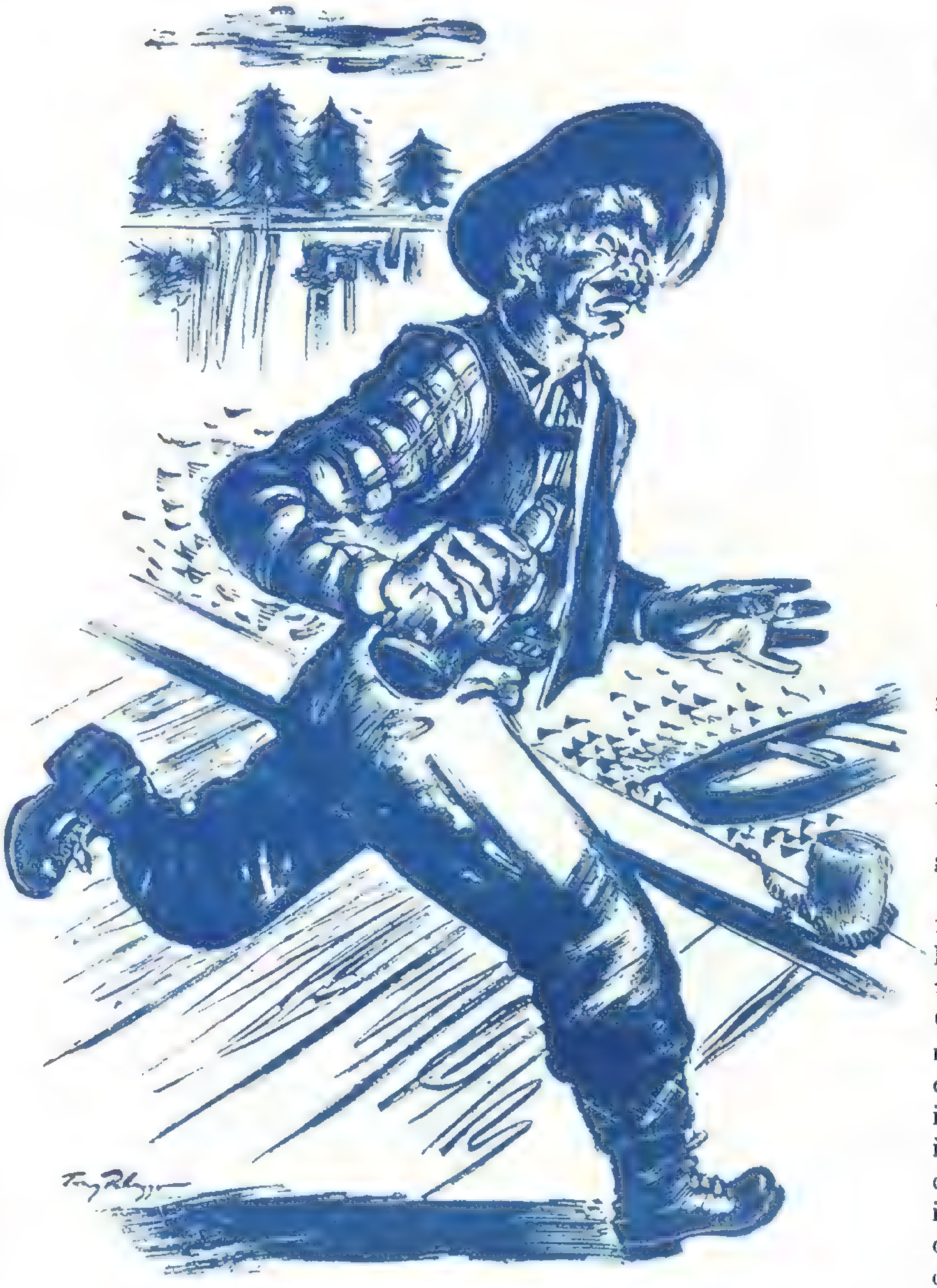
"—sacrifice, Jeff. That's what I'd do for you. Sacri—"

"Will you lissen to what I say, Zack? I—I—goddammit, Zack! I love you! Love! You hear that?"

"—sacrifice my life for you, Jeff. No man livin' ever went through what we—sufferin', an' pain, an' cold."

"Zack, I want to say at this time—"

"The grief an' lumbago, the blizzards an' black flies, nights we laid out in the rain!"



Deeply stirred, the old men locked in a vise-like embrace, their gaunt frames quaking in an ague suited to the vastness of human misery, especially their own.

"Jeff, if you died, I couldn't stannit. My heart would blow up an' scatter."

"I aim to die first, if I have to kill myself. Because if you was dead, an' me left alive, I couldn't eat, nor drink, an' I'd fester an' perish. In this turrible life on this cold earth, you been the one ray of light an' hope. So let's—let's—"

The idea of simultaneous death, together with the peace of the grave and the possibilities of paradise, struck them at about the same time. Zack was silent, over-awed by the vision. Uncle Jeff drew off a pace, his head bowed in meditation. Then, parting his mustache, he gave tongue.

"Let's be buried together, just the two of us, Zack. Side by side, in the same coffin, together in heaven above, like we was in hell on earth."

"I wouldn't want it no other way," cried Zack fervently.

A tear from Uncle Jeff's eye fell heavily to the wharf and rolled off into the lake, where it sputtered phosphorescently for a moment before sinking, intact, to the bottom.

"An' further an' more," went on the old poacher, "we'll be buried along with the tools of our trade, the few little impliments an' weapons that has stood by us in this life. In the coffin beside us we'll have our Furguson headlights, our traps, our gill nets an' salmon spears, our—"

"Our rifles, too, Jeff."

"Natchully. That's took for granted. An' a bottle of Hernando's Fiery Dagger Rum, an'—"

"No, I'd ruther the rum be Old Sabre Tooth. I—"

"Who's idea was this, anyways?" asked Jeff petulantly. "Now you lissen to me: besides the Hernando's Fiery Dagger an' maybe a bottle of vanilla to sober up on, we'd ought to have our magazine with the pictures of them girls in it. We could lay there in the coffin, an' look at the girls, an' dream—"

"Yuh, that's a fac'. We'll have the magazine."

"It'll be a mighty fine an' lovely experience."

"I can't hardly wait."

"Then what's keepin' us? We'll go up to Moses Mutter's right now, an' make arrangemints. Why, dang it! We might be too late! We might die any time. Right now, even. Let's get a-goin'."

Moses Mutter was a young and merry mortician. Peering from his front window, he observed the tortuous approach of Uncle Jeff Coongate and his lifelong comrade. Moses laid aside the lead casket catalog he had been reading, and went to answer the tolling of his bell. He opened the door and confronted the tall, reeling forms of his visitors. Moses quickly checked the exuberance of his greeting, changing to a tone of professional sympathy as he noticed Uncle Jeff's tear-stained cheeks and tragic eye.

"This grieves me," said Moses, ushering his callers to the plush parlor. "I'm sorry that you boys have been obliged to consult me, sorry but proud. Who has passed away?"

"We have," said Uncle Jeff damply. "Me an' Zack, the two of us. Mose, we want you to bury us."

"In the same coffin," added Zack. "Side by side, with our rifles, an' gill-nets, an' all."

"An' some rum, an' like that, Mose. So when we wake up in Heaven."

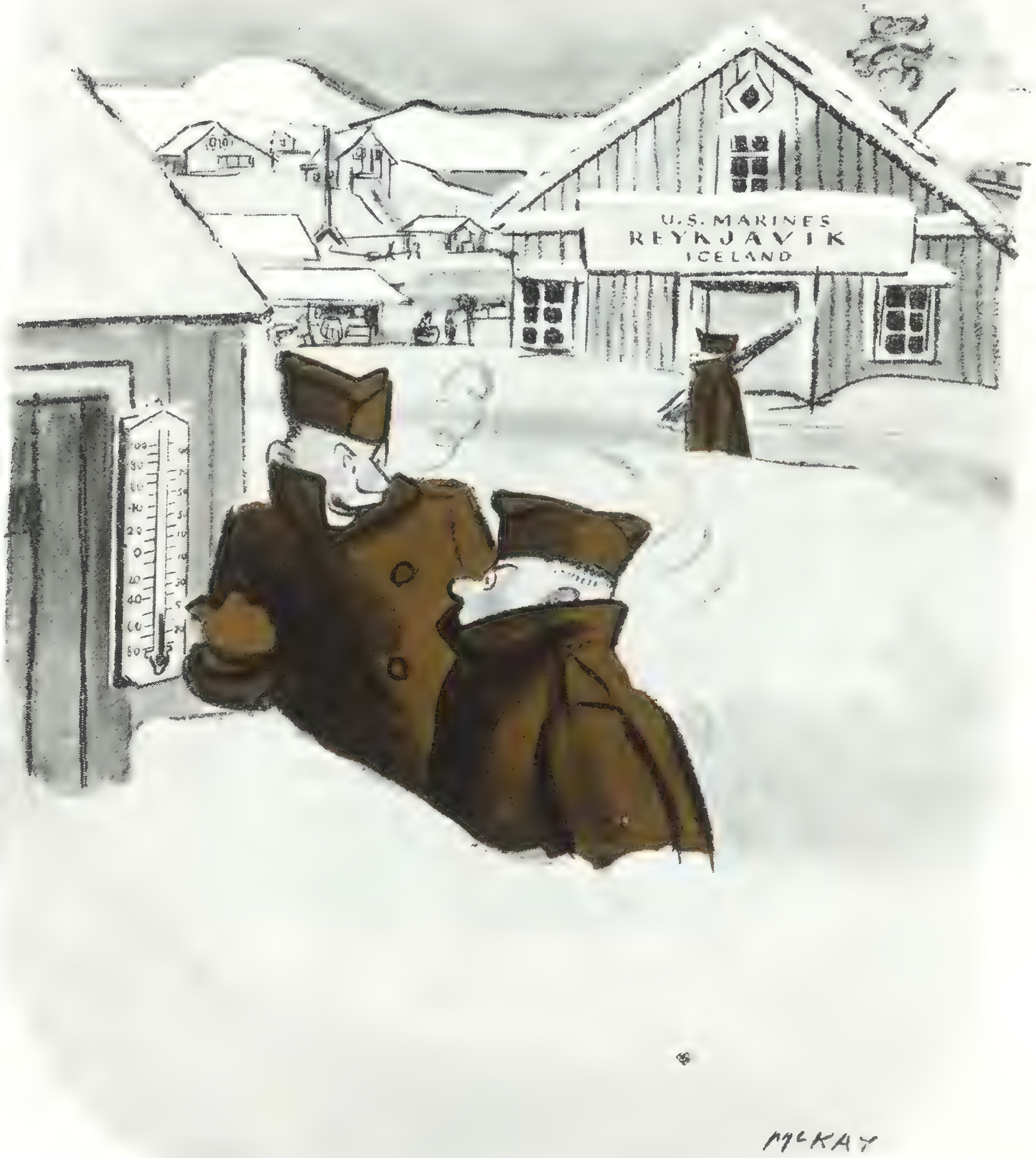
Moses gave his clients a look of profound sympathy.

"How long'll it take us to ressurreet?" inquired the one-eyed poacher

Moses stroked his chin. "We have but one record, Uncle Jeff, on which to go. I believe it took about three days."

Moses Mutter detected an odor which seemed to emanate from the mouths and

Continued on page 153


U.S. MARINES
REYKJAVIK
ICELAND
McKAY

"Look! It's warmer today!"

What Makes Rickey Tick?

In 1913 when the "Schoolmaster" arrived, St. Louis had two cellar teams; when he left, the Cards were champs and Browns 3rd

by **JAMES M. GOULD**

SPORTS

It is certain that no other city has enjoyed so much of the romance and dramatic surprise of baseball over the last quarter-century as St. Louis, and all the threads of that inspiring story of rise and shine unwind like a bobbin directly from one man—Branch Rickey, Master of Arts, Bachelor of Laws, and Doctor of Jurisprudence.

True, when Rickey first officially appeared on the scene back in 1913, St. Louis was known as "a good baseball town." The sporting pages were loaded with box scores of amateur games. The late Jack Sheridan, premier sports writer, was stimulating interest in semi-pro ball with his promotion of the famous old Wabadas, who had hot rivals in the flourishing Alpen Braus. And in the city and countryside all around there was strong personal interest in the fortunes of the Cardinals and the Brownies. But what fortunes they were! Artistically, both teams were hopeless. They had never enjoyed success, and none was in prospect. Miller Huggins was struggling to make a showing with the Cards for Mrs. Schuyler Britton, the first woman to own a club; while the Browns were getting nowhere just as fast for the wealthy Philip De Catesby Ball. It was a condition of chaos which amounted to a civic flaw. There was no assured forward drive. And there was apparent nowhere a recognizable Moses to lead the city out of the wilderness of second-division monotony.

That initiative and momentum eventually were supplied by a man who was then fairly ineffectual himself—Branch Rickey, who knew baseball intimately from every possible angle and was in addition a foresighted business man and creative thinker.

I think it is impossible for anyone to understand just what the baseball situation was in St. Louis when Rickey came on the stage in 1913 unless he "was dere, Sharlie." You might regard it as about like the Philadelphia story today. The years ahead stood up against the two ball clubs like cold blunt boulders blocking their pathway. You have to consider the dead weight of the situation, the inertia, before you can properly evaluate the achievements of Branch Rickey. It is what the man accomplished under the circumstances that is so amazing.

Fortunately he is a many-sided man, as you may judge from the university degrees he has accumulated, not to mention among other honors his ranking as a Major in the Chemical Warfare Division in the last war; and it seems that every facet of his personality has come in handy. First of all, he was a good athlete himself, interested in athletics as a player and coach, and he had a practical background in professional baseball. I was interested in an old clipping I ran across the other day in a 1904 issue of the Chicago *Record-Herald:*

> RICKEY JOINS CINCINNATI CLUB
> (Special to the *Record-Herald*)
>
> Dallas, Texas, Aug. 22—N. B. Rickey, who has played this season with the Dallas Club of the Texas League, has been sold to the Cincinnati Club of the National League, and is to leave Dallas for Cincinnati tomorrow. Rickey is conceded to be the best catcher ever seen in the Texas League. He is a college player, having played with the university at Delaware, Ohio.

Following his graduation from Ohio Wesleyan in 1904, he became a student, instructor and coach at Allegheny College in 1905. Continuing his academic career, he took his law degree at Michigan in 1911, serving as baseball coach of the Wolverines from 1910 to 1913. It was while in this capacity that he uncovered such future big league stars as George Sisler, and Dr. John Lavan. His legal training enabled him to win a celebrated struggle with Barney Dreyfuss of the Pittsburgh Pirates over Sisler. Dreyfuss had signed Sisler when the player was a minor, but Rickey got bigger and better signatures of the parents and won the case for the Browns. The irony of it was that the Pittsburgh club at that stretch had been notoriously bleeding to death for lack of a first-baseman for years. Rickey flashed his ability to judge ball players early when he declared that Sisler was the greatest southpaw pitching prospect he had ever seen, and yet he changed him to a first-sacker to take advantage of his hitting, which notched the phenomenal figures of .407 in 1920 and .420 in 1922.

Concurrently with his academic career ran Rickey's professional baseball career with the Cincinnati Reds, the Browns, and the New York Highlanders—now the Yankees. He was known on the field as a fast and aggressive player the two years he spent with the Browns in 1905-06, and the one year he was with the Highlanders, 1907. In 1906 with the Browns he batted .284, his best performance in the majors. But that figure represented a lot more hitting in those dead-ball days, when pitchers had more leeway, than it does now. He was also noted for having a strong throwing arm—even if none too accurate; for the records show that he shares with Mique Gonzales the reverse-mark of permitting nine stolen bases in one game!

Though he says now that he "hasn't time to be sick," his playing days were terminated abruptly by an illness that sent him into seclusion in the far Northwest for months. He fought that illness as he has fought odds so many times since, and he conquered it. It is a good habit to learn—winning . . . for a man going anywhere.

But he was finished as a player, which unquestionably was a deep disappointment to him. Baseball had enabled him to get his education, and even though he was through as a player, it was to be expected that he would stay in the game. His first "front-

Continued on page 168

"This is a hell of a predicament!"

The Fall of the Flattering Word

Copywriters should revise their froth about important earrings and classic hats, for you can't fool a lady welder

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

Before I am done, which will be soon, I am going to refer to the most revolutionary effect of the war so far: the fact that women are getting used to be whistled at—but the whistle is the factory whistle. I am going to lead up to this revolutionary phenomenon by discussing something I know a little about: my own distaste for the kind of writing you find under the photographs of models or actresses or society women—when the purpose of the picture is to tell about the clothes. Out of the style which creates fashionable words, the copywriters create another style—a little less smart, a little less coherent. And why any man should protest against these trifles, although they are slightly distasteful, is a moral question. I suppose the answer is that I wish people wouldn't write like that because I wish women weren't susceptible to that kind of writing. And I suspect that soon enough the women will agree.

Some one, some specific person, first used the word "flattering" in regard to a hat or a jacket or a stocking. Analyze it. This hat flatters your face; it makes you look prettier than you really are; at best, it brings out the good points of your face, and hides the bad ones. A recent variant is: "it compliments you." In a word, there's a faint odor of disparagement in the business. Yet for a good ten years "flattering" has been a top sales word. Like "slenderizing." Like "glamour."

Like "classic." Here, I think, we look into the future. "Classic" has been the description of any plain suit or black dress for the past three years, to my own knowledge; it will go on, I believe, for ten years more. At last someone has found a good word for the simple substantial sort of thing that everyone has to buy, but no one quite wants to—the serge or bread-and-butter side of life. Now that it's classic, it's terrific. Of course the implication is that this is exquisite simplicity; this is the simplicity of the great designers. This everyday suit is as classic as the Venus of Milo.

Now it's a rare odd thing that clothes which *do* enhance the sexual attractiveness of women are sold to them for smartness—"to make you more poised," to give something called "allure"; rarely on the justifiable ground that these clothes will reveal-and-conceal so craftily that men will be driven mad with desire. That form of copy is restricted to perfumes. Given perfumes, the copywriter goes berserk. (Or maybe only becomes realistic.) Here you have all the traffic will bear in the way of suggestion—beginning with the fancy French names which suggest improprieties and running through quite a lot of suggestiveness, in a nice way of course, but omitting feelthy pictures. Just why odors should be advertised carnally and fabrics not, I can't be sure.

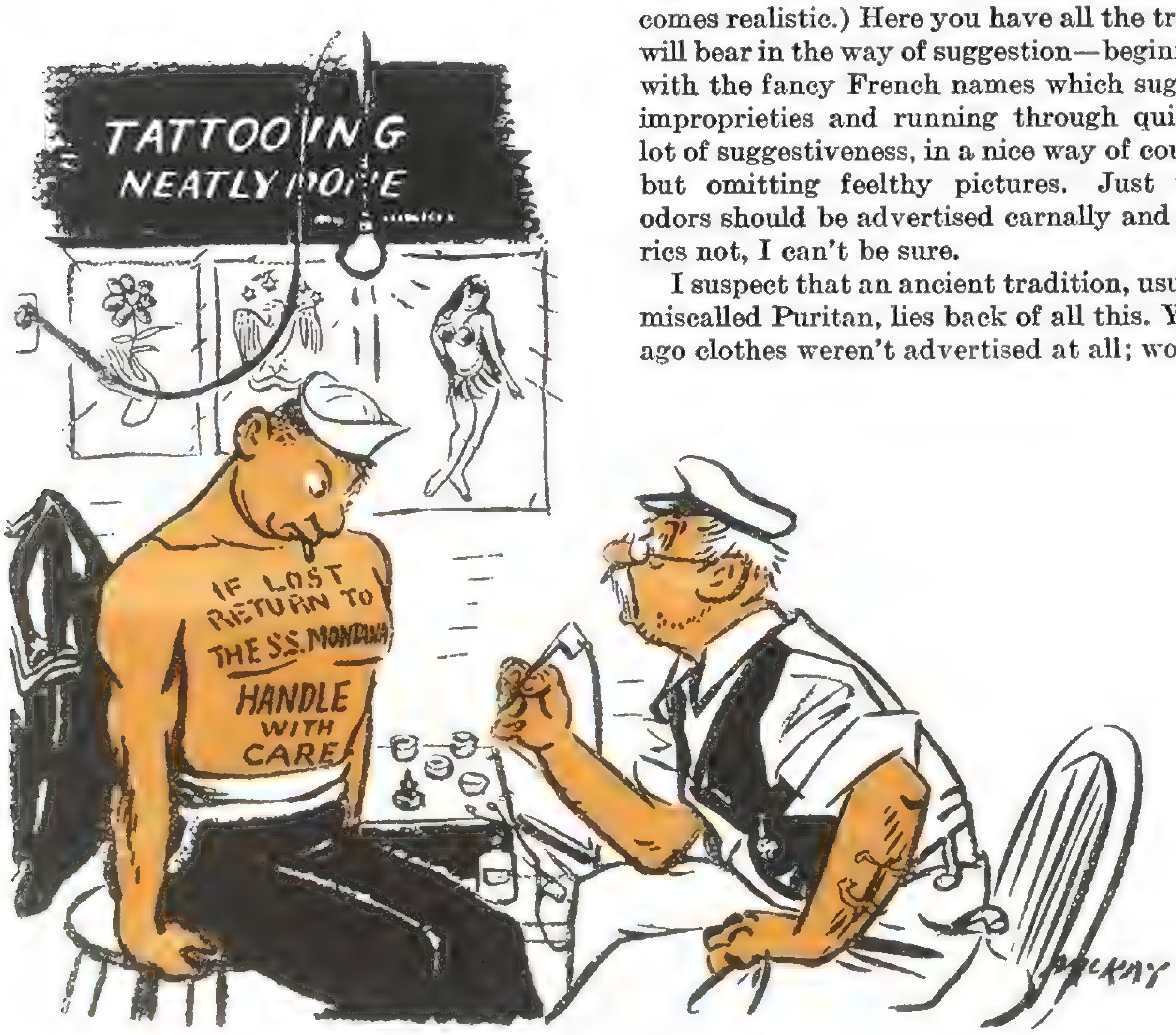
I suspect that an ancient tradition, usually miscalled Puritan, lies back of all this. Years ago clothes weren't advertised at all; women bought patterns and had their clothes made at home. The first great clothes seen in America were French clothes; hence they were wicked. French women wore them to enrapture their men, so American women naturally wouldn't wear them—but as they *did* wear them, the purpose had to be different. Perhaps it was to keep warm. Perhaps it was to throw off "unlimited drama for a dress slit to the knees." You might think that the slit of a skirt had other purposes than drama; the caption writer knows best.

When we approach the young of the species, the innocents at college, we are a little franker. A "show off V-neck" or a "skirt pleated for action" (on a bicycle, so be quiet) are at least "functional." (Of course the great surprise is to find all descriptions of clothes using the term "fly-front." Where I come from we didn't talk like that in front of the women-folk, we certainly didn't.) Clothes for young people are described, right under the classy photographs, as being useful, likely to keep the wearer warm—and something is often said about cost. But as youth vanishes, the "classic" and the "flattering" creep in.

The Post Office Department has recently badgered *The Police Gazette*. On the score of sheer voluptuous nudity, nothing in that pink journal equals any page in a metropolitan newspaper devoted to the sale of girdles or stockings or lingerie of any kind. The impossibly slender girls whose legs are three and a half times the length of their torsos still advertise girdles standing up; but they have taken to advertising stockings lying down, as if caught perpetually in an exercise known familiarly as—bicycling. These girdle ads have arrived at a certain candor about the female frame; they give you support and they drive the bulges into seclusion; but they are not described for glamor; merely pictured for "svelte grace." Theodore Dreiser, according to George Jean Nathan, once tried his hand at a "high society" story; several of his more fetching characters were "arrayed in trig green satin," and I suspect that the writers of captions and copy would like nothing better than to capture that tasty style.

On the other hand, the caption writers are keen about a simple word, "important." Here is an "important" belt, shoebuckle or earring. Just before we went into the war, the women of America were being adjured to consider an "important hat"; luckily, most of them never saw the hat or we'd never have got 'round to fighting the war. For this one hat, mind you, was "a coif, a wimple, a snood . . ." Never . . . a hat that demanded such an awareness of cosmetics . . . Too much makeup . . . and the face becomes grotesque . . . Too little, and it becomes a wan ghost . . .

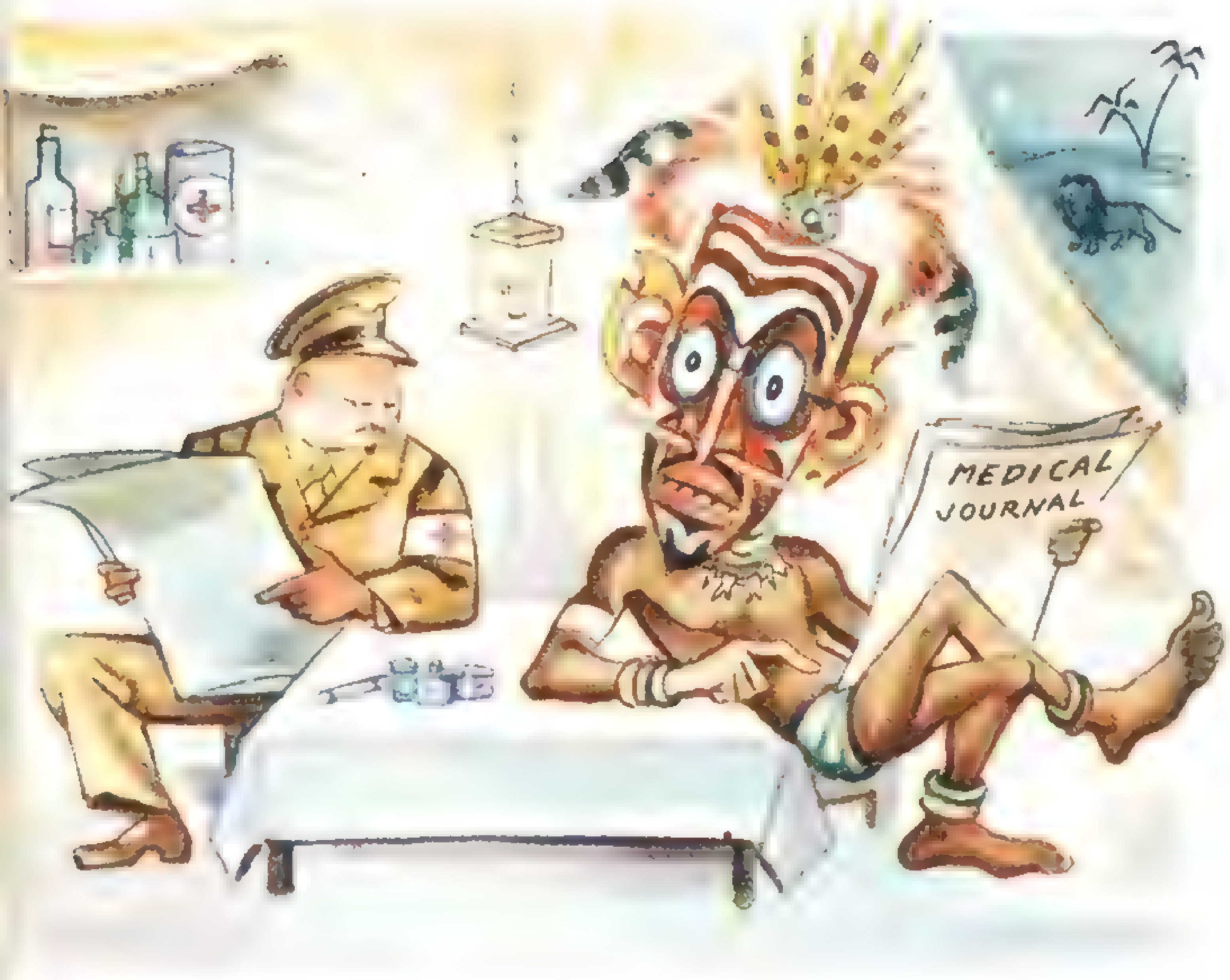
Continued in center of page 118



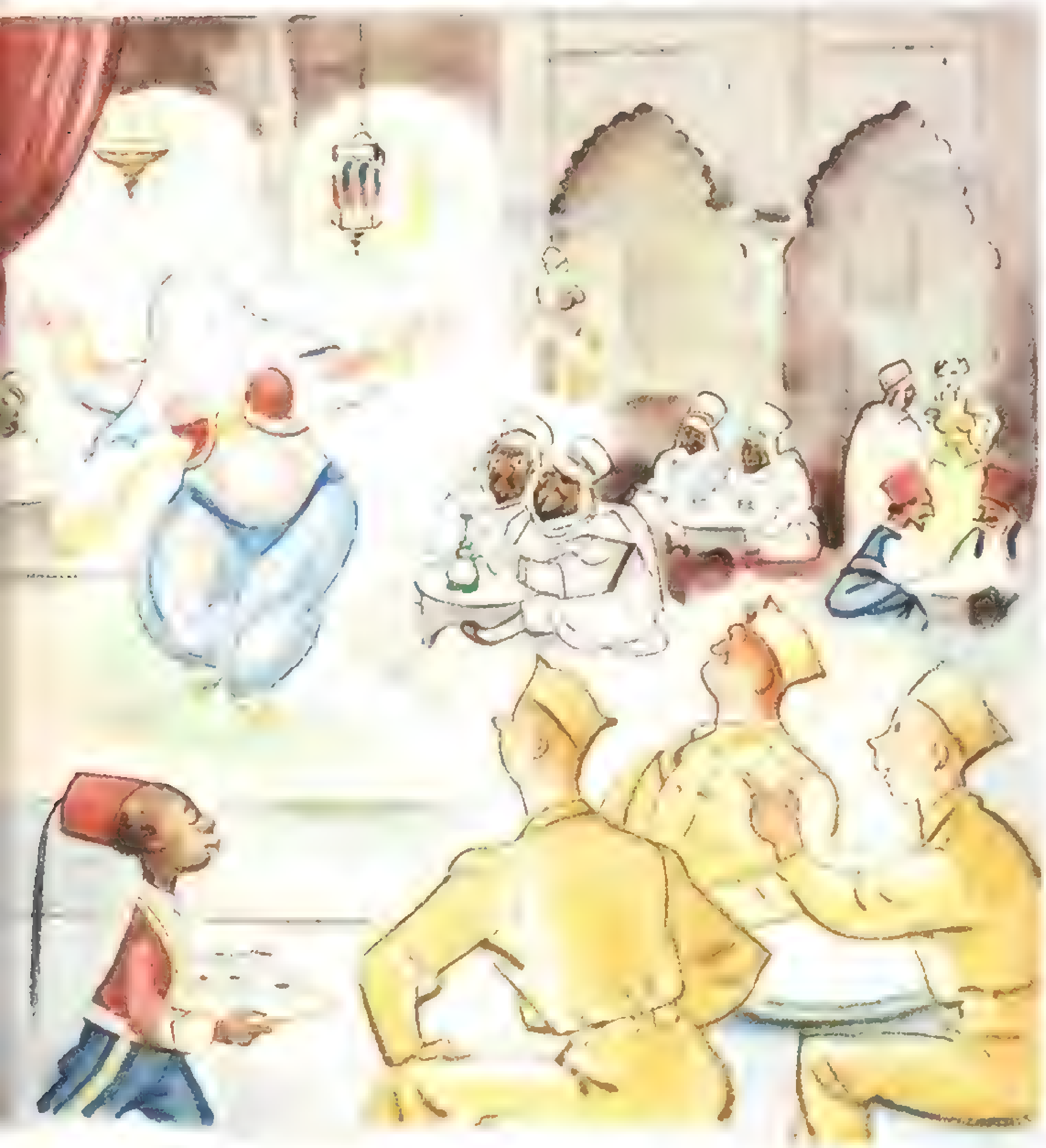
"There! How does that look to you?"

Our Boys Brighten the Dark Continent

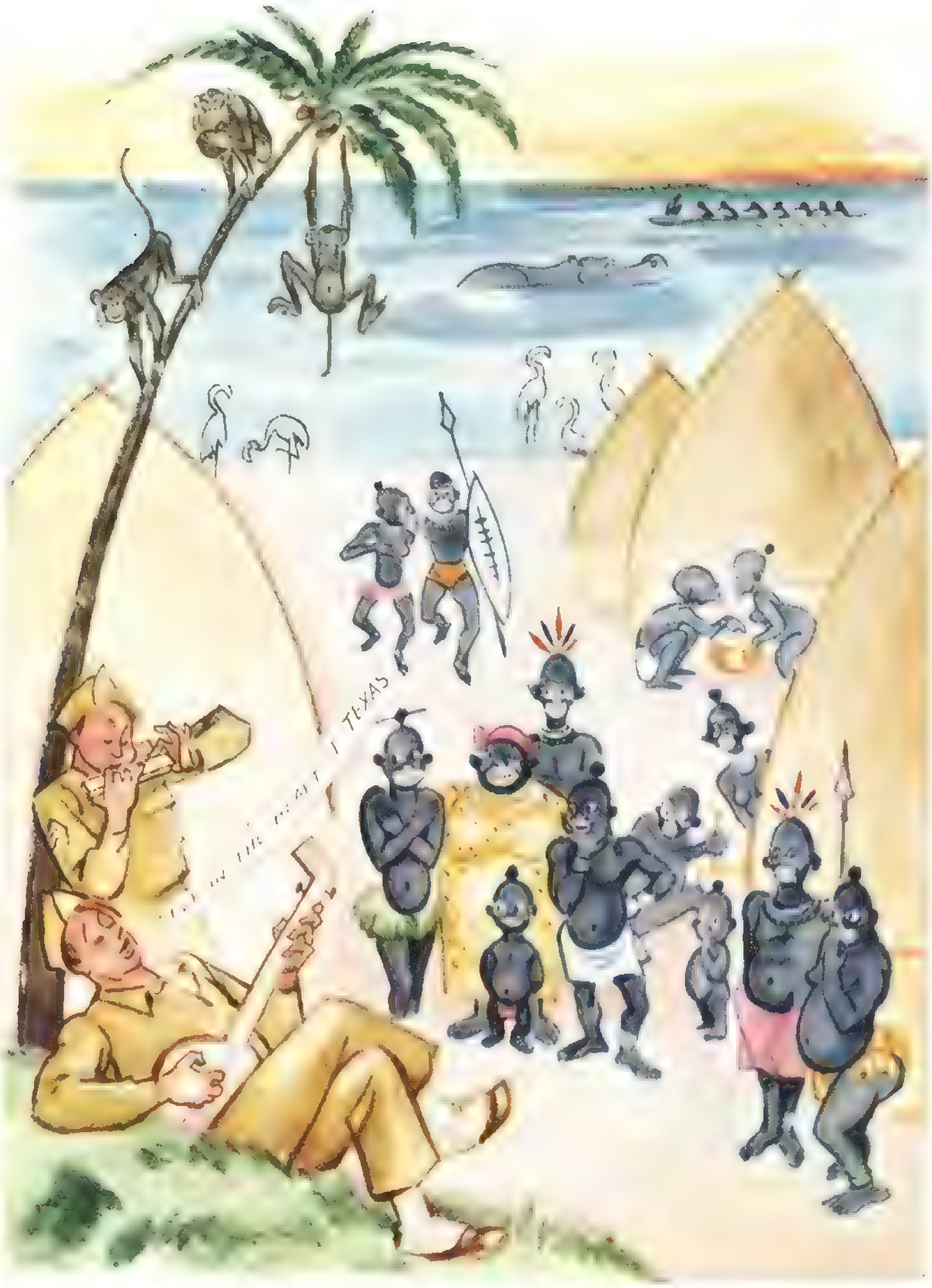
by DERSO and KELEN


MEDICAL JOURNAL

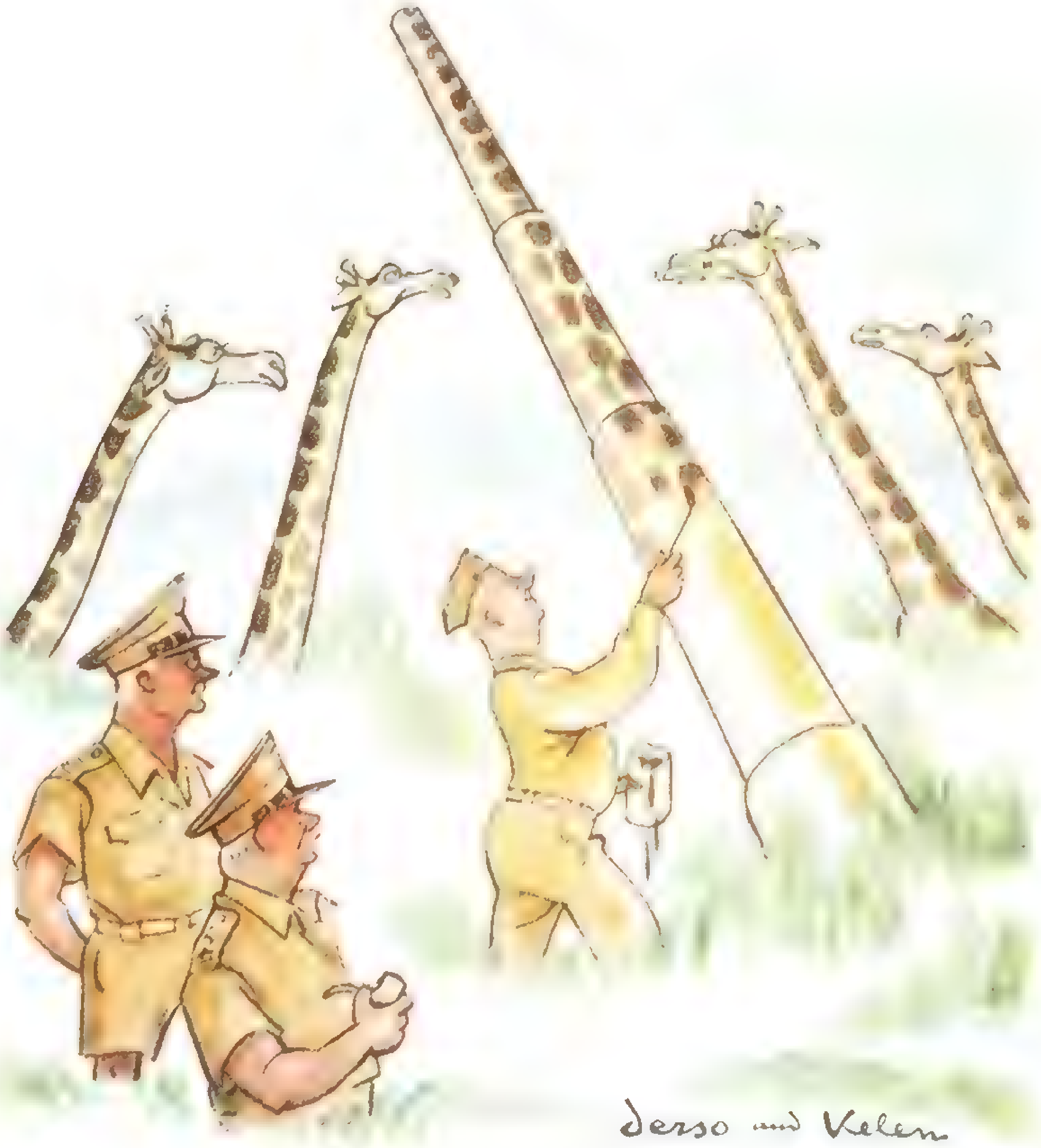
"Another big advantage of this getup, Doctor—my patients never come to see me unless they're really sick"

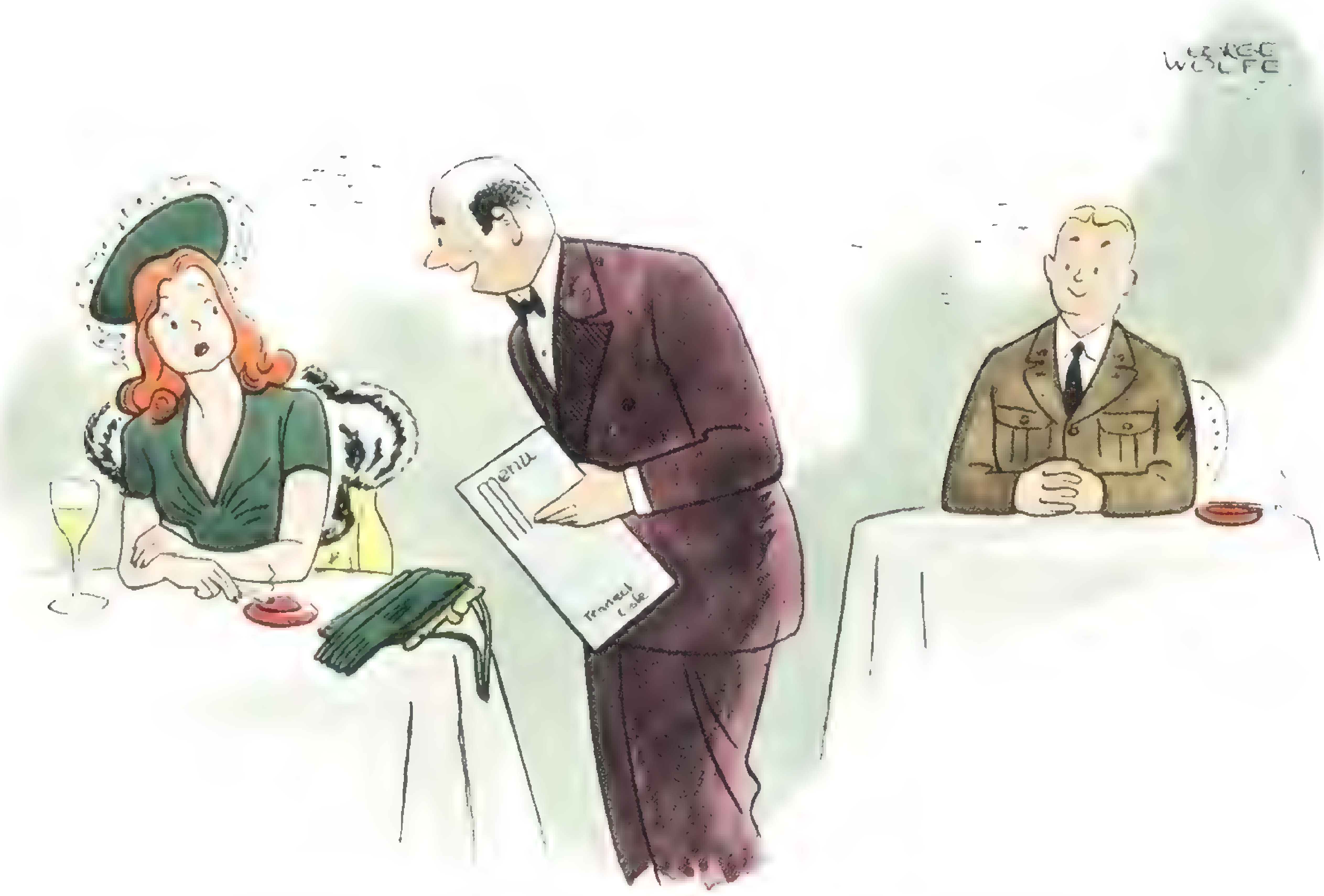


"I'll lay five to one that she is Minnie from Minsky's—I never forget a face"

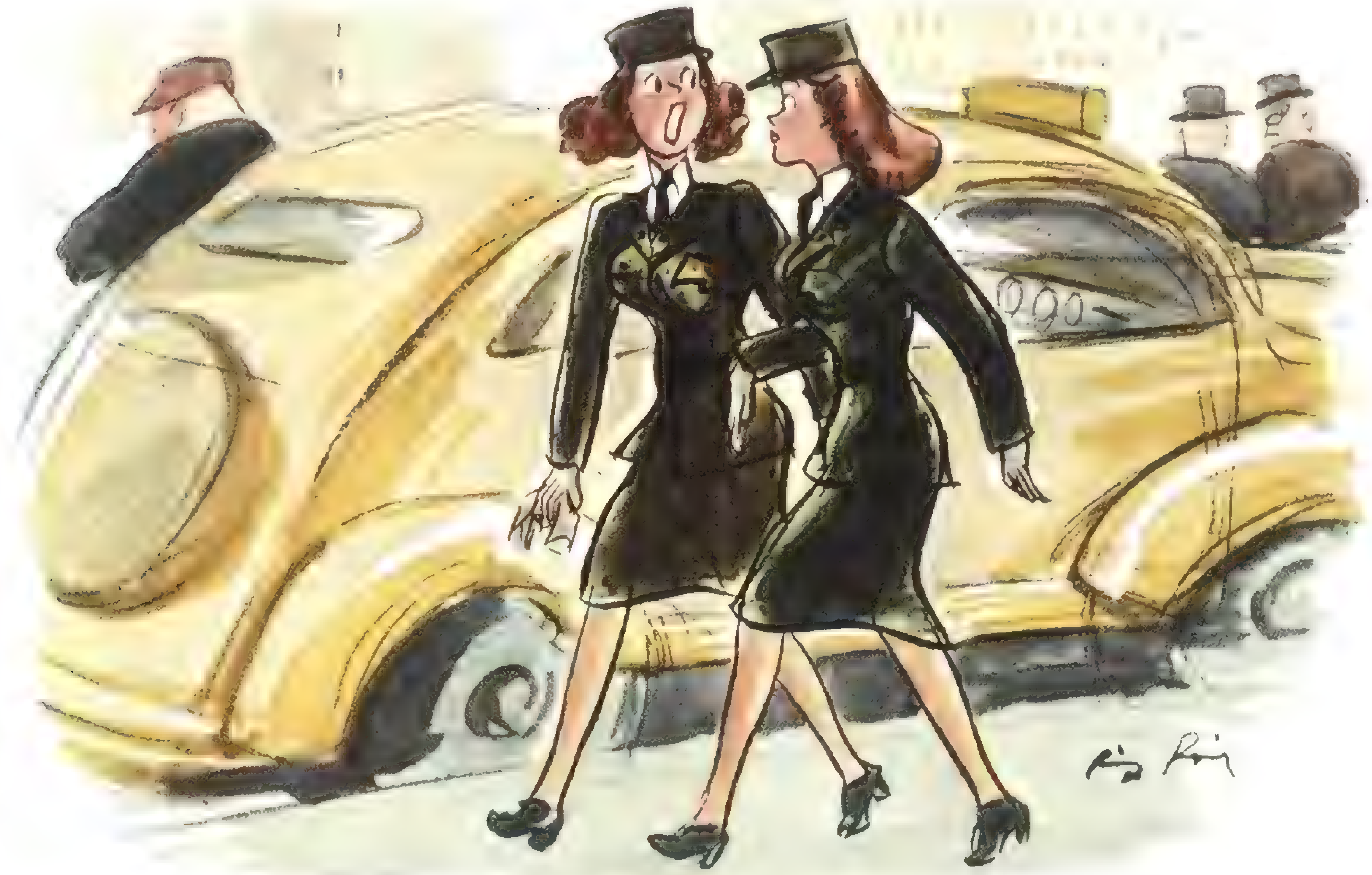


"What strange customs these odd Americans have—I think they are getting ready to go on the warpath"

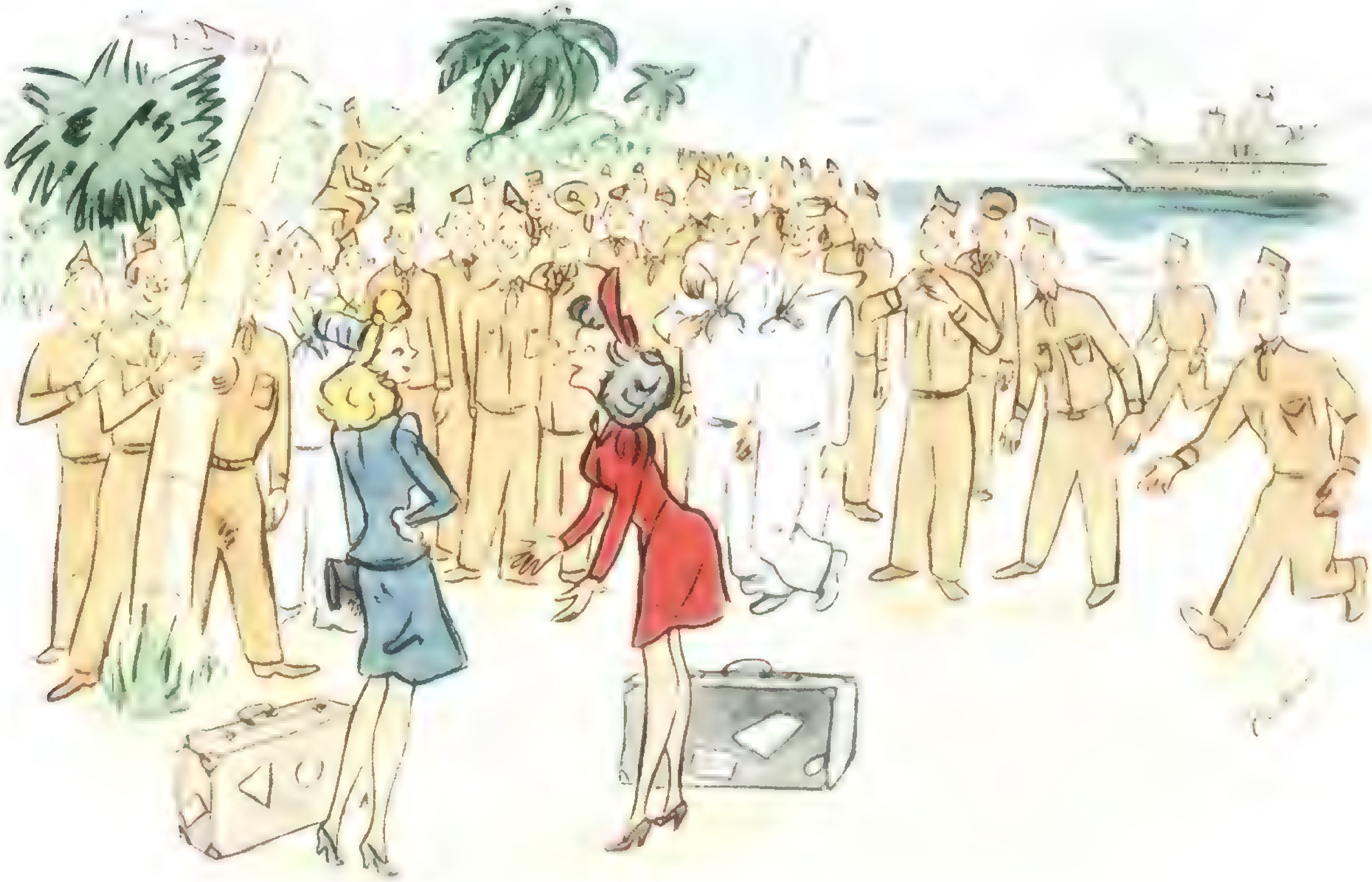

Derso and Kelen



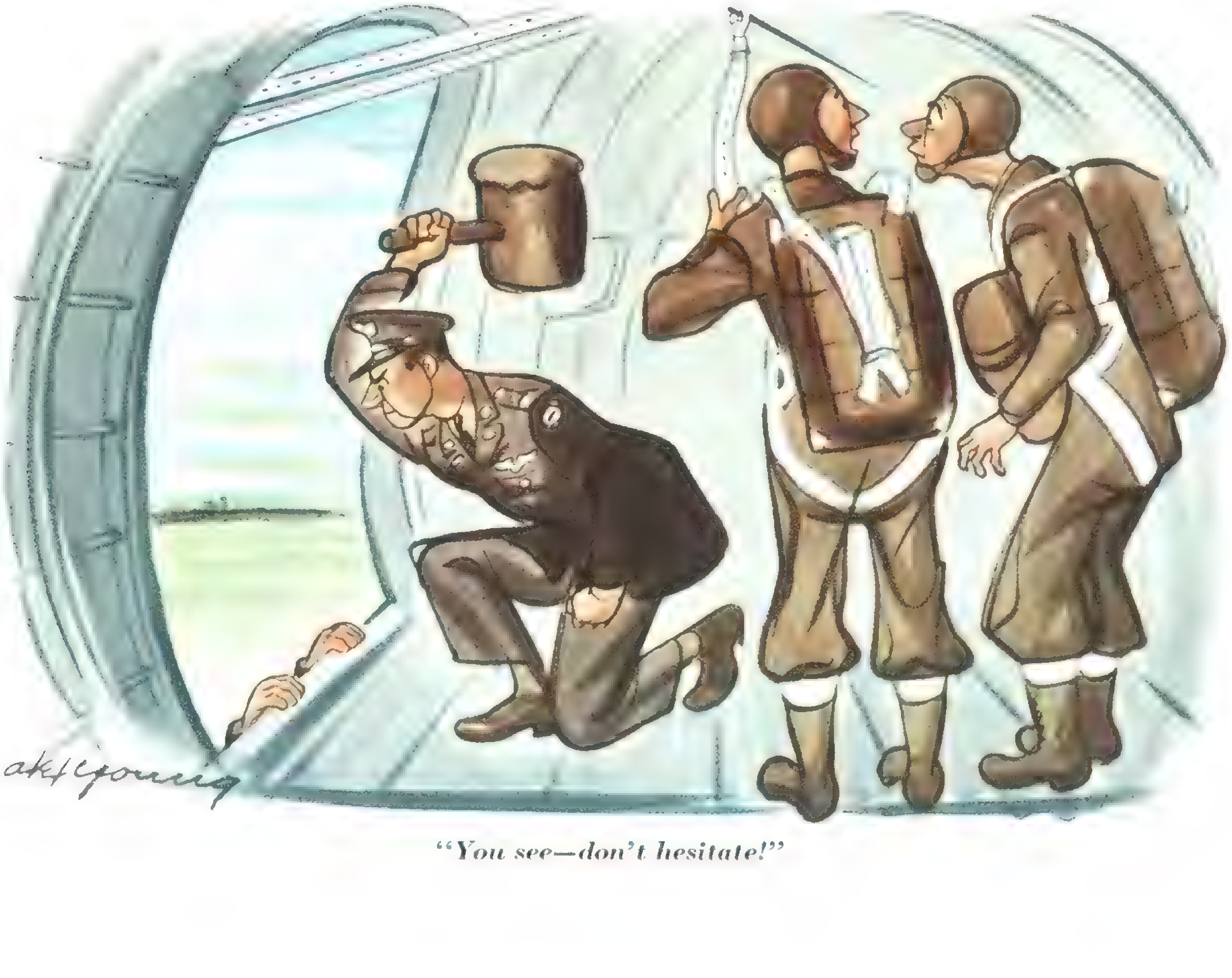
"Pardon, Miss—this gentleman over here says the U. S. Army is interested in you!"



"I figure the sooner I help win the war the sooner the boys will be around to make dates again"



"See! Ain't Miami all I said it was!"

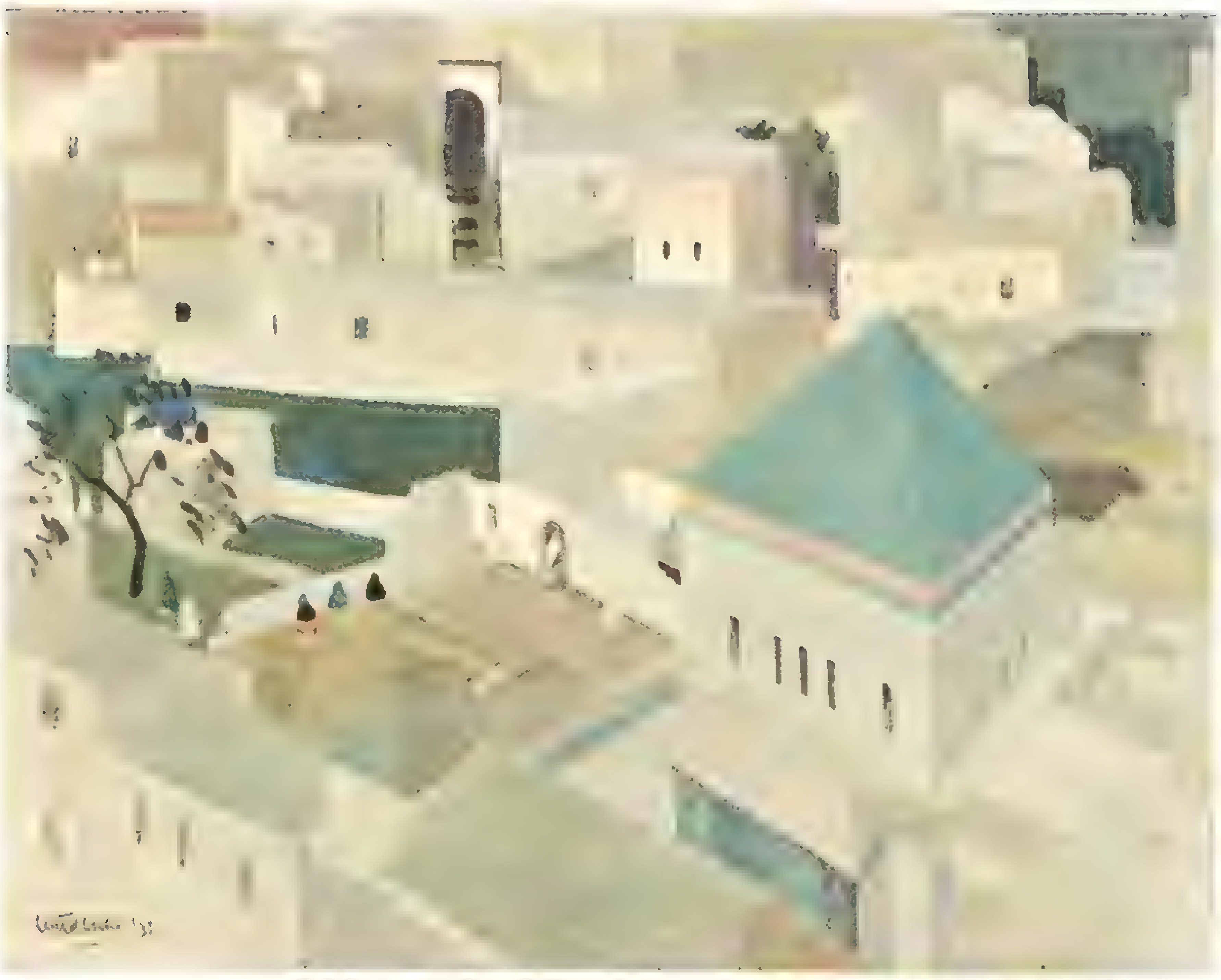


"You see—don't hesitate!"

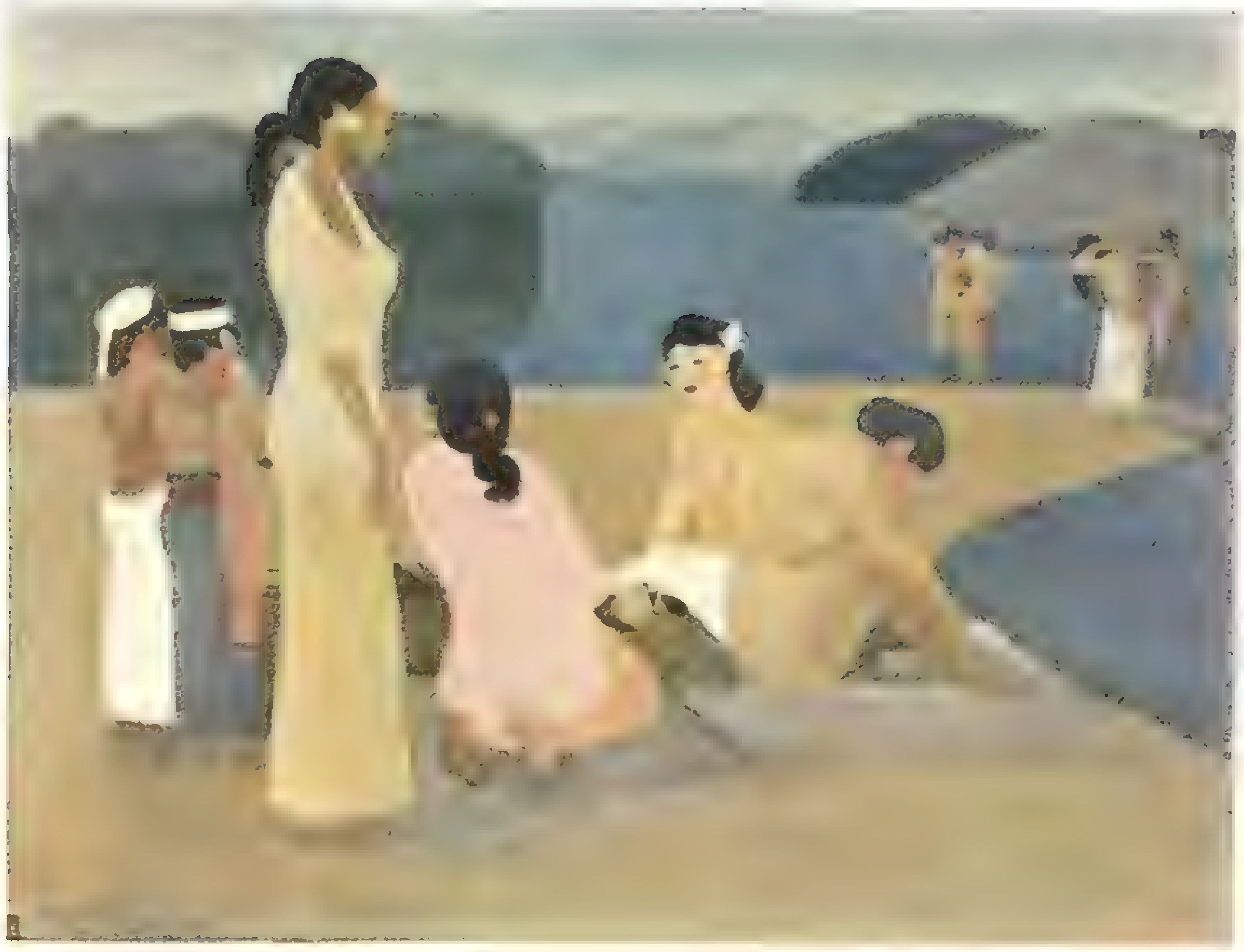
Four Paintings

by TENG CHIU

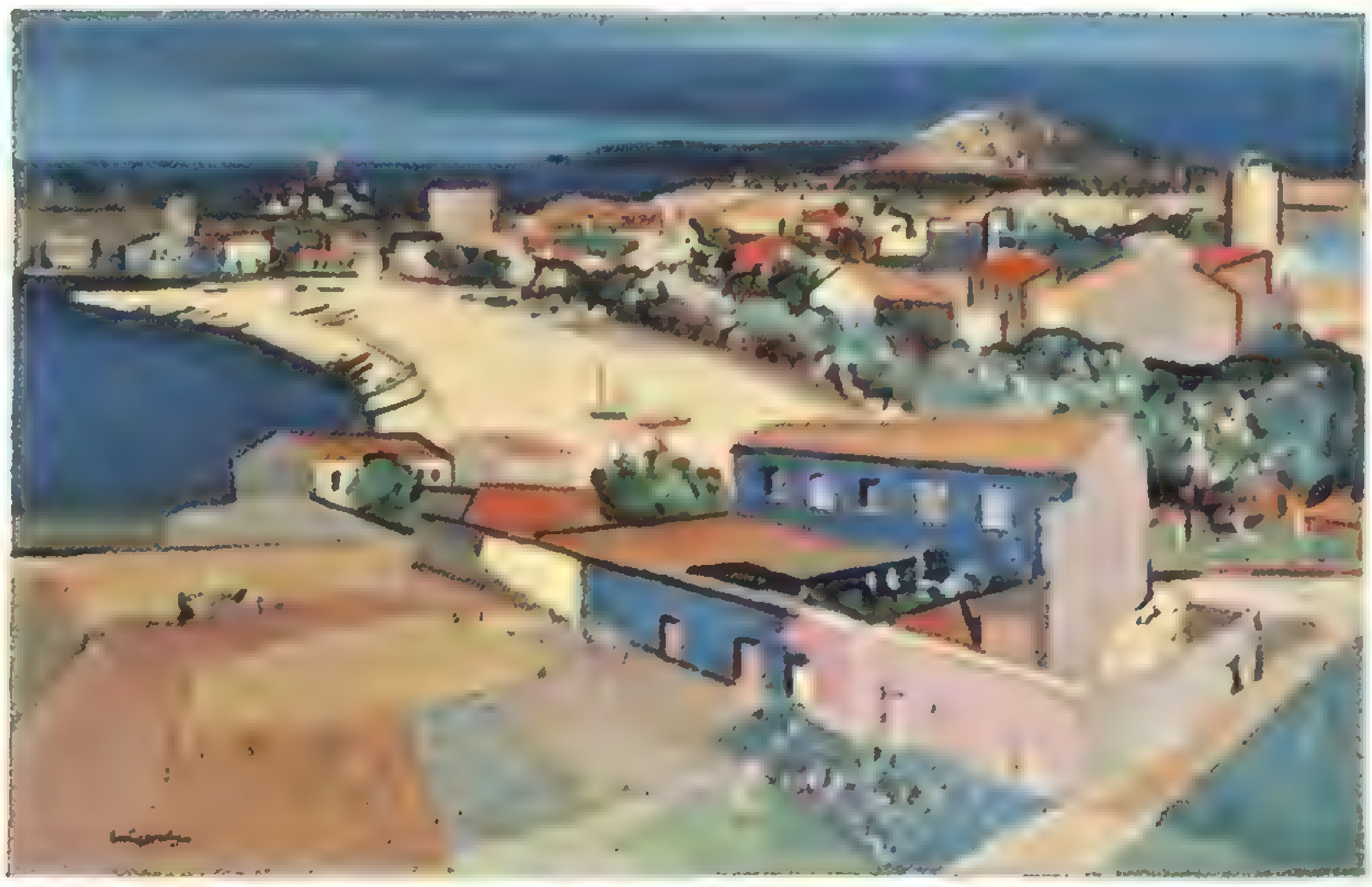
These paintings were reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of the Knoedler Art Galleries, 14 E. 57th Street, New York City



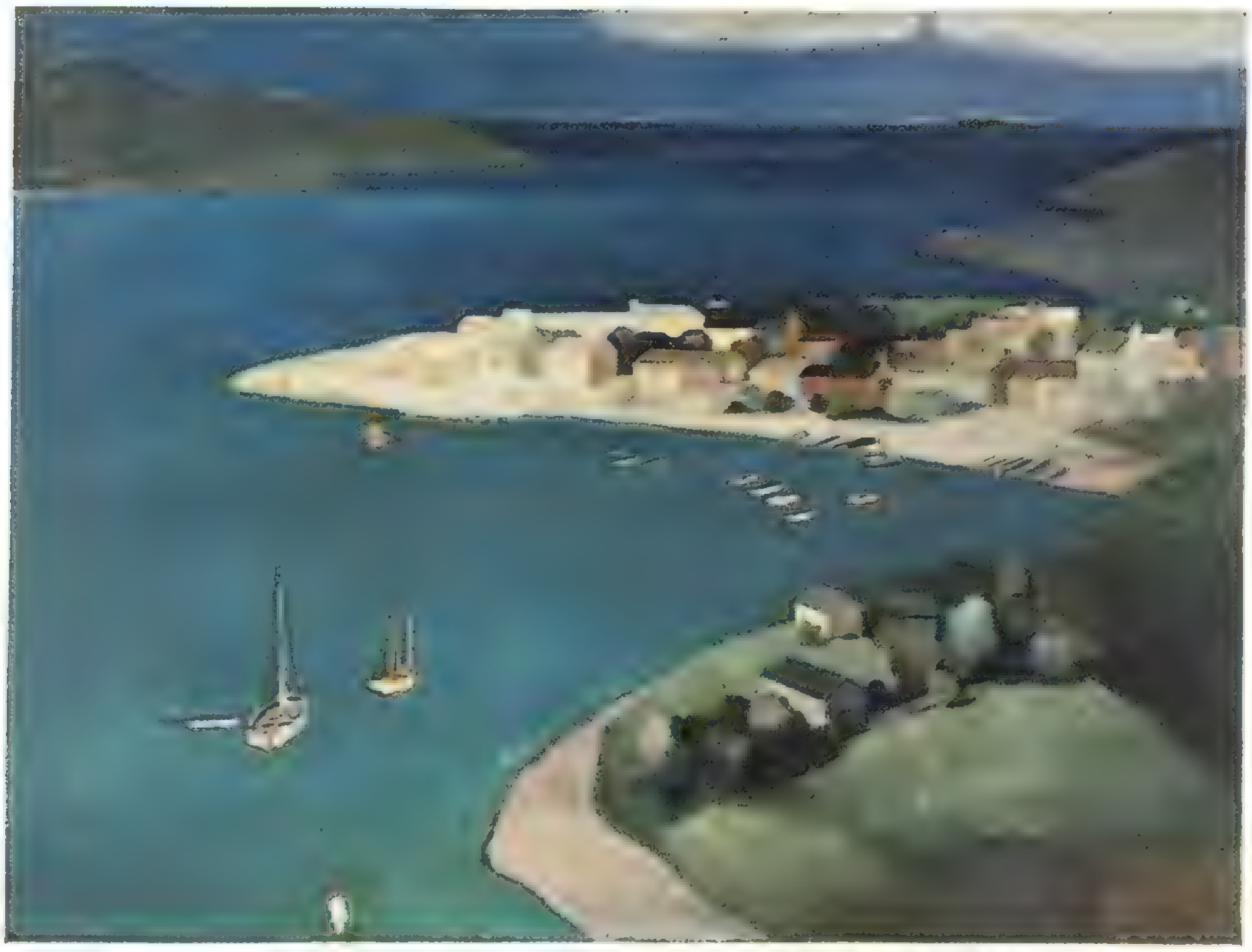
THE HOLY CITY, MOROCCO



BATHERS, JAVA



BEACH AT TOSSAR DE MAR



LOCH BROOM AND SUMMER ISLES, SCOTLAND

The Travels of Teng Chiu

An Oriental educated in the Occident, he has covered most of the world and his paintings show it sunny side up

by HARRY SALPETER

•ARTICLE•

No sparks were flying at the school of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and there was not much likelihood that the hum of routine would go into scherzo when one day in 1921 the instructor called over Irwin Hoffman and told him that a new student was joining the class and would he—Hoffman—kind of take him under his wing, help him over the ropes, show him around, introduce him to his gang and try to ease his adjustment into his new surroundings. Hoffman, who is one of the nicest fellows in the world, said he would.

This is not to suggest that Teng Chiu's entrance into the school of the Boston Museum was in the nature of an explosion, or a breath of Oriental perfume. He had been prepared by his family for the Occidental world and for the civilization of English-speaking peoples. He had learned English in China and had spent at least a semester at Harvard out of respect for his father's wish that he possess a certain amount of Western university training. He spoke English beautifully, Hoffman recalls. Never having studied art in the Orient, Teng had no non-Occidental tradition to unlearn or to enlarge upon. (He was to discover Chinese art under an English scholar in the British Museum.) Furthermore, his family had been Christians since his grandfather's conversion many years ago, and his father was not merely a passive Christian, but a leader, heading both the Christian Church and the Y.M.C.A. in China. Teng Chiu was then living at the Boston Y.M.C.A. and was active in its athletic life. Teng asked Hoffman to come over one Saturday night to watch the Y's basketball team. Hoffman came and was astounded to see the gentle, courteous, soft-spoken Teng transformed not only into a basketball player, but into a streak of lightning. It was later that Teng's classmates learned that while he was at the Anglo-Chinese College at Tientsin, he captained both the soccer and basketball teams. (Seven years later he was on the victorious basketball team that represented England at the Olympic games.)

Yet although his coming to the Boston Museum school did not set off any fireworks, Teng's was a welcome presence. Although he was as Western as a Chinese boy of eighteen could be, he did bring to Boston the suggestions and overtones of a strange and exotic world. Hoffman, for one, could never hear too much about that land from which his studio-mate had come, and of the people in it, particularly of that almost legendary being who was Teng Chiu's father.

The Chius are an old, honorable and well-to-do family from the island of Amoy, from whose seaport the New England trader-mariners of the early nineteenth century brought the tea for which the neighboring mainland province of Fukien is famous. Out of Amoy came the Chinese merchants who traded in the Dutch East Indies, the Straits Settlements, Siam, Burma and the Philippines and back to Amoy they came with their accrued wealth to spend the Autumn of their years. When Teng's father was a boy, he was converted, together with *his* father, to Christianity and when he came to youth and manhood he spent his time and energy not in adding to the family fortune, but in the promotion of educational and social institutions.

His leadership of the Church and of the Y.M.C.A. involved him in constant money-raising campaigns not only in China but throughout the Far Eastern settlements in which there were flourishing groups of Chinese. He was a friend and co-worker of Sun Yat-sen and helped Chiang Kai-shek when the present Generalissimo was a minor officer dreaming of a strong and united China. But Teng's father was remarkable chiefly for his efforts to promote educational opportunities for the girls and young women of China. (Otherwise, his son says, he was a conservative.)

He was the first man in China to start a school for girls, which he maintained out of his own funds and sums raised from among the wealthy of Amoy. Teng had three sisters. At least one of them attended a major Western university—that of London. Of Teng's two brothers, one was a student at Cambridge University, where he specialized in sociology and economics, while the younger, showing no inclination for the higher learning, became a banker and a man of affairs generally. Since the Japanese invaded China, Teng Chiu has heard only intermittently from his family and during the last two years not at all, but he has not given up hope that they are still living obscurely somewhere in Japanese-controlled China.

In China scholarship comes first. Art is not too highly esteemed as a subdivision of craftsmanship involving a more refined application of calligraphy. Teng didn't know that he wanted to be an artist because he could have had no sense of the Western use of that word, but his father did know that he was going to be a scholar and that he was going to have an English university education. However, time wasn't pressing. Up to the age of fourteen Teng went to school in Amoy and in neighboring Changchou. There were probably tutors. Part of the curriculum was handwriting, involving the use of fine brushes dipped in ink. In China a man's quality is judged by his handwriting and this was one study to which Teng could not have been averse. But he went to school in another sense, too. During his ample leisure he visited the docks and sketched in colored crayons the junks with their bright sails and also made sketches of the beautiful land-

Continued on page 157

The Puck or the Putter?

Mush March, pro hockey and golf expert, says the strain in the former is mostly muscular; in the latter, chiefly mental

by BERT E. ACKERSON

• SPORTS •

Last July one of the craziest golf tournaments that was ever held took place in Chicago—the Tam O'Shanter Open where the pros for the first time in history were forced to wear numbers. Some refused to lower their dignity to this extent; others threatened to sue the promoter's attorney, while still others expressed their contempt of the idea by wearing the numbers assigned them on the seats of their pants.

Other strange occurrences transpired in that wild and weird tourney. When the scores for the first day's golfing round were posted, there were several 68's and 69's. Included among them were the usual front-runners who bloomed for a day and then withered and perished. Strange to relate, opposite one of the 69's was the name of "Mush" March, who up to that moment was known to the sports world of the winter months as the oldest hockey player in the National Hockey League as a member of the Chicago Blackhawks.

The Tam O'Shanter tournament happened to be Mush's first success on the links, after so many years of fame and glory on the rinks. Mush had an unusual, even though typical experience in that tournament which in itself is quite a commentary on the game of golf. After that opening sub-par qualifying round of 69, Mush fired a 77, five over par, the next day. That night he was unable to sleep because of his strain and worry, turning and tossing all night. The next day, nevertheless, he struck back like a true competitor and came up with another 69, finishing out then with an even par for the 72-hole event.

In addition to the pleasure of breaking into the golfing money in this tourney, Mush enjoyed his greatest thrill to date in golf on the 18th hole of his final round when an approach shot that was dead on the pin enabled him to ring up a birdie three on the 400-yard par four hole. The shot gave him a 70 and meant considerable more money for him as it placed him in a tie for tenth, whereas a par would have dropped him to fourteenth.

"Yes sir," Mush told me as we were talking over the relative merits and stresses of golf and hockey one afternoon up in our mutual home town of Hibbing, Minnesota, "you don't have to tell me golf is any soft game—any more so than hockey. Of course, I mean tournament golf where you're fighting for your living against the finest golf players in the world. Don't think there isn't plenty of strain on you at such moments. And say, the guy who said golf is an old man's game must have been balmy. Or else he never played in a big tournament."

"Golf is no more an 'old man's game' than is hockey," according to this Canadian-born athlete who picked up his famous nick-name as a "rink-rat" in Regina, Canada, when only nine years old. "In competitive golf," he explained, "the strain is largely mental; while hockey takes more out of you physically. In addition, in golf you're on your own; there's nobody to help you. But in hockey you lean a good deal on your team. You go to a large extent as the team goes. If the team is winning, you click; if the team is losing, you generally bungle things up and help it out a little more in that downward glide, too!"

"Another major difference in the two sports," continued the man who has been one of the world's finest hockey professionals as a member of the Chicago Blackhawks of the National Hockey League for the past fifteen years, and in addition for the past five years has also been a golf pro, "is that in golf you have time to think and plan and worry over the shot you're going to make before making it, while in hockey it's split-second shooting. In golf if you miss a shot and get mad, you're sunk. But in hockey if you get mad over a misplay, you may play even better—skate your fool head off, even though dog-tired. Golf is a matter of control—mental control; you have to keep control of yourself. That's why I say the real strain in golf is mental, even though there's plenty of fatigue in the game, too. Walking ten miles a day in a tournament is a good deal more tiring than a hockey game. I can assure you of that from personal experience in both games. But on the other hand it's nothing at all for a hockey player to lose five pounds or more in a game, and there's no wear and tear like that in golf.

"Yet I've seen some of the best golfers, under mental strain, crack up and play lousy golf, while some of the best hockey players, even though physically all in, somehow find that extra something or other and go out dog-tired and turn in a bang-up game."

"In either sport," Mush went on, "experience is a very big factor. In both sports you have to learn from experience how to pace yourself. In hockey you have to learn how to pace yourself physically, and in golf you have to learn how to pace yourself mentally."

The key point physically in both sports, according to Mush, is the legs. Perhaps that's one reason Mush March has made a name for himself in both these major competitive sports. Experts have been flabbergasted in recent years at the way Mush's legs have stood up. There isn't another athlete in the world who has given his legs punishment such as March has dished up for his, who is still tops in his business. For fifteen years in the "fastest game on earth," he has skated at top speed—both ways, too—in a scoring sortie down the ice and while back-checking to prevent the opponents from getting a

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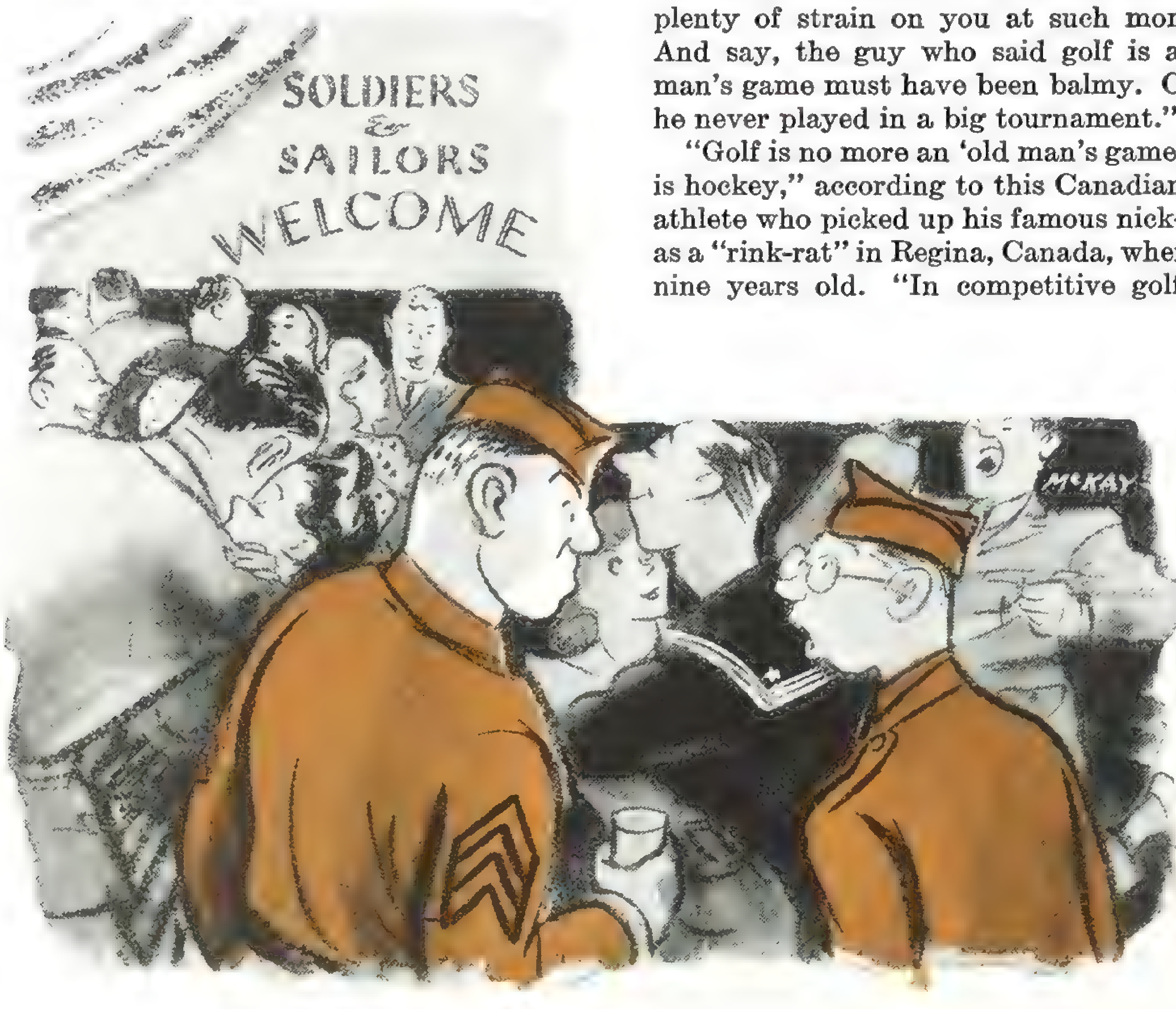
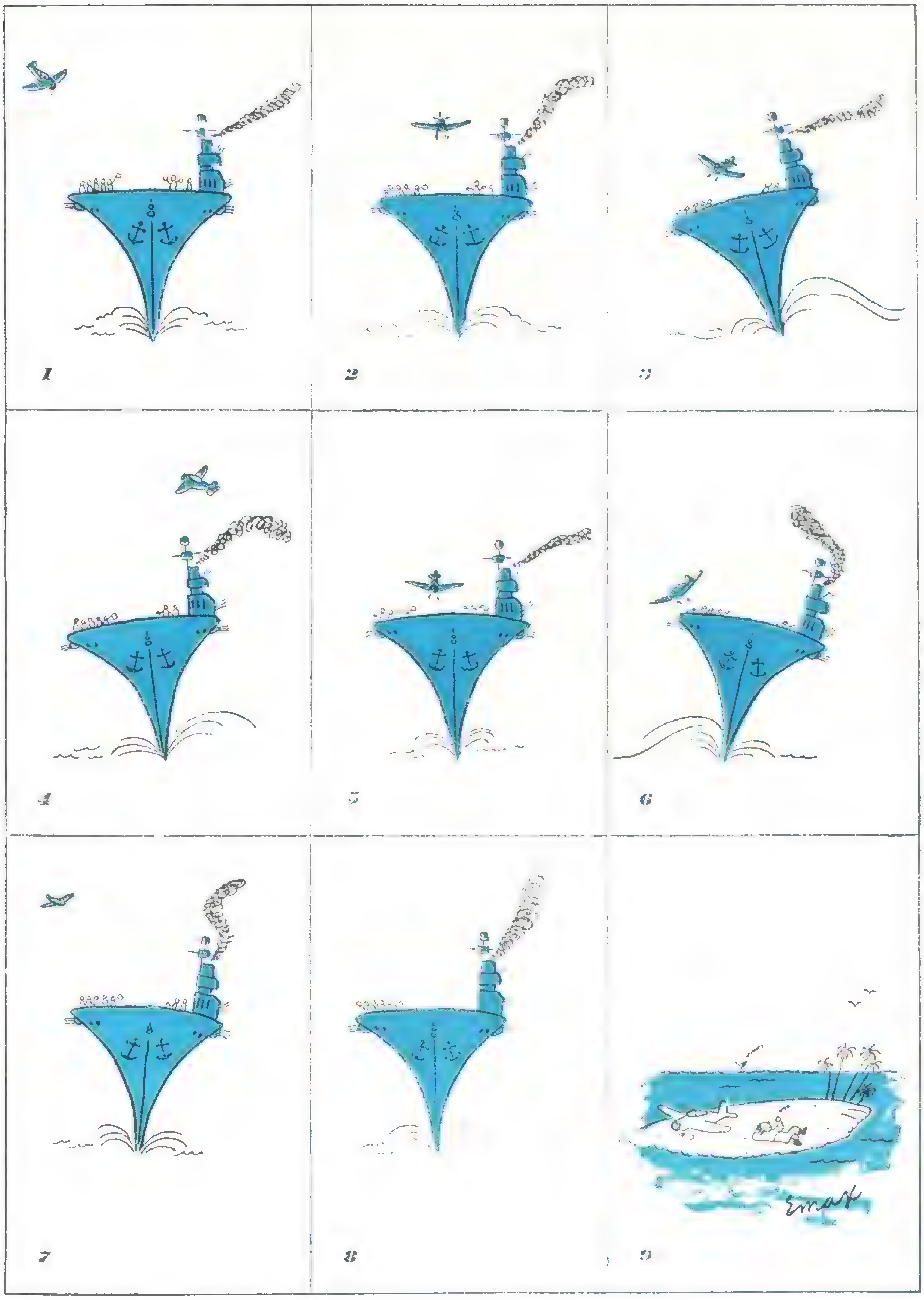


"What'll I do if a girl asks me to dance?"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The Chosen Conquerors

The Japs knew the Tiger had gathered an army of three thousand guerrillas and vowed to drive them from Wanhsien

by B. A. GARSIDE

• FICTION •

℞

The raw March twilight deepened over the despoiled countryside. Shadows blacked out the charred ruins of Chinese villages, and a wind which might have been the restless spirits of slaughtered peasants moaned desolately amidst the fragments of mud-brick walls and hissed through the dried grass on the many grave mounds.

Close by a desecrated shrine stood a solitary figure—a tall, slender Chinese whose face was keen and intelligent, and whose graceful hands were those of a scholar. But he wore an ill-fitting uniform of faded blue coolie-cloth, and his bearing was that of a man of action eager for urgent tasks.

Below the shrine yawned a deep ravine, and closely skirting one dark edge a single-tracked railroad wound toward the city whose sprawling walls and towers were faintly outlined against the distant western sky. But the man was gazing intently eastward, studying the twisting course of the rails until they were lost in the darkness.

At length a faint glow appeared near the eastern horizon.

"Two hours late," he mused with quiet satisfaction. "Our men have done their work well."

Gradually the glow revealed itself as the headlight of a locomotive, which wheezed and puffed as it crept cautiously along the rusty rails.

Each of the many cars behind the locomotive was crowded to capacity with Japanese soldiers—cold, tired, and hungry after a harried day. A dozen times their train had been halted by trees or boulders on the track—and each delay had meant the loss of precious minutes of daylight. Now fearfully they watched the shadows deepening about them. They knew the danger for Japanese soldiers not safely behind sheltering walls by sunset.

In the darkness came a flash, the crack of a rifle. A soldier toward the rear of the train slumped, and instantly the entire train blazed with an answering fusillade, rifles and machine guns firing blindly into the night.

On one of the leading cars a boyish captain rode among the officers. "The Emperor's curses upon them!" he cried harshly. "Why don't the murderous bandits come out in the open and fight like men?"

" 'Buy a life cheaply,' " quoted a lieutenant grimly. "That's their motto." His eyes strained apprehensively into the darkness. "If that engineer doesn't hurry, we'll all be slaughtered before we can reach Wanhsien."

"Colonel Nogaki told me," another whispered uneasily, "that the Tiger has gathered a band of three thousand guerrillas and has vowed to drive us from the city."

"Don't be afraid!" the young captain reassured angrily. "Most of them are armed only with scythes and mattocks. A pity the fools can't understand that destiny has chosen the Japanese as the conquerors of the earth!"

The train rumbled closer to the spot where the solitary watcher had been standing. Then as a curve loomed ahead, the throttle was closed and the brakes applied. Too often a train rounded a curve in this treacherous land and met disaster where guerrilla bands had removed spikes and bolts.

At slackened speed the locomotive began to swing with the curve. Then the rails spread beneath it and, after a moment of labored pounding over the ties, it hurtled over the brink of the ravine, and the cars, their couplings holding, followed. With a crash that echoed to the watchers on the distant towers, the train rolled over and over down the steep embankment.

Instantly bonfires blazed up on both sides of the ravine. In their eerie light hundreds of blue-clad figures leaped like avenging demons down the slopes, and at their head was the tall soldier who had kept his vigil at the desecrated shrine.

The Japanese who had survived the wreck put up a desperate defense. From behind the splintered timbers and twisted iron and from the shelter of the crushed bodies of their own comrades they fired or thrust savagely with their bayonets, for awhile holding their own against the mattocks, the harvesting knives, and the ancient rifles of the guerrillas. But this Tiger's pack fought with the fury of men who had seen their children slaughtered, their wives and sisters violated, their parents tortured, their homes and villages destroyed—and there was no withstanding them.

The sounds of conflict diminished—and at last ceased. The guerrillas turned their attention to the priceless store of munitions and supplies. When they had taken all they could carry, they set fire to the blood-stained wreckage.

Before they left the scene, their tall leader made a crude brush, and in Japanese blood wrote in scholarly characters a message on the side of the battered locomotive.

"To the Most Honorable Colonel Nogaki.
Hail to the Conquerors!"

He signed his message with a neat drawing of a tiger.

Through the night a long line of heavily-laden men followed a winding trail into the hills. At the head their tall leader, the Tiger, carried one end of a stout pole, beneath which was slung a heavy crate of rifles.

The wind on the men's hot faces was chilled with the cold of the departing winter. Only now and then did it bring a hint of the new life stirring within the bare branches and beneath the brown grass.

Once they passed a pond beside a looted village. There came to the Tiger a faint fragrance of lotus, and as always when he chanced to be near this place of most beautiful

—and of most bitter—memories, he forgot his weariness, forgot his surroundings, forgot even the task in which he was engaged. While his feet plodded onward through the night, memory carried him back to his Garden of Happy Tranquility.

There had been, a long time ago, a soft September evening when the tall scholar strolled with his young wife through their tiny garden. The air was permeated with autumn—the delicate scents of jasmine and lotus, the lusty odor of chrysanthemums coming into bloom, and more faintly the smell of *kao-liang* being harvested in distant fields. Contentedly they watched their little son as he lay at the edge of their lotus pond and dropped food to the thronging goldfish. Life was so rich with happiness. There was but one cloud in their sky, and though it seemed vague and remote, it was of that far-away cloud that the woman spoke.

"I am afraid, Pao-ming," she confessed. "There are terrible stories of the invaders in the north, and at Shanghai." She shivered and moved closer to his side.

The scholar gazed down tenderly at her dark beauty. "We have nothing to fear, my beautiful Lotus," he assured her. "I know the Japanese well. And has not the Imperial University in Tokyo honored me with a doctor's degree? The Japanese are too kind and friendly to injure us, even though their soldiers must be cruel and relentless in battle."

He laughed indulgently at the tiny furrow of worry on her brow. "Anyway," he assured her, "the armies are still many miles away. Tomorrow I shall take you and our little Chin-wei westward to my father's home, where you'll be far beyond the fighting."

She smiled up at him. "With you, Pao-ming, I am always safe."

Turning to the child she called cheerfully, "Come, Chin-wei, time to be asleep."

In the night, they were awakened by the sound of distant firing. They had fallen asleep again when there came shouts in the streets, then a loud pounding on their outer gate. The scholar slipped on his long gown and hurried out into the courtyard. There their old servant was calling out in Chinese, asking what was wanted. From without came shouts in another language.

"They are Japanese," the scholar said. "They are demanding admission." Raising his voice, he called to them in their own language. "This is a private house. There is no one here except my wife and child, my old servant, and myself."

"Open the gate!" those without cried. "Open, or we'll break it down!"

"I will open it," he called back. "You may see for yourselves!"

He removed the bars and swung the heavy gate inward, then stood in the gateway. In the dimly lighted street stood Japanese soldiers. One, a short and stocky officer, was obviously in command.

"I greet you as a friend," the scholar told him courteously. "I have been privileged to spend many years in your honorable country. I am Dr. Hu Pao-ming. I am a teacher, and have had no part in the fighting. Only my servant, my wife, and my child are with me."

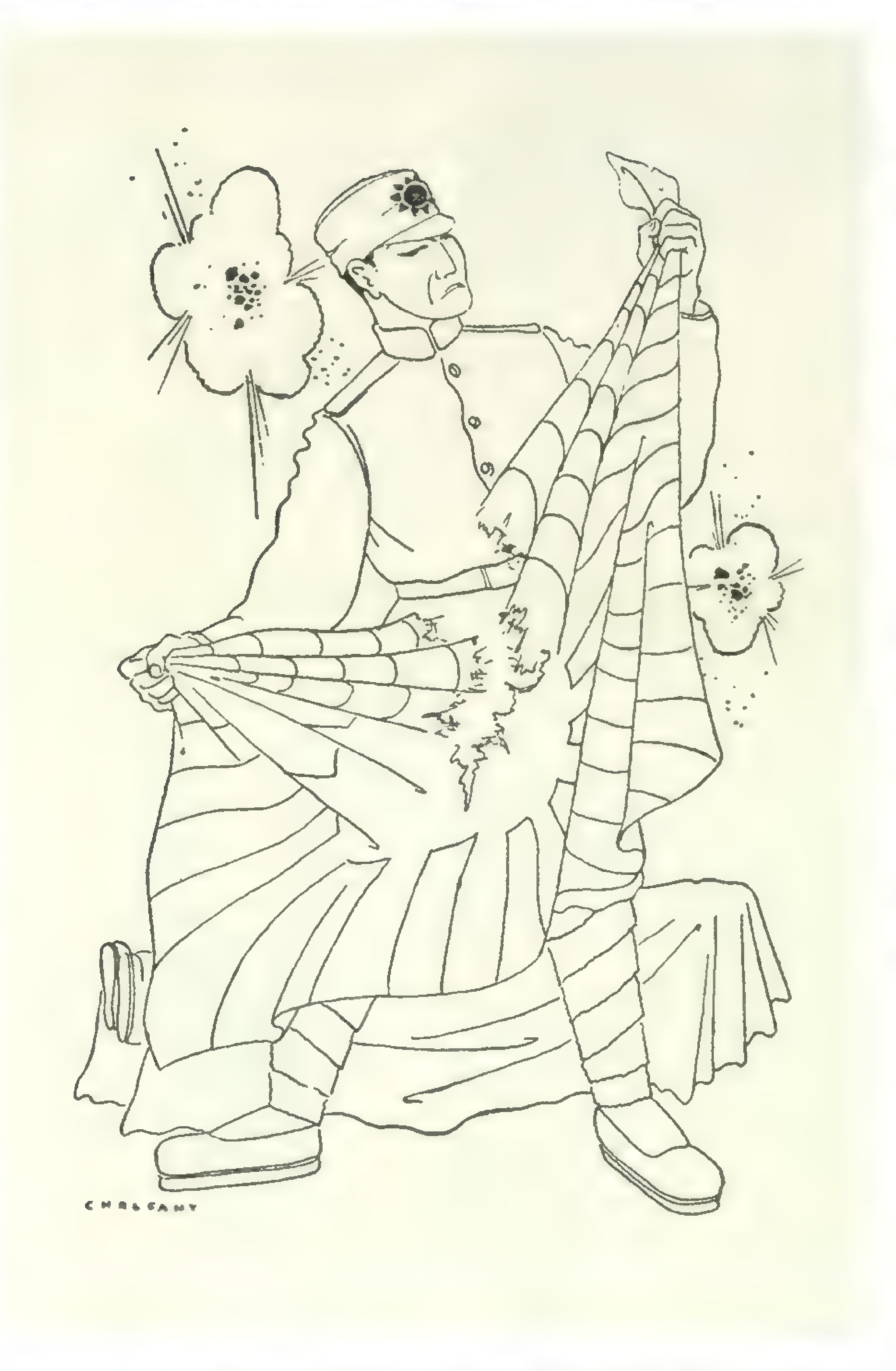
"Seize and bind him!" the stocky officer curtly ordered.

"Yes, Colonel Nogaki!" Two soldiers caught the scholar's arms. They bound his wrists behind him with rough cords which cut into his flesh.

The old servant took a step forward as if to protect his master.

"It is nothing, Wang San," the scholar assured him. "They will soon find us harmless."

But the soldiers were already leaping upon the old man. They beat him down with their rifles, and plunged their bayonets again and again into his limp body.



"Search the place!" the officer ordered. Pulling the scholar along, they crowded into the entrance hall, overturning furniture and tearing down ancestral tablets. They entered the scholar's study and dumped his books and papers on the floor. Then in his chemistry laboratory just beyond, they smashed his scientific equipment.

"All the money I have," he told them, "is concealed behind that panel on the left. I give it to you gladly if you will now depart in peace."

But when they had seized the modest hoard they resumed their looting. They burst open the door of the sleeping apartment and the helpless husband caught a glimpse of his terror-stricken wife, and of their son clasped in her arms. Even as he looked, rough hands seized and tore the mother and the child apart.

With a sudden lunge he broke from his captors and rushed furiously towards the soldiers who had seized his wife and son. But he was caught and overpowered and tied securely to a pillar where he could only watch helplessly that which followed.

When the child had ceased screaming and had collapsed beneath the soldiers' sportive tortures, the officer turned to the fainting mother. "And now, madame," he told her mockingly, "you can serve us!" With his own hands he jerked open the fastenings of her silken garments.

After a while the despoilers departed. Leaving, the officer sharply slapped the scholar's face. "This is how we conquerors treat Chinese dogs," he said. He threw a lighted match into the pile of books and papers on the study floor.

In the glow of the fire the man bound to the pillar could see the body of his son on the *k'ang*, the form of his wife on the floor. The heat increased as the fire spread. Soon all would be over.

Then his wife stirred. He heard a low moan.

"My beautiful Lotus!" he cried. "You are still alive!"

"Pao-ming . . ." she gasped with great effort, "where . . . are . . . you?"

"Here, beloved, bound so I cannot reach you."

She began to crawl toward him. Inch by inch she came, struggling for breath, the blood oozing from bayonet wounds in her breast.

At last she was at his feet. Her hands groped upward for the cords that bound him, but her ebbing strength was unequal to the task.

The fire was almost upon them, its heat terrific. Behind the pillar where the scholar was bound a flaming screen toppled and fell, and a corner of its frame caught in a loop of the cords which held his wrists. His flesh seared, but the fibers of the cords were ignited. His bonds slackened and he wrenched his arms free.

He was on his knees, and gently lifting his wife he carried her from the burning house. And outside, in what had been their Garden of Happy Tranquility, she died, as he tried to check the flow of blood from the wounds.

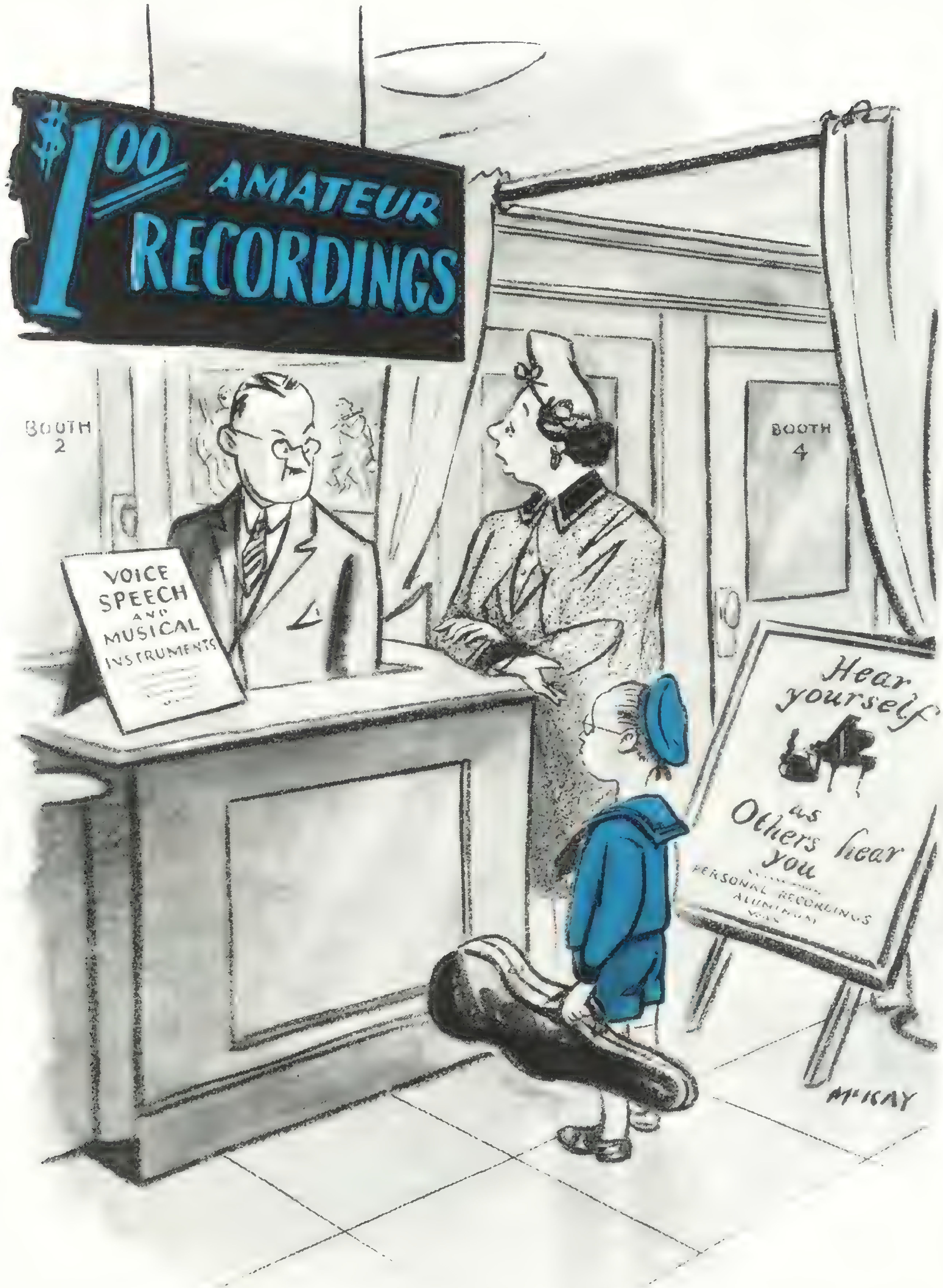
And there, when he realized that all was ended—all hope gone beyond reclaiming—he had sworn to the spirits of his ancestors a solemn oath of vengeance.

That night was now only a memory, but one so bitter and so galling that mere thought of it could make him a man with the strength of three. So that if he groaned occasionally and wiped the cold sweat from his face, it was not because of the weight of the crate of rifles which he was carrying on the winding trail through the hills.

As the sun rose, the Tiger and his men reached their refuge of safety. Their booty of munitions and supplies was quickly hidden away in caves. Blue uniforms were exchanged for peasant garments—and the guerrilla band became inconspicuous farmers and laborers.

"Today we must all keep out of sight," the

Continued on page 120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"Do you think it will be all right with Mr. Petrillo?"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Lauding books on Daniel Webster and Sarah Bernhardt, Britannica's *World Atlas, A Treasury of British Humor*

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

• BOOKS •

We are living in an Age of Giants. At a public dinner in New Haven I heard Dr. Wilbur Cross, former governor of Connecticut, speak of the tremendous affairs now holding universal attention and compare them with what used to arouse discussion only thirty years ago. In New Haven there was ardent debate on how to get rid of mosquitoes, and in the whole country an organized and continually accelerated excitement over the question of prohibition. And I remember that in the early part of this century Mark Twain said the difference between the taxidermist and the tax collector was that the former took only your skin. What would Mark think now? We have jumped from thousands to billions, hurdling over millions as if there were no such figure. Boys and girls are bigger than they used to be; the average height of the new class at Yale is more than an inch taller than a number of years ago, and 200 members are six feet and over.

Everything is big and getting bigger. This is especially true of books. We might almost call it the Age of Anthologies, so many have appeared within the last few months. There are omnibus books—I saw one volume containing five full length detective novels, so that anyone who attempts to read it in bed is in greater danger than any of its characters. Novelists think nothing of writing stories of over 600 pages. Perhaps it keeps them from worrying about other things, for your novelist is your true escapist.

Among these dreadnoughts on the sea of literature, there are some of great value; and the best—the champion of champions—has just appeared. This is the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* WORLD ATLAS, with Physical and Political Maps, Geographical Comparisons; A Glossary of Geographical Terms, A Gazetteer Index; and with *Geographical Summaries; World Spheres of Influence.* It has been prepared by Professor G. Donald Hudson, of Northwestern University, and is under the direction of Walter Yust, the editor of *Encyclopaedia Britannica.*

This tremendous volume's pages have thick paper; and, in addition to the maps, it is copiously illustrated. The index of places fills 128 pages with six columns per page. Bad Axe, Michigan, is there; so are 17 Sharons, in 17 states, with the population of each Sharon. And, as I suspected, there are 72 Franklins. Some are counties and some are towns. The paper used for the index is dull, like many beautiful women, also easy on the eyes. Owners are advised to read the Introduction, which gives an explanation of how best to use the material; also the Table of Contents and the Atlas Index, for they are the guides to the facts you want to find.

The war has made geography more important than at any previous time in history; and those who buy this volume are informed that if they will send one dollar to the publishers, Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc., Chicago, they will receive after the war is over, with the new rearrangement of geography that will follow it, the correct geographical maps of the future.

Nearly everyone who buys this book should have a stout table; that is the place for it, and the table should be sufficiently large so that it can hold the book when wide open, from wing to wing.

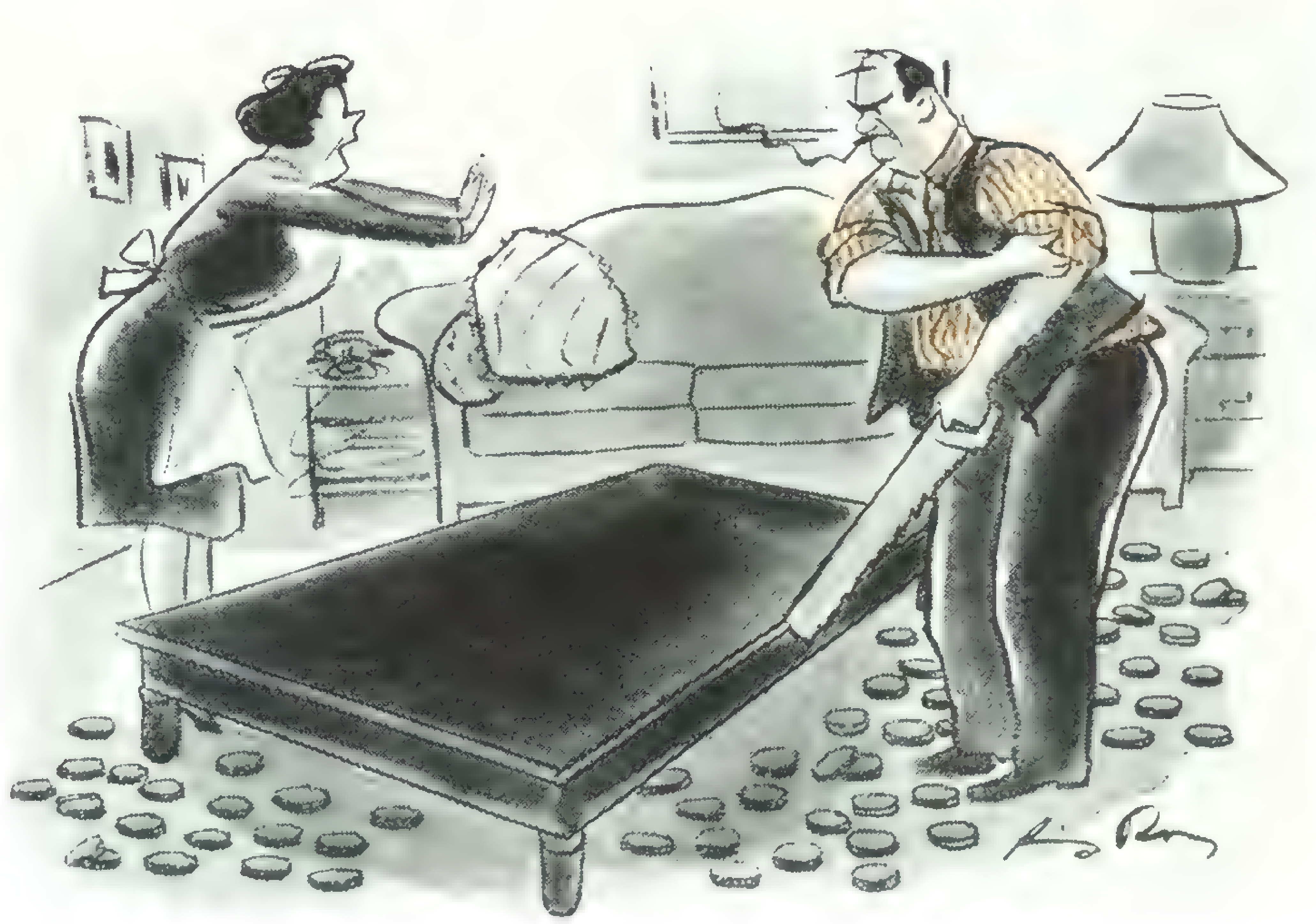
I do not need to say any more about this World Atlas; it is like what Daniel Webster said of Massachusetts: "I shall not enter on any encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is. Behold her, and judge for yourselves."

The month of March is famous for the murder of Julius Caesar and for the occasion of the only public speech in history that is known by its *date*. This is Daniel Webster's great speech in the Senate in 1850, "For the Constitution and the Union," universally known the day after it was delivered and also ninety years later as the "Seventh of March Speech." I do not know of any other instance where a public address is known by its date. The times were critical; the country was on the verge of civil war; the excitement so universal as to what Webster would say, the result to his political ambition so disastrous, that the day seemed a day of fate. Calhoun came from his deathbed to listen and Webster was astounded to hear his feeble but interrupting voice. Webster knew the speech would ruin his chances for the presidency. It was the wisest and most patriotic of all his works; it staved off the war for ten years.

Daniel Webster is still so commanding a figure that I rejoice in the recent discovery of a diary kept by his second wife and now for the first time printed in a small volume under the title *"Mr. W. & I": being the authentic diary of Caroline Le Roy Webster during a famous journey with the Honble. Daniel Webster to Great Britain and the Continent in the year 1839.* It has an Introduction by Dr. Claude M. Fuess, author of the standard Life of Webster. The visit of the Websters in England was a continuous daily round of social dinners and parties, day and night; they met "everybody." The diary gives intimate details of all these meetings and interviews with the great. Webster's magnificent appearance made a tremendous impression, though he was careful to make no speeches. One cannot quote too often what Carlyle wrote to Emerson after casually meeting Webster.

> "Not many days ago I saw at breakfast the notablest of all your Notabilities, Daniel Webster. He is a magnificent specimen; you might say to all the world, This is your Yankee Englishman; such limbs *we* make in Yankee land! As a Logic-fencer, Advocate, or Parliamentary Hercules, one would incline to back him at first sight against all the

Continued on page 130



"Please stop, dear—even if it does still rock a little"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Putting *The Pirate, Without Love, The Skin of Our Teeth, Once Over Lightly* and *The Great Big Doorstep* on the pan

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

WHATEVER else may be said against the Lunts—and as for me I can't think of anything—they surely constitute one of the genuine acting pleasures of the American theatre. That there may be more talented actors, it is true; but when it comes to squirting gay color into a stage they have few peers. It is the fond argument of some of their devotees that the reason lies in the circumstance that "they always seem to be enjoying themselves." Whether they are always enjoying themselves, I of course have no means of knowing. But, even if they are, that's a pretty silly reason to assign for their salubrious effect upon their audiences. The best comedy actor and actress of our generation, the late Charles Hawtrey and Marie Tempest, seldom gave the impression that they were having any particular whale of a time. In point of fact there were many occasions when, even at their very best, a certain grimness about their immediate jobs betrayed itself. The reason for the Lunts' success is probably that they know their business just a little better than most of the other players of light comedy hereabout and that as a team they work together more proficiently than just about anything since Notre Dame under Rockne.

A favorite vehicle of the duo is the slightly risqué comedy, something in the vein of *The Guardsman, Reunion in Vienna, Caprice, Design For Living, Amphitryon 38*, and now *The Pirate*. This last, culled by S. N. Behrman from a German play written some thirty-odd years ago by Ludwig Fulda, is a flimsy bit of foolery about a minstrel Beau Caccio who sets his cap for the fair wife of a respectably retired buccaneer and who, to gain his end, indulges in a little shrewd blackmail on the side. As a contribution to the art of the drama it ranks considerably below a buck private and though here and there haplessly halting it still contrives to serve its purpose as a Luntish lark, which is something. It would be easy to urge the Lunts to give us a play of more substantiality and merit—and I hereby do it. But even mild fun is welcome and I am not going to press the point any more than I am going to sit down and write a piece urging George Jessel immediately to get into touch with the agent for Björnstjerne Björnson.

* * *

His latest play, *The Skin of Our Teeth*, once again reinforces the conviction that Thornton Wilder remains merely a very talented amateur. Apparently determined at all costs to be different, his stage writing, while it accomplishes that end, does not succeed in investing the difference with enough weight to give it even a relative importance. He is at times agreeably humorous; he is at times fairly inventive; he is at times even moderately moving. But it is all on the surface; there is little or no plumbing of the depths; and the final impression, after the pleasant little moments have been forgotten, is of one of those imitation gold bracelets hung with new-fangled charms that one sees in the so-called novelty shops. It is pretty and cute, but it isn't the real article, and its novelty very quickly wears off.

The Skin of Our Teeth, announces a programme note, "is a comedy about George Antrobus, his wife and two children, and their general utility maid, Lily Sabina, all of Excelsior, New Jersey. George Antrobus is John Doe or George Spelvin or you—the average American at grips with a destiny sometimes sour, sometimes sweet. The Antrobuses have survived fire, flood, pestilence, the seven-year locusts, the ice age, the black pox and the double feature, a dozen wars and as many depressions. They have run many a gamut, are as durable as radiators, and look upon the future with a disarming optimism. Ultimately bewitched, befuddled and becalmed, they are the stuff of which heroes are made—heroes and buffoons. They are true offspring of Adam and Eve, victims of all the ills that flesh is heir to. They have survived a thousand calamities by the skin of their teeth, and Mr. Wilder's play is a tribute to their indestructibility."

What Mr. Wilder's play, aside from that, essentially is, is an old-time morality play of the *Everyman* species related in theatrical terms rather identical to the celebrated pre-war Berlin-Piscator production of *Hooray, We're Alive!* Adam, Eve, Lilith, Cain, etc., are presented as people of today and with fantastic anachronisms and analogies and equally fantastic stage tricks, involving loud speakers, lantern slides, flying scenery and actors in the auditorium, the playwright seeks to depict through them the struggle of humanity down the ages. Some of the result is fairly amusing and some of the devices are diverting, but a strain for novelty and an often embarrassing archness make the whole rather less effective than the author hoped. Tallulah Bankhead, as a combination eternal temptress and critical commère of the play, does wonders in infusing the exhibit with a vitality that it hardly on its own possesses. In short, while all respect is due Mr. Wilder for his eagerness to bring fresh life into the theatre and while I, for one, herewith tender my share of it to him, his manner and means for the doing are still wanting.

* * *

There are only four reasons which justify the revival of a modern play: 1. the play's authentic merit; 2. a notable improvement in the acting company over the antecedent company or companies; 3. the feeling that the play was not properly appreciated on its original production; and 4. the belief that a second view of the play may make things clearer to a spectator who had some difficulty in understanding it in the first place. Considering the last two months' revivals, only one—Chekhov's *The Three Sisters*—meets the first reason and, at least in a locally relative degree, the second. And none, *The Three Sisters* included, meets either the third or fourth, since in that respect anyone who did not appreciate it and could not readily comprehend its meaning on the first visit could not be expected to appreciate it and comprehend its meaning on a second or even twentieth. There is altogether too much claptrap

Continued on page 117

AMERICAN BEAUTIES, EASTERN STYLE

The face and fortune of Pat Boyd

PAT BOYD. Open a magazine at random and, the chances are, up pops the face of Lt. Comdr. J. C. Boyd's little girl, Pat. Something about that cherubic countenance has made its owner virtually The Model of the Year. Detoured while en route from high school to college two summers ago, her instant success changed people's minds as to just how statuesque a model ought to be, creating an entire new pint-sized class known as "Junior Models." Miss Boyd is the special favorite of fashion, soap and toothpaste advertisers—not to mention the U. S. Navy (poster division).

Miss Boyd on Men: "Finding yourself out on a date with a conceited man is a fate worse than halitosis. And the catch is that at least half of all men, and 80 per cent of the handsome ones, are conceited. My advice to them is to get off their high perch, quit combing their eyebrows and try to look as littl Cesar Romero as possible. They ought t a Conceit Test—have some kind friend track of the number of times they me themselves in a conversation. They' amazed! Incidentally, this does not ap men in service, who come equipped wit conceit already knocked out of them. In eral, I like men who smile a lot (make think they're enjoying your company) who have nice eyes and large hands, p ably manicured. I like Navy men for be immaculate, even though I know it m more through compulsion than choice."

Vital Statistics: *Model Agency:* Harry over. *Home Town:* Montclair, New J *Age:* 20. *Height:* 5′ 6″ with heels. *Weight* *Bust:* 32. *Waist:* 22. *Hips:* 33½. *Hair:* C nut. *Eyes:* Green.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL

GAMBEL QUAIL

by WALTER E. BOHL

The Sporting Scene

Gossip on ice shows, paratroops, golf instruction, wartime athletic programs and the "Green Bay Packers" in Glasgow

by HERB GRAFFIS

• SPORTS •

TOM HEENEY, the old Hard Rock from Down Under, wasn't the best of the heavyweights, but memories of veteran fight fans hold no recollection of any brawler more willing than sturdy Thomas. One beating he took from Gene Tunney may be recalled as about as complete a job of getting hammered as has been seen in recent decades.

Tom was a highly satisfactory performer for fans who liked their fights gory. He was a profuse bleeder. When he was slugged on an open spot there was delivered even to customers in remote seats enough hemoglobin for a first class transfusion.

But much as Tom was punched, he never became punchy. He never became a bookish brawler and could not hook you a quotation from Shakespeare, Keats, Shelley or Byron. In fact Tom's knowledge of poesy was practically limited to that enchanting mural distich starting "Here I sit in silent bliss."

Nevertheless Tom knows the book of mankind quite well and has done comfortably with that knowledge. He is one of the solid property owners of Miami Beach. Among other places where the increment of his fists is invested, is a popular saloon whose bar gunnel has been polished by bellies of a distinguished clientele. That bar now is being conducted by Tom's pal Bill Swatek. Bill has eschewed spirits for the duration, which is a greater-love-hath-no-man sacrifice. Tom has enlisted in the Seabees, the Navy's construction battalion which gives its versatile warriors hammers, saws, guns etc., and the nation's good wishes to be used in isolated spots as circumstances dictate.

Tom, as a world tourist of pugilism, was wont to appraise national conditions by performances of heavyweights of various nationalities. He had particular compassion for British fighters identified by Westbrook Pegler as "horizontal heavyweights."

In Heeney's studied opinion, "them British boys start out behind the eight-ball to be heavyweights. A heavyweight begins as a tough poor kid. In England a poor kid don't get enough meat to eat and he ain't got no place to play near where he lives. So the guy never is developed to stand the batting a heavyweight gets."

And there, from a worldly-wise observer, is authoritative comment on nutrition and recreation condensing many volumes of testimony by more profound authorities.

In the United States and England, the beneficial effects of Army and Navy sports programs have made civilian uses of these elements in national preservation look bad.

British experts look with admiration at the American civilian physical conditioning program, even though the American plan's operation has been delayed and has only been shoved through by the determination of John B. Kelly, Assistant Director of Civilian Defense. We often have referred to the political and other obstacles stubbornly maintained against Kelly's efforts. But now it looks as though John has scored, and that the kids of growing generations as well as the current crop of adult non-combatants are to get the physical balance needed for present and future welfare of the populace, and maintenance of high efficiency and spirit during prolonged war effort.

How this contrasts with the situation in Britain is explained by *Parks, Golf Courses and Sports Grounds*, a British magazine.

The editor of that publication wrote:

"During the past year or two our authorities appear to have determined, willy nilly, to suppress as far as possible all kinds of outdoor sport and recreation, and it is pertinent to ask why successive British governments, even in pre-war days, have always neglected this subject as of minor importance, while on the Continent and in the United States the governments have given close attention to all matters concerning the physical development of their people, in which, after all, outdoor sport and recreation is a factor?

"Possibly this is merely another result of that 'masterly official inactivity' which has proved our undoing in so many directions in recent times . . .

"When shall we have a British Physical Fitness Program instituted at the direction of Premier Churchill as an indispensable factor in the National war effort? We have a great admiration for our Premier and realize that his plate is filled to overflowing, but the same can be said of President Roosevelt. Moreover, we remember 'National Fitness' as a political bubble of pre-war days which vanished suddenly, as is the way with bubbles, at the very time too when it might have demonstrated its usefulness to a nation at war . . .

"Far from attaching importance to recreation as a factor in the war effort of this country, it would appear that very few indeed of those who are supposed to look after the Nation's interests in Parliament have the slightest interest in the matter."

The present population of Greater London requires an additional area of at least 25,000 acres of recreation grounds and open spaces if "reasonable requirements of the community are to be met," according to the London Playing Fields Association survey.

Enlightened consideration of the war debt problem is causing Americans to realize that promotion of international commerce and some fiscal plain-and-fancy planning can supply the money answer, but the war debt of lowered vitality, weaker physique and reduced resilience, formerly an inevitable pay-off for post-war generations, is one that can be paid easily now by a smartly planned

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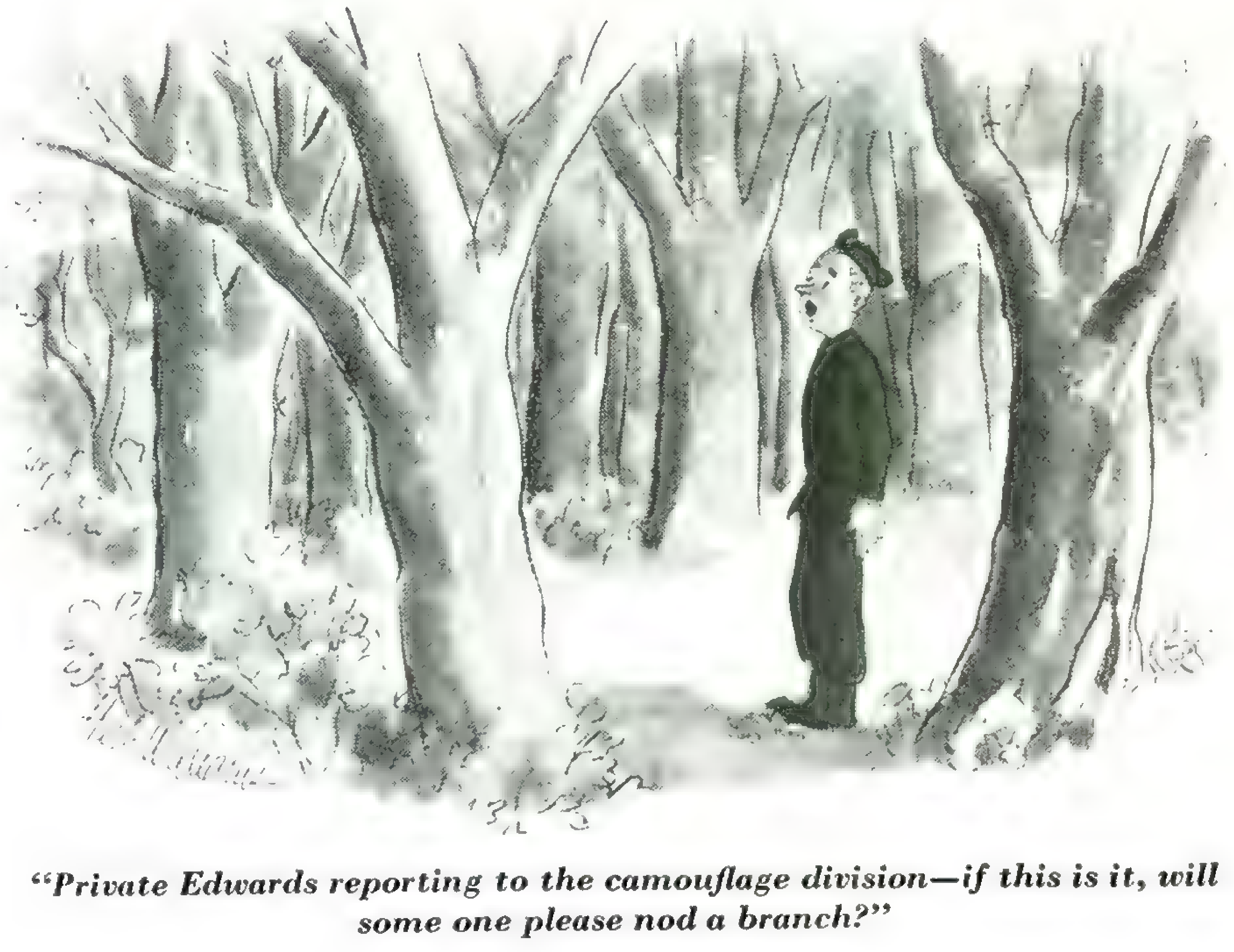

"Private Edwards reporting to the camouflage division—if this is it, will some one please nod a branch?"

The American Hatchway

Reminder that Paul Revere, Ben Franklin, Thomas Jefferson and other apostles of freedom were fond of the cup that cheers

by LAWTON MACKALL

▪ POTABLES ▪

MAYBE in some queer quarter of the globe a string of colonies unassisted by convivial fluids might have got together and founded a new and independent nation. Maybe. But it didn't happen *here*—not on *this* continent. Even the earliest rigor-endurers had tankard standards of living; they wouldn't have settled for less. The only drys were persons perishing for a drink. And, thanks to human kindness, they got it.

History books geared for the schoolmarm trade have assembled a prissy set of waxworks labeled Founders of America, with the result that young heads have been permanently stuffed-up. The fact that Paul Revere was once out late on a horse is everlastingly stressed, but never is there a mention of this talented Boston silversmith's regular evening tipple, known as a Kill Devil: Brandy and Jamaica Rum 50-50; sweetened with honey. Researchers can sample its duplicate at the Revere Room of the Hotel Lexington in New York City, but few of them attempt horseback riding after partaking. When you consider that he took these in his stride, you certainly revere Mr. Revere.

Fortunately we can crack this schoolmarm conspiracy by bringing in an eyewitness—John Bernard, distinguished London actor who, coming here in 1797, spent twelve years among us as a traveling footlight favorite, playing seasons in one city and another, from Charleston to Canada, and getting to know everybody from George Washington down. New York was the first place he hit, and its gusto and swig tempo made a deep impression upon him. Especially the zeal of the New York merchants. They breakfasted at eight or eight-thirty and were at their counting houses by nine. By ten they had changed to rough attire and were on their wharves inspecting casks, bales, and boxes—shouting orders, checking inventories, and exerting themselves like day laborers. Noon found them at the market pulling off deals; after which they returned to the wharves for more slambanging and hallooing till four, when they went home to clean up and dress for dinner, where portions and potions weren't like what you get at Miss Skrimp's tea shoppe. At seven they were at the theatre, and "at eleven to supper with a crew of lusty Bacchanals who would smoke cigars, gulp down Brandy, and sing, roar and shout like so many merry devils, till three in the morning." And next morning they arose brisk as larks to do it all over again.

Our observer of all this was himself no novice at girthly matters. In his home town on the Thames he had been secretary of the celebrated Beefsteak Club, a clique of wits and sports who met in the upper regions of Covent Garden Theatre to toy with selected slabs of ox rump, accompanied by shallots and much quaffing; followed by toasted cheese and more quaffing. The Prince Regent (future George IV) was an active member, particularly as regards his elbow. Says Bernard: "Better judges than my brother members of Port-wine, mock-turtle, coats, guns, dogs, or horses did not exist."

Despite such training he was no match for American breakfast as encountered at his hotel in New York, and we can sympathize with him, because "fish, ham, beef, boiled fowls, eggs, pigeons, pumpkin pies, lobsters, vegetables, tea, coffee, cider, sangaree and cherry brandy" must indeed have seemed a good deal for a stranger, just out of bed, to take on. The sangaree item, a West Indies idea Americanized, was presumably iced spiced Port, but we can't be positive; sangarees were and are concoctable with the Port used merely as a canopy over Brandy or Sherry-and-Brandy or Gin or Whiskey.

Madeira was the social overtone in fleshpot-proud Philadelphia. Here ripe and rare old Ben Franklin, never to be forgotten by the ladies of France, was sunset-glowing, an open-handed host to all and sundry on the fruits of his thrift writings. With his American Philosophical Society he had shown the town and the world that there's contagious stimulus where keen minds get together over a few drinks. Our actor friend, unwilling to be a moocher on so much great-heartedness, kicked in by founding a Beefsteak Club, Philadelphia style, that gathered around its table many able supporters in mind and voice. To assure regular attendance the cellars, plural, were stocked with choice wines—which proved mighty apropos when Mr. Jefferson of Monticello and Mr. Carroll of Carrollton, than whom no patriots had smarter palates, were clinked to as honored guests.

Mr. Carroll's home town, elegant Annapolis, which boasted two other Declaration penmen, hadn't yet gone Naval; it was just cultural in a prosperous planter way. Rotating from mansion to mansion went the Tuesday Club, each host sporting, if possible, a bigger and fuller punchbowl than last week's, and ladling alertly yet discreetly while genius (or so it seemed) got off an essay or comic poem. Similar bowl-fed brilliance flickered at the Homony Club, its name an early example of corn pun. The difference was that the course of Homony had fixity; its meetings were held unswervingly at the Coffee House, which made homegoings less puzzlesome.

Mercantile Baltimore didn't bother much about the Muses but managed to think up equally cogent drink reasons. Arrival of a ship. Important customer. Old friend. New acquaintance. Peculiar weather. Indeed, as Bernard (Zounds! Aren't we ever gonna shake that guy?) experienced it, the refreshmental fervor of these buoyant Baltimore business

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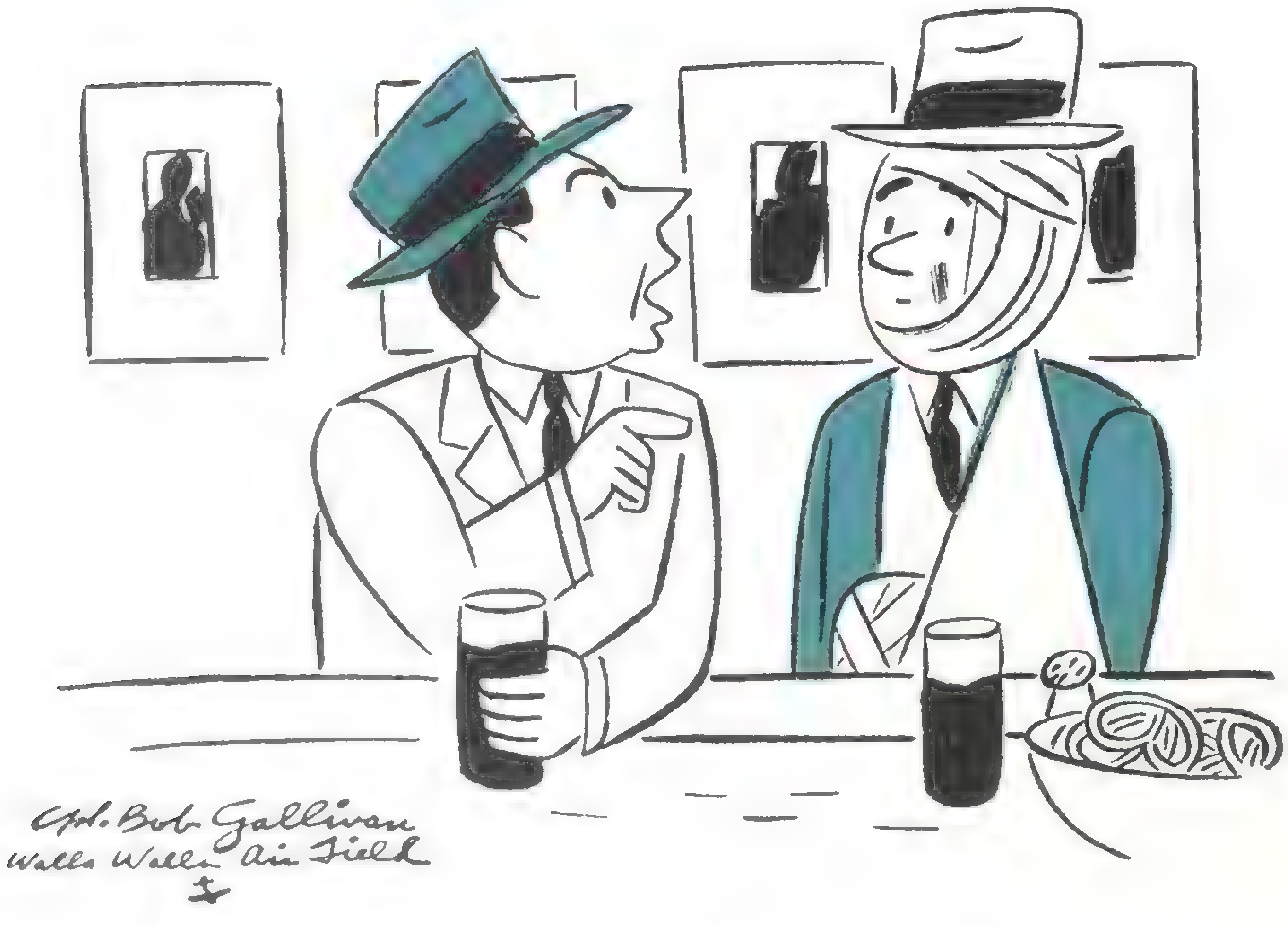
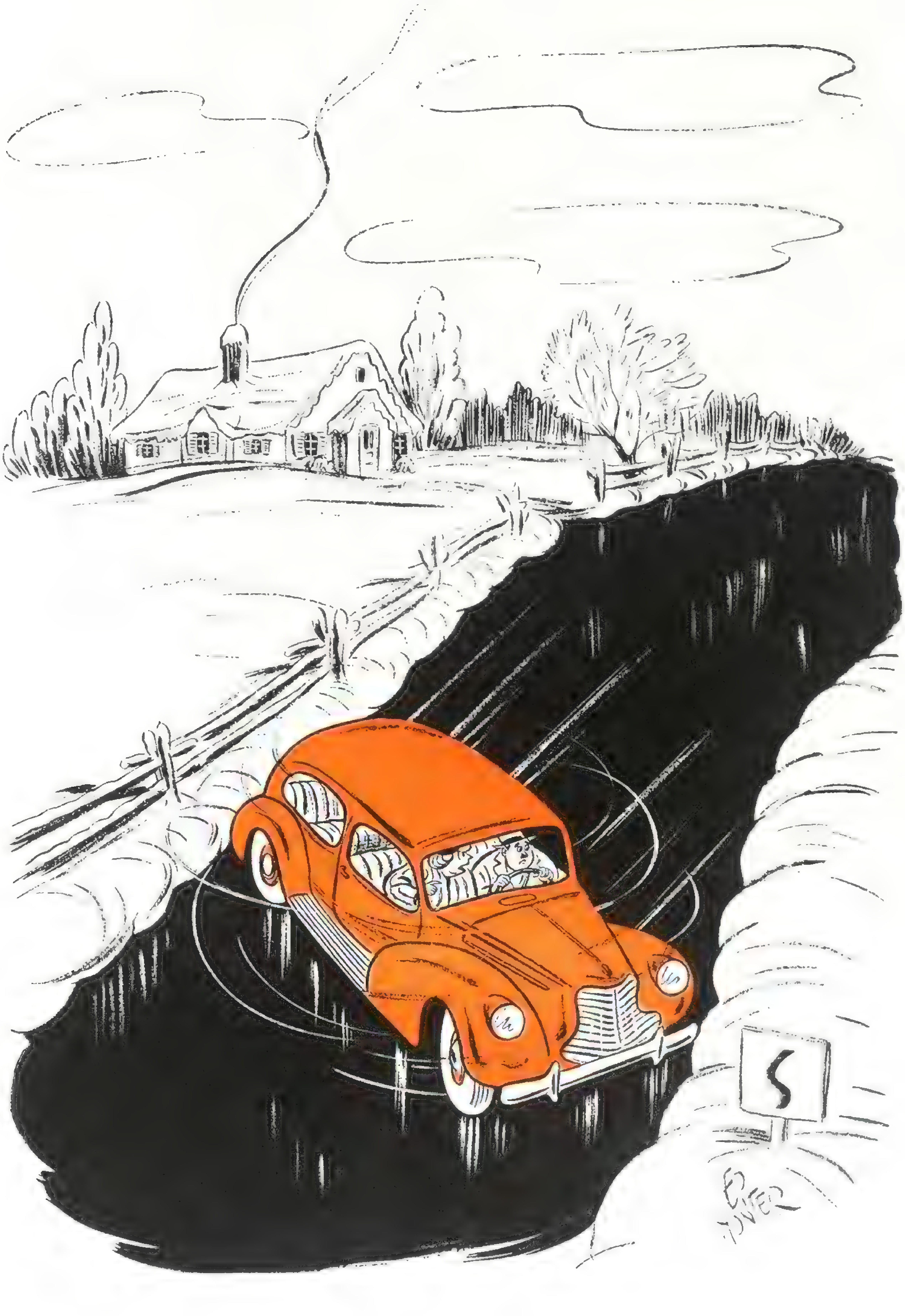


"That's what I like about you, Frank—you aren't afraid to come out and say what you think"



"Careful, John! You're going over 35!"

The Esquire Sports Poll

Public favors mileage concessions to high school teams; bowling due to gain during period of rationing

by **HERB GRAFFIS & RALPH CANNON**

▪SPORTS▪

THE ESQUIRE SPORTS POLL

I

Do you think that rationing will prove eventually to be a blessing in disguise by producing better national health through improved diet and more general exercise, such as enforced walking, etc.; or will restrictions on travel tend to keep people indoors, away from hunting, fishing and the other sports?. . . . . *"Blessing" 57.62%*

II

With college athletics apparently facing a recess because of the 18-year-old draft, do you think that the government should make mileage concessions to the high schools to enable them to carry on the work of inoculating the competitive spirit in American youth through the medium of competitive athletics?. . . . . *Yes* ☑ *70.39%* *No* ☐

III

Will rationing tend to promote an increase in participation sports?. . . . . *Yes* ☐ *No* ☑ *50.48%*

IV

Will transportation difficulties make people more selective of the contests they watch, with the top attractions gaining the bulk of the business at the expense of the secondary performances?. . . . . *Yes* ☑ *68.91%* *No* ☐

V

Considering the slight amount of travel and personal equipment required, do you think that bowling, with its competitive, recreational, and social attributes, will gain in popularity more than any other sport in this period?. . . . . *Yes* ☑ *79.10%* *No* ☐

A Chinese sage, Hu Tza Soa, during those glorious days of the Bung dynasty, wrote the advice applied in principle by those who reconciled themselves in this Esquire monthly sports poll to rationing. Old Huie, as he was known to his distaff familiars in court circles, counseled, "When subjugation is inevitable, relax and enjoy it."

And likewise with rationing. Some of it may be silly, may cause unnecessary disturbances and actually, in the last analysis, handicap war effort. But on the United Nations' side it must be said that there was so much of "too little, too late" for the fighting forces that we're damned lucky not to be taking compulsory lessons in German. So the mere mortals running the bureaus at Washington possibly may be revealed by history as having no alternative to rationing as the least serious of the many blunders their genius could invent.

Anyway, 57.62 per cent of the usual general public, sports writers and sportscaster voters, plus lads at the Navy's Pre-flight school at St. Mary's, California, and a large group of active bowlers voted for rationing as a "blessing."

Maybe 57.62 per cent doesn't seem like a long margin to you, but get it into your head that since 1828 only Warren Harding, Herbert Hoover and Franklin D. Roosevelt have been made presidents by a greater edge in the popular vote. Lincoln got only 39.91 per cent of the popular vote in 1860 and 55.06 per cent of the popular vote in 1864. Of course Honest Abe didn't have any Esquire Sports Poll taking the light to the people in 1860, hence his photo-finish.

However, there were reservations to the endorsement of rationing as an eventual blessing. By a decided margin of 70.39 per cent all voters in the Poll favored mileage concessions to high schools as encouragement for the continuance of competitive athletics.

There has been some belief that the ODT regulations on transportation of sports teams may result eventually in teams being composed only of doctors, ministers, union business agents and military brass hats allowed virtually unlimited mileage and playing as a sideline.

As far as the high school kids are concerned, the competitive factor which has been responsible for high development of physical fitness has been clipped. In effect the drastic curtailment has been a case of the sedentary elders saying, "Now you kiddies get together in little groups by yourselves and make yourselves big and healthy and strong so you can ably fight a war that will permit us old folks to continue to sit around and get corns on our fannies." Not having the physical competitive element themselves, the elders couldn't be pushed into exercise by the muzzle of a .45—but by some process of reasoning that's curious in view of the accent on psychological aspects of warfare, the old men think the kids will react abnormally.

So much for a load of how it looks to us (in case you care). Now for the five questions of this month's balloting and the highlights of comment.

On Question No. 1, the majority of the comments were to the effect that we eat too much and sit around too much, and are disposed to call a cab to take us across the street. Some cynics were of the opinion that as soon as we learned to walk again, shoes would be rationed, so what the hell's the use.

Those declaring that rationing in some respects defeated its purpose frequently commented that rationing of travel for participating in sports generally fell on people who were doing good jobs in the national war effort and had comparatively little effect on those who are inclined to sit out this war.

Several who saw benefits in rationing remarked that the gas and rubber rationing would have a great educational value in teaching young people that those things which connect the posterior and the shoes are legs.

"I have little worry for the well-being of the golfer, hunter and fisherman," wrote **Don J. Evans**, Lawrence, Kansas, *Journal-World*. "They know what exercise is for and will get it somehow. Rationing will make some if not most of the present-day non-exercisers get out and walk and hence get some benefit from enforced exercise." On the other hand, **Henry Decker**, Frederick, Maryland, *News*, thought: "The average American will take his exercise around a bridge or poker table, or by bending an elbow in his own home or at that friendly tavern around the corner. The outdoor forms of recreation such as fishing and hunting are already beginning to suffer in this part of the East as reflected in the sharp decline in the number of licenses purchased."

"Outdoorsmen in this section," explained **Perry Smith**, Springfield, Missouri, *News & Leader*, "are fretful because of apparent inconsistency in government programs. They have been urged by national sources and local conservation agencies to augment their diets with fish and wild game, taken legally. This, in effect, will help relieve the meat shortage. On the other hand, sportsmen are unable to get sufficient gasoline to carry on these hunting or fishing trips, so it is my opinion that most of them in Missouri, at least, will retire their tackle. This can be harmful because a reasonable harvest of game and fish is needed to make conservation effective."

"Food rationing and the publicity given to balanced diet," decided **Wynn Fredericks**, Pennsylvania State Director of Physical Education, "will help health in general, but Pennsylvania has such a tremendous group of hunters, fishermen and golfers that gas rationing will handicap the pursuit of these healthful activities, which are participation activities of the best type. Playgrounds, schools and community recreation centers must be established in many communities to provide for adult recreation."

Question No. 2 drew some excellent essays in comment pro and con.

Lieutenant Commander Justin M.

Barry, Director of Athletics of the St. Mary's Pre-Flight School, stated:

> Already the cadets we have graduated from the Pre-Flight School at St. Mary's have reported back to us that their rigid athletic training here has been just the background they needed for the stamina, coordination and spark of daring that a man needs when he gets into the modern super-plane. Even if there never is another crowd at a football game for the duration of the war, the sport is needed in our life for the aggressiveness, resourcefulness and fearlessness it ingrains in those who play it. Both the interscholastic and intercollegiate program should be made up of combative sports such as: football, basketball, boxing, hand-to-hand combat, etc.

Lieutenant Commander Gerald A. Oliver, head football coach at St. Mary's, added:

> The American is a good fighting man because he is a good competitor, having developed the competitive spirit in the games he played from his childhood. Football may cease to be a spectacle but the game is more important than ever to America because its hard-hitting element of danger is the nearest thing to war that we have in our peace-time lives. I believe that the game should be especially encouraged in the high schools during these times.

Stanford's brilliant All-American quarterback, **Ensign Frank Albert,** now of St. Mary's Pre-Flight School, wrote:

> Let us hope that nothing happens to football whether or not gas rationing and transportation problems of the teams affect intercollegiate football as a public spectacle. Since I have been instructing cadets at the Navy Pre-Flight School, I have found out that comparatively few boys have had the opportunity to play football in school. These cadets approached the game timidly at first, but when they found that the harder you play the less chance you have of getting hurt, they got into the swing of it and became real enthusiasts.
>
> Our cadet football is close to the top in popularity among the 12 sports on our athletic program. The boys play with all they have and there has never yet been a serious injury. We don't attempt to turn out fancy football players after two weeks of instruction, but we know that the cadets after this period are much tougher and much less likely to hesitate when facing a jolt or real danger than they were before they ever made a try at the game.

"Every adjustment should be made to stimulate sports in high schools," declared **Dick Cullum,** Minneapolis *Times.* "The interscholastic program should be stepped up because of the obvious benefits to the boys and because high school sports will have to take the place of college sports in providing the entertainment which, the government says, is needed for civilian morale. There is no greater single need than a toughening program for teen-age boys, and especially for those who most need it and are most reluctant to accept it."

"The failure to grant concessions to high schools so they can carry on competitive athletics," said **Lee K. Anderson,** Oklahoma City, "is not only unfair to the boys but will retard the development of our armed forces and increase our casualty lists. These young boys need every development possible. Competitive sports are considered by Army officials to be the best pre-military training a boy can receive."

On the other hand, **Roy Weinedel,** WSLI, Jackson, Mississippi, thought: "Such a move on the part of the government would give sports a black eye." **Gene Shumate,** Iowa Broadcasting Company, Des Moines, stated: "Something most certainly should be done by the government in this respect. We cry for better physical conditioning (Navy Pre-flight schools, etc.) but unless high schools can keep up a full sports schedule, we won't get it." **James B. Woods,** Mattoon, Illinois, *Journal-Gazette,* reminded that: "High schools generally lack the facilities for physical training which colleges have at hand, and should be given every consideration to enable competitive and contact sports to continue."

"Army, Navy and Air Corps officials at a meeting of Seventh Corps area officers and physical education instructors and coaches at Lincoln," reported **Sergeant Burke M. Gillespie** of Camp Robinson, Arkansas, former sports editor, Council Bluffs *Nonpareil,* "emphasized that high school sports training had been the saving grace for the U. S. Army during the first eleven months of the war. They urged secretaries of the state high school athletic associations to send bulletins encouraging interscholastic, as well as intramural, contests."

"High schools and secondary schools should put their effort into intra-school sports with as many students as possible engaged," urged **Robert E. Harlow,** sports editor, Press Association, New York. "The good players should fall into whatever team their room, or number, or name puts them. Then there should be school leagues. Varsity teams may be eliminated."

"Given aid, the high school could do a much better physical education job than the college," insisted **Herman Reifsnyder,** *Altoona Mirror,* "and do it when a boy or girl is in the best stage of development. The biggest error ever made by the transportation board was to eliminate school-owned busses carrying athletic teams." **Joseph K. Colton,** Gardner, Massachusetts, *News,* also urged: "Look after the kids—high school, grades, playgrounds—and let the big sport spectacles go by the boards." **Walter S. Farquhar,** Pottsville *Journal,* reminded that: "School teams are community teams. Take away the teams and you harm community life."

"Government officials say that we must produce a nation of athletes," recalled **Hall Allen,** Paducah *Sun-Democrat,* "yet nothing is done to remedy the transportation difficulties so that competitive sports may carry on. If we are to produce a nation of athletes, then the restrictions on travel for high school and college teams must be relaxed." **R. T. Thompson,** Warren, Ohio, *Tribune,* agreed that: "The government should make mileage concessions to the high schools to carry on their athletic programs or otherwise when the eighteen and nineteen year-olds are called, we're going to have a bunch of 'softies.'"

Question No. 3 showed the realists in the ascendency. Although the first question on this Poll disclosed a majority agreeing that rationing eventually will be a blessing in disguise, this third question indicates that inertia is not going to be overcome easily.

There wasn't a lot of special comment with the votes on this question. All the comment necessary probably had been made in expressing opinions on other questions of the poll.

One voter remarked that he could remember when he played sandlot baseball, and football players thought nothing of a couple of miles' walk to a game, and a ride of an hour or so in a streetcar was welcomed as an opportunity to show off the uniforms.

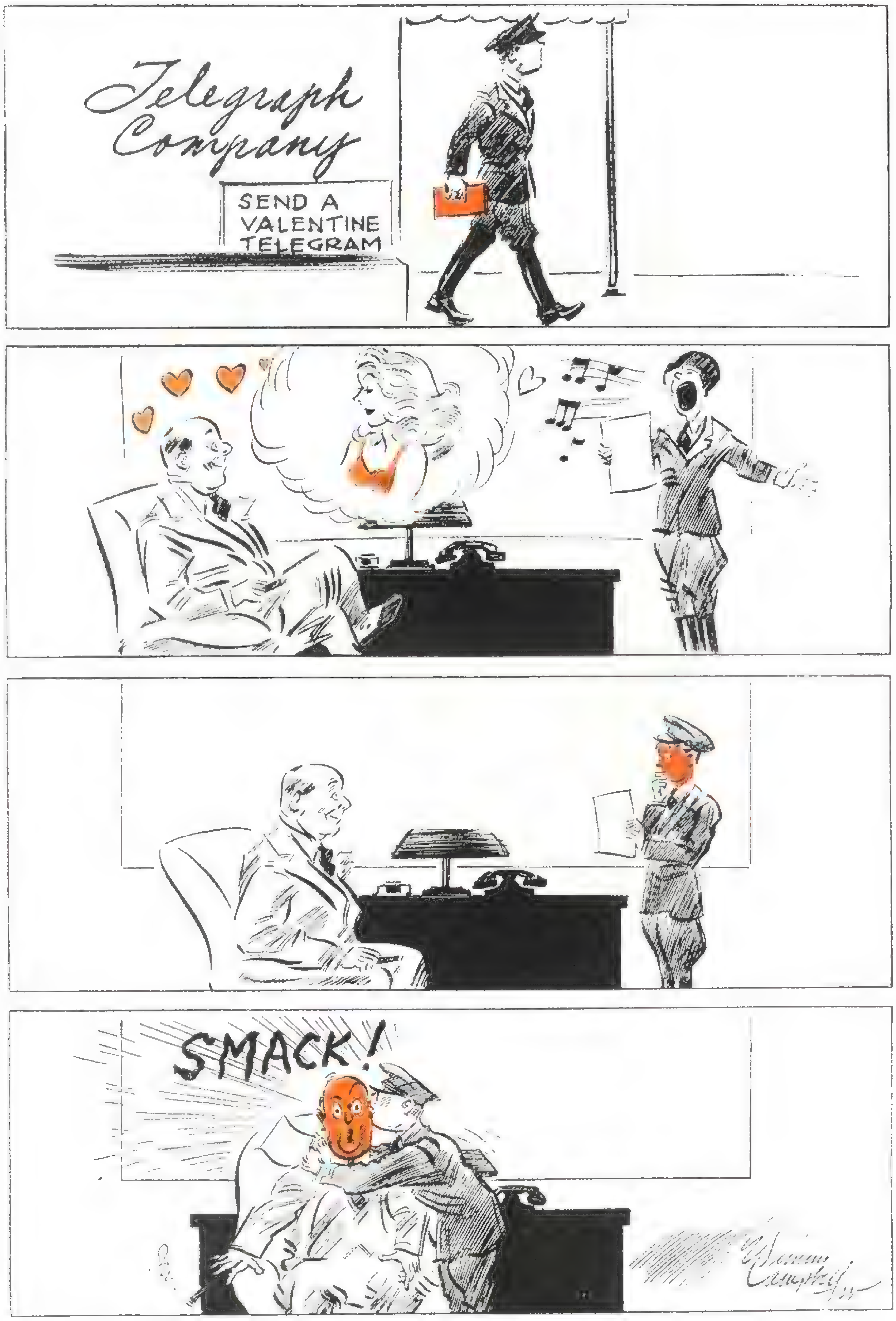
During the past five or six years, he said he had noticed, automobiles have had to be sent to get players for games on splendidly groomed playfields a half mile from the players' homes. "It'll take some time to educate the younger athletes out of that training. When you add walking as a preliminary to games people in their twenties, thirties and forties are expected to play, you've put on a handicap that expected participants are just simply too lazy to conquer," wrote this voter who happens to be Governor of an eastern state and who has asked that his name not be used.

"From my observation (we had gas rationing for some time before the rest of the country)," wrote **R. M. Ashworth,** Roanoke, Virginia, "gas rationing has failed to promote an increase in sports participation. It has, on the other hand, curtailed it to an alarming degree. Being identified with the Recreational Department of the Norfolk and Western Railway for the past twenty years, I have seen in the past year the gradual decline in the number of participants in our baseball, softball, bowling and basketball. Some of this is due to the boys going in the service, but I know that the lack of gas and tires has also caused many to give up their sports."

"In colleges," wrote **James L. Buford,** Vanderbilt University, "an increase in participation is now going on. Intramural sports are growing and physical education requirements have been increased greatly. This is true in the Southern college I know. Spectator sports will suffer, I think; but participation generally in all sports should increase."

Question No. 4 brought forth comment

Continued on page 140


Telegraph Company
SEND A VALENTINE TELEGRAM
SMACK!

Old Tricks for New Seadogs

Graduates of Naval Training Centers must learn to change cap covers, keep the shine on buttons and off uniforms

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER

• WEARABLES •

WHILE the line of a Navy officer's lapel or the shine of his braid has little to do with the number of Japs he kills, military men know that good appearance is good strategy. Experience has shown that a neatly groomed man somehow maintains a healthier mental attitude toward himself and comrades in arms. The special stress on appearance prompts these clues to good grooming of newly commissioned officers, based on the customs of seasoned seadogs.

The cap deserves a good deal of attention. Covers of this somewhat complicated headgear are changed by an accepted method. The side buttons are unscrewed and the adjustable chin strap of braid is removed. The black band holding the device is then slipped off the lower side of the cap onto the wrist. Next, the back part of the grommet, the springy frame inside that keeps the top of the cap in shape, is pulled out through the opening of the cap for the head. Being attached in front, care should be taken not to pull the front part loose. The cover may easily be slipped off the frame, starting at the back.

To put another cover on, the process is simply reversed. The cover is placed in proper alignment so that the buttonholes at the bottom are over the openings for the buttons. The band with device is slipped on so its buttonholes are also properly placed. The shank of the side button is put through the eyelet of the chin strap, buttonholes of the black band and cover, as well as the opening in the frame and then tightened on the threaded fastener. The second is similarly attached on the other side.

A dull cap device or embroidered insignias can be brightened with a mild solution of ammonia and water, which is rubbed on with a cloth or small brush and then dried. This cleaning combination is also used for making the embroidered insignias more lustrous.

You have to use only a little of this solution and have to be careful that it doesn't get on the cloth backing or the uniform.

Another method of polishing the cap device is by using soap and water with a polishing cloth on the gold part and silver polish for the silver area.

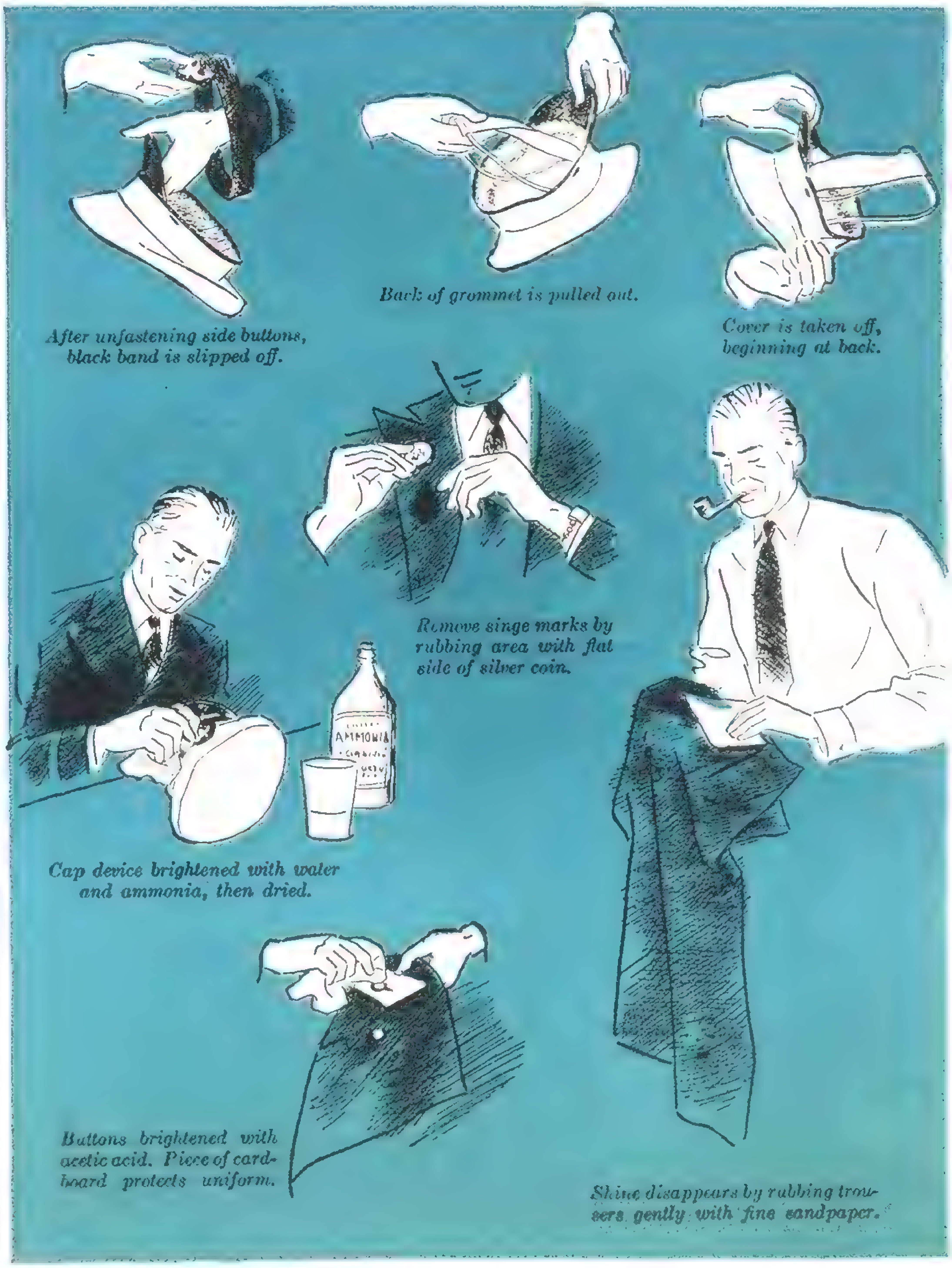
A singed uniform may be rare, but Navy men have a remedy. They simply rub the flat side of a silver coin against the singed part and claim it vanishes. If the fabric is really burned that's another matter. Only a weaver can do such a job if it's a small one, just as he does in making cuts or tears disappear. Incidentally, these should be attended to as early as possible when in port or at a Naval station.

The easiest way to remove the shine from some parts of the uniform is to take it to a specialist, who puts it through a process that makes the whole uniform dull like unworn serge. When such a service is not available, the uniform is pressed with a wet cloth and shiny areas rubbed gently with a piece of "00" sandpaper or fine emery cloth.

Gilt buttons stay shiny for a long time, but if corrosion appears, it can be removed with acetic acid or any compound containing this acid. You've probably heard the one about the officer who got pretty good results with Worcestershire sauce in the mess hall.

Oxalic acid usually does the trick in removing rust, ink and fruit stains from white uniforms. Turpentine is a solvent for paint spots. After rubbing, the area should be brushed. Best to catch it before the paint has a chance to dry. Soap and water remove kerosene stains.

When not worn, a coat of a uniform keeps its shape longer if kept on a hanger with the buttons fastened. The same goes for overcoats and raincoats. Creases of trousers are retained better and wrinkles tend to disappear from them if they are kept on a hanger when not worn. As with civilian clothes, uniforms should be brushed regularly. #



After unfastening side buttons, black band is slipped off.

Back of grommet is pulled out.

Cover is taken off, beginning at back.

Remove singe marks by rubbing area with flat side of silver coin.

Cap device brightened with water and ammonia, then dried.

Buttons brightened with acetic acid. Piece of cardboard protects uniform.

Shine disappears by rubbing trousers gently with fine sandpaper.

Man the Kitchenette

How to brew and stretch that precious cup of coffee, as well as suggestions for other warm, stimulating beverages

by ILES BRODY

• EDIBLES •

Although food writers like playwrights are, for the better part, plagiarists, the first culinary writer being the only one that was truly original, I happen to have an original theory as to how to stretch our daily coffee ration. And naturally I shall share my secret with you, before I cull from the thousands of pieces written about the coffee scarcity the few sound bits of advice worth remembering.

By all means have *café au lait* for your breakfast. Adopting this simply delicious morning coffee, in the Continental manner, your two *demitasses*, unimpaired in strength, are assured for after lunch and dinner. Thus, your original cup of coffee is now equal to three: one-half your normal daily allotment (now mixed with chicory and milk) would go in the *café au lait* and one-quarter would be used in each of the *demitasses*.

Ever since *café au lait* was invented, the coffee in it was mixed with chicory and it still should be. For not only does the coffee improve by that little admixture, but it is the proper culinary way to make it. The proportions ought to be one of chicory to two of coffee, but you can use less or more, according to your taste. The coffee and the milk should be mixed half and half, preferably poured into the cup at the same time, and the milk must be just as hot as the coffee. Cream definitely cannot replace milk in *café au lait*, unless you want to get an entirely different taste and consistency.

I know that people in the United States have been addicted to coffee with cream ever since the seventeenth century, but when it comes to sacrifice for the sake of our country, cream or milk in the coffee makes damned little difference. Our enemies, the Germans and the Japanese, are exceedingly frugal. They are calling us weaklings—soft creatures. Our government asks that we use a little chicory and milk in our morning coffee. Is it so difficult? Try to have a cup of liquid slightly resembling coffee in the Axis countries! Probably only Mussolini and Hitler get a *demitasse* now and then, and if *you* even asked for coffee, you'd probably be shot for inciting to riot. Our national coffee rationing allows us ten pounds a year per capita; we used to consume only about twice as much, before rationing. So, praise the Lord and dilute your coffee with milk.

I talk as though *café au lait* were hard to drink. If it is made in the proper way, you take to it immediately; one doesn't have to cultivate a taste for it. It is really delicious. On the other hand, I advise you not to mix chicory in your *demitasse* coffee, nor cream or milk, unless you crave it, and then only a drop. Real coffee drinkers don't use sugar in after-meals coffee, either. During the last war Europeans saw very little sugar, and if they couldn't acquire a taste for coffee's unadulterated bitter taste, they resorted to saccharine, which is not an altogether bad idea when it comes to retaining waistlines.

Demitasse, as with all liquids excepting wines, should be drunk *after* meals and not *with* them. Drinking unalcoholic beverages with your meals retards the digestion, and drinking them after, aids it. It is utterly ungastronomic to wash down, say, a piece of fish or meat with a gulp of coffee, and it is just barely forgivable in the case of apple pie. Apropos of *demitasse*, Sir Alexander Korda, the film magnate, told me that Samuel Goldwyn once called out in a restaurant: "Waiter, bring me a large cup of *demitasse!*"

To stretch your coffee and the point further, don't think for a moment that epicures, the millions of epicures in France, formerly the country of greatest culinary civilization, always drank coffee after their meals. In fact, gourmets, particularly, took *tilleuil*, which is lime tea, or mint tea, after dinner. Some of them, instead of after-dinner coffee, preferred camomile tea, or the maté of Brazil (also called Jesuit's tea) which is the official beverage in the Brazilian army, and acclaimed in most South American countries. Maté, incidentally, is supposed to be a real stimulant, but it loses its effect rather quickly.

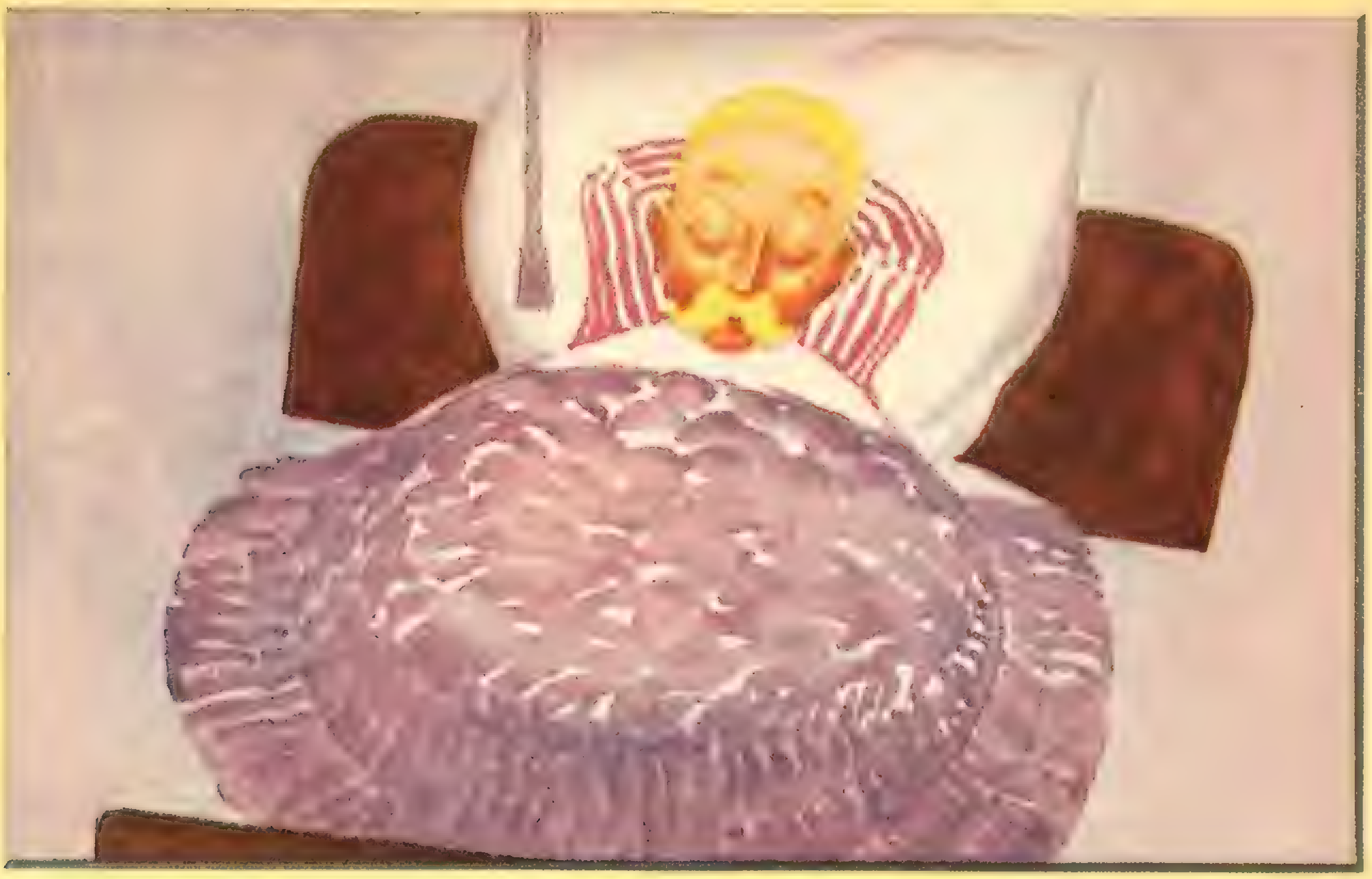
The Chinese, our peers in most culinary matters, drink almond tea after dinner, this being one of the finest natural aids to digestion. It is prepared by grinding cooked almonds into powder, mixing with sugar, and pouring boiling milk over the mixture. At present I shall not touch on ordinary or China tea, preserving the vast and intricate subject for a full length article.

All these after-dinner teas—except ordinary tea—that take the place of coffee with people who know everything about eating and its proper etiquette, are called in France *tisanes*, or *infusions*. They aid the digestion greatly, make you feel well and comfortable after a big meal, and allow you to fall asleep peacefully. Prince Talleyrand, gourmet and wit, said that coffee should be black as the devil, hot as hell, pure as an angel, and sweet as love—but confessed that he preferred camomile tea after meals, and in fact, seldom imbibed the beverage he described so perfectly.

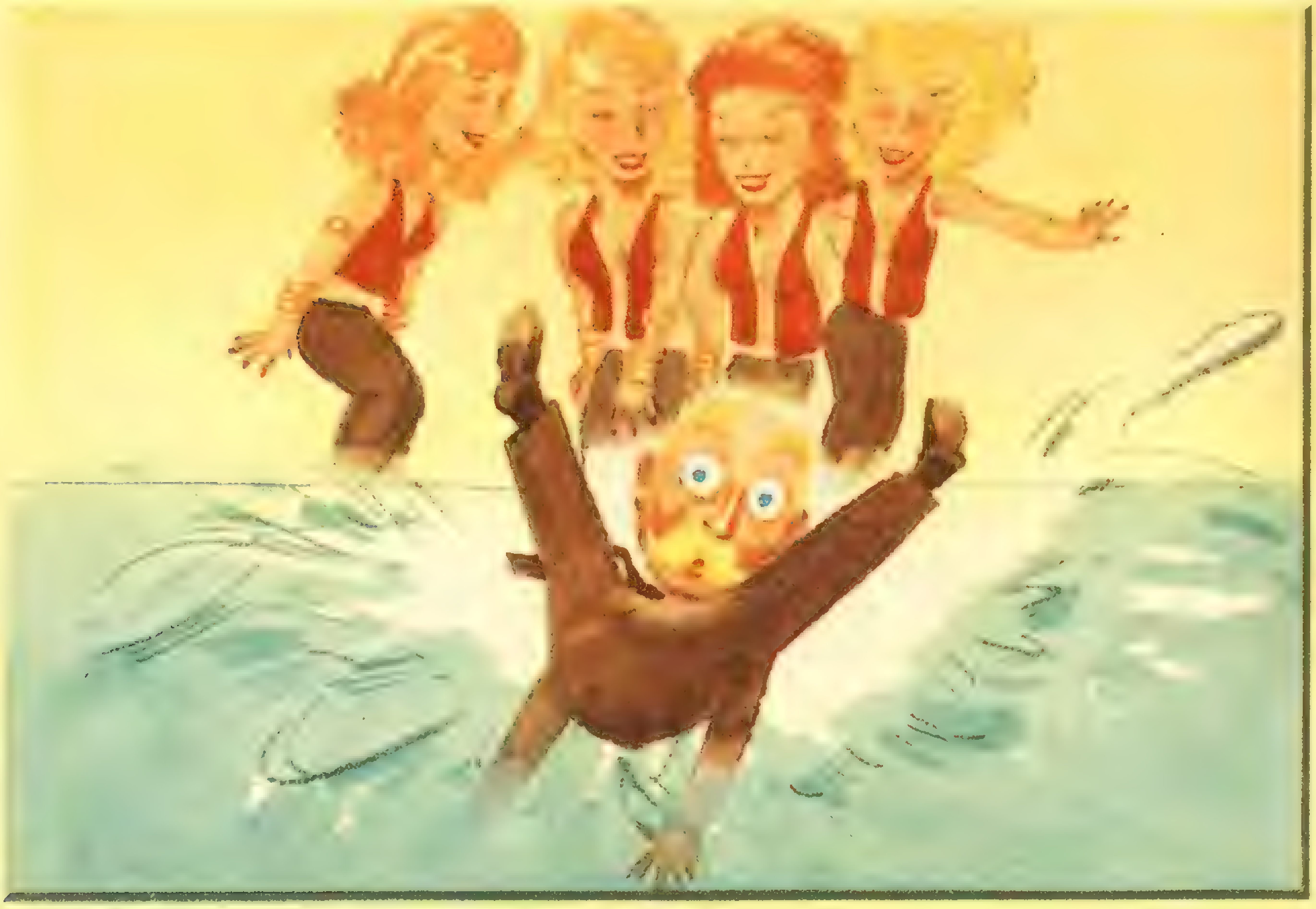
Some people like chocolate, cocoa or malted milk, each of which can be delicious if made painstakingly. I approve of chocolate particularly, even after meals, or before going to bed. The Italians used to blend coffee and chocolate, half and half, the two entirely unrelated flavors becoming one, that was interesting and very tasty. This coffee-chocolate combination was called *mezzo*, and you could get the best brew in Milan and

Continued in center of page 132

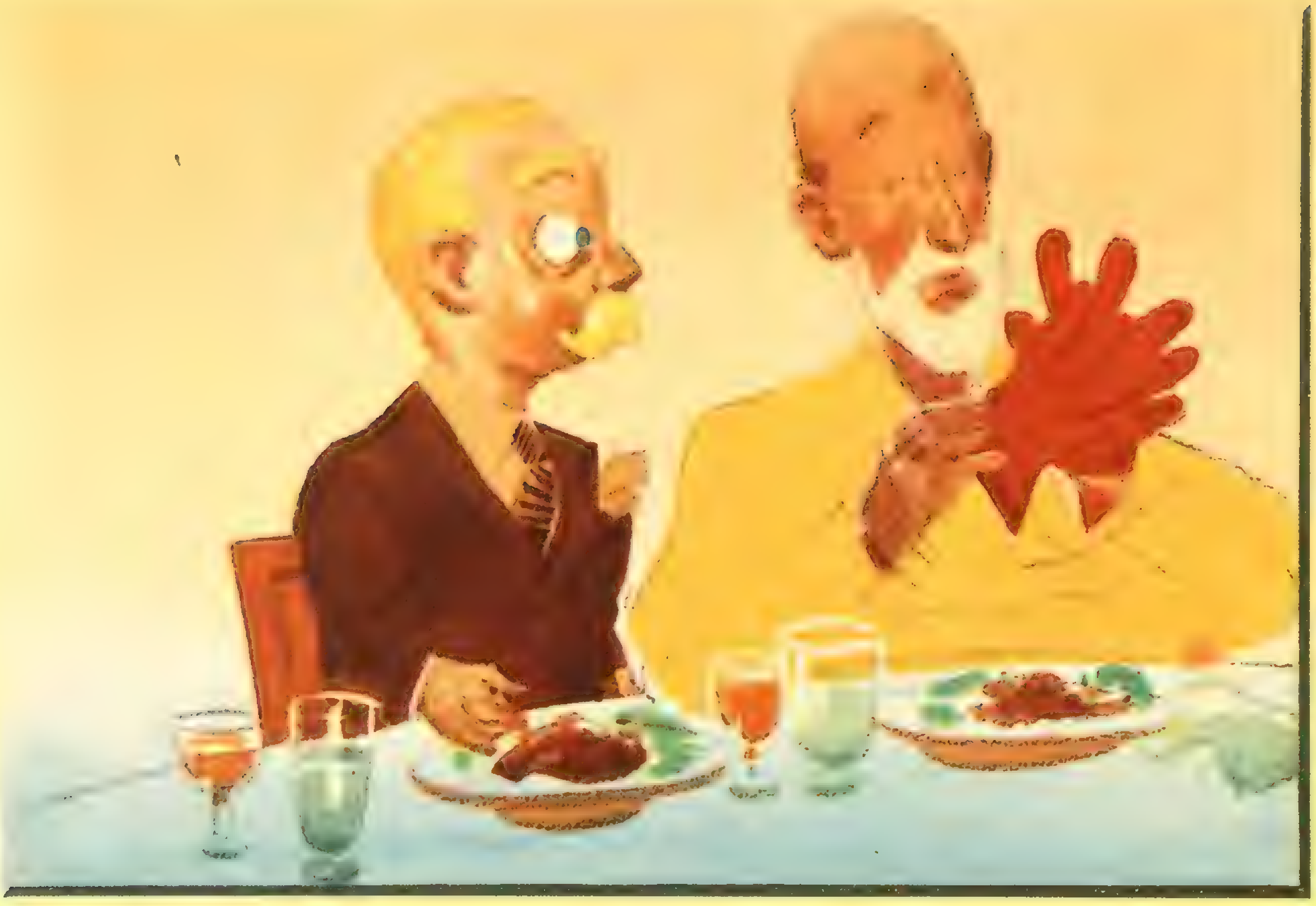
"Eat your oatmeal, Junior—wanna grow up to be a 4-F man?"



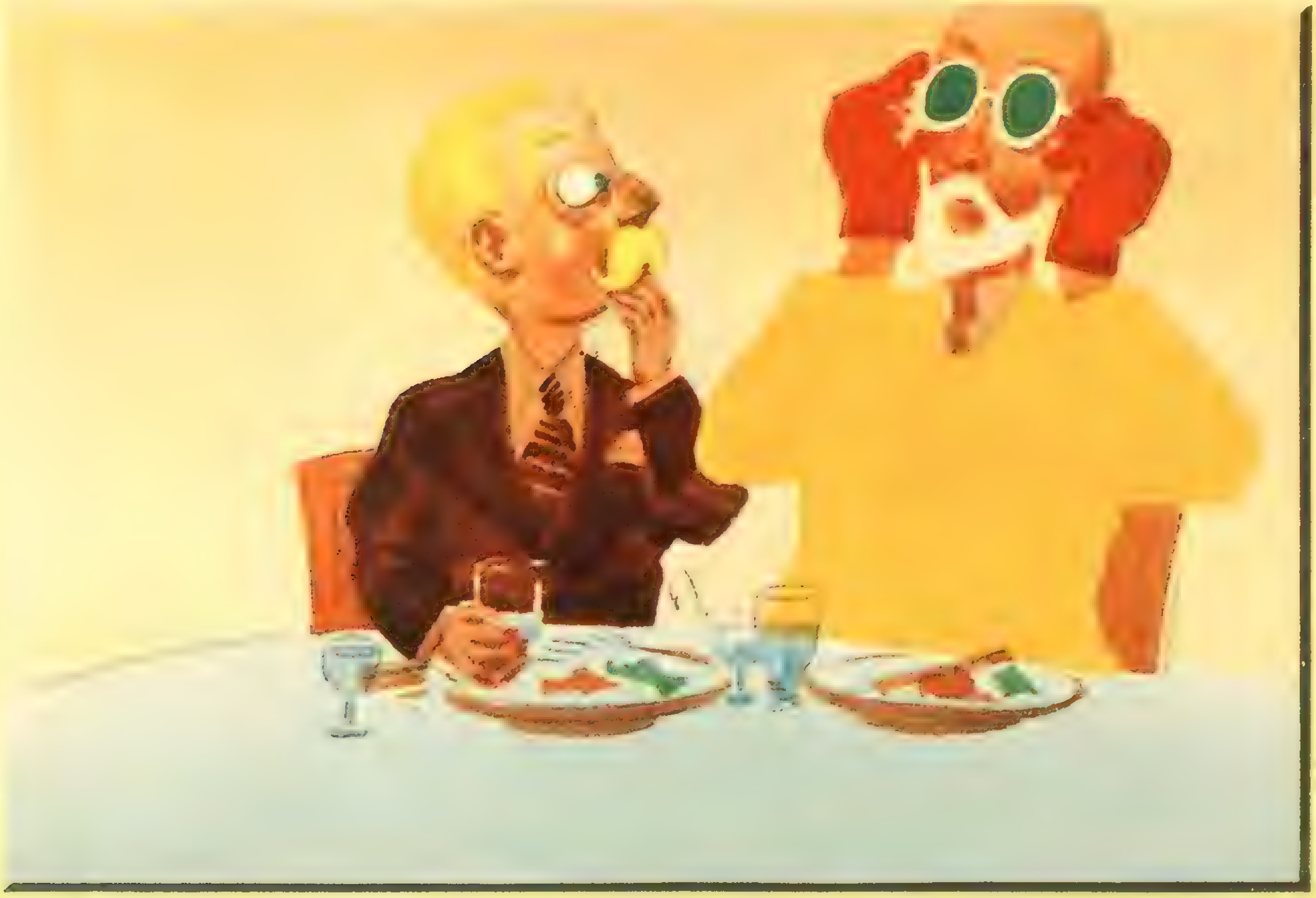
9 The evening was a gay one with wine and songs, and Esky told a few stories. Toward midnight he yawned and the girls called a servant who showed him to his room. There he found the softest bed outside of a mattress ad. He undressed, climbed in, and fell asleep counting harem beauties jumping over a fence. He dreamed an odd dream in which he met a baldheaded man, an arrogant cow, and a dancer who owned an airplane. It was a disturbing dream and it bothered him because his dreams have a way of coming true . . .



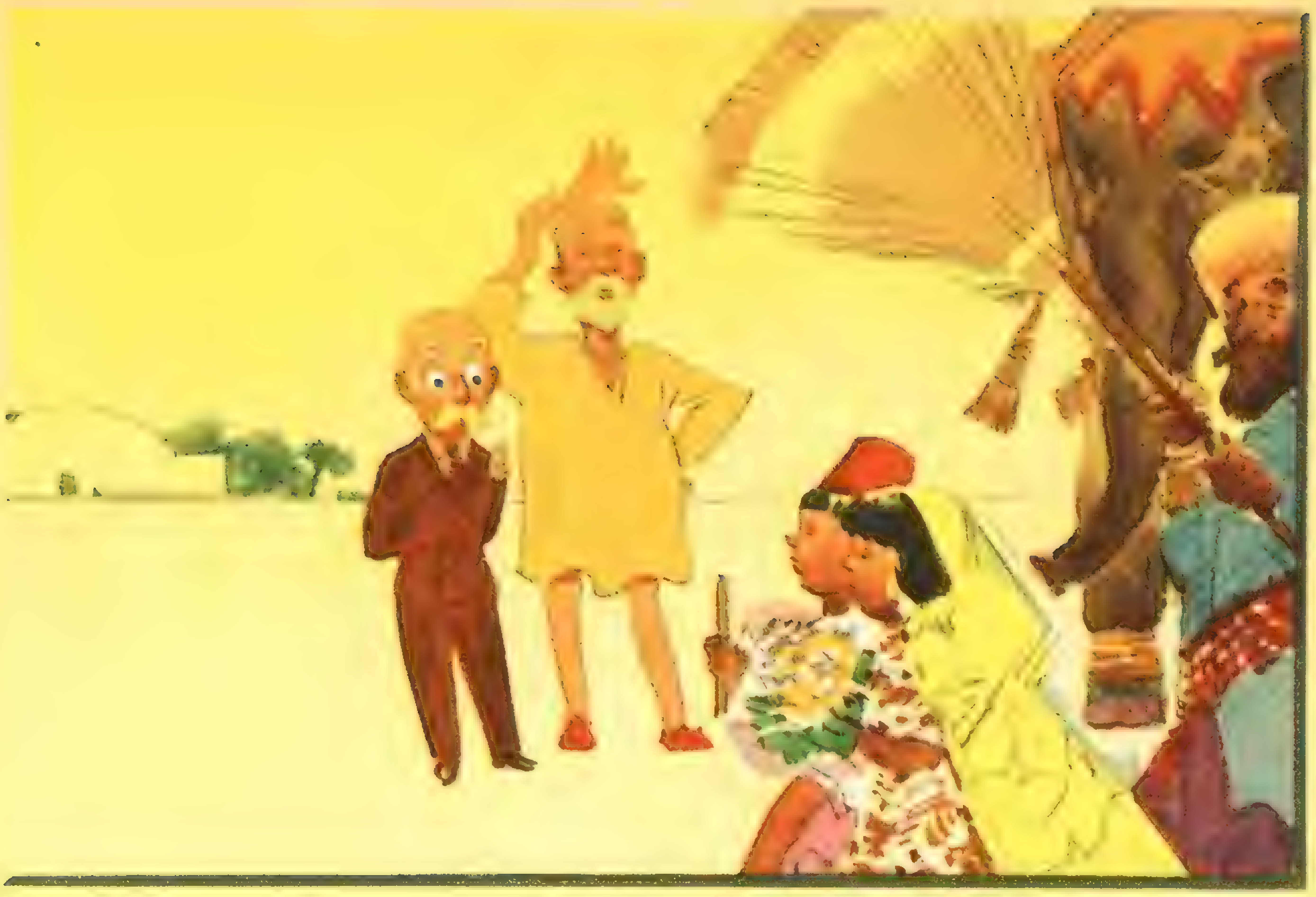
10 It seemed a very short while until he was wakened by the servant who told Esky that the girls were waiting breakfast. He hurried down and was surprised to see the girls all gathered around a table piled high with cheese. It was the custom to eat nothing but different kinds of cheese for breakfast and this they proceeded to do. They ate such large quantities that Esky chided them about the fullness of their body curves. They became indignant and nine of them rushed over, grabbed Esky, carried him outdoors and threw him into the swimming pool. Then the girls, fearing reprisals, ran away—leaving Esky to climb out of the pool by himself . . . He left the house and walked . . .



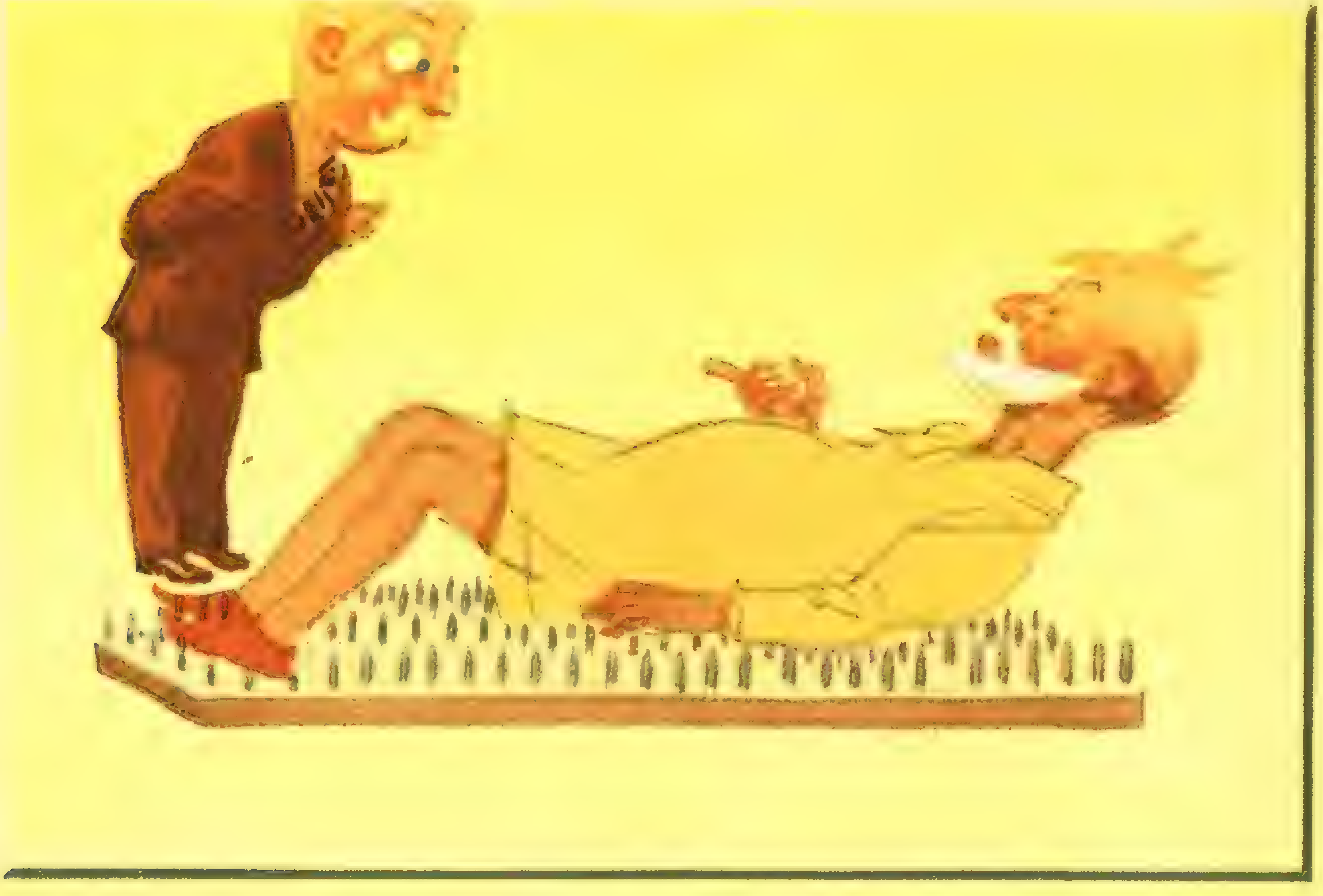
11 Along a road until he came to a restaurant. He went in and sat at the counter. When he picked up the menu and saw that it was written in Hindu he realized for the first time that he was in India. Over in one corner was a long table stretching the length of the room. Around it were seated a lot of important looking men. When he saw they were eating an elegant meal Esky went over and sat with them. No sooner had he seated himself and taken a piece of turkey breast on his plate than the man at the head of the table rose and asked for everyone's attention: "Everybody take out his dark glasses and mittens."



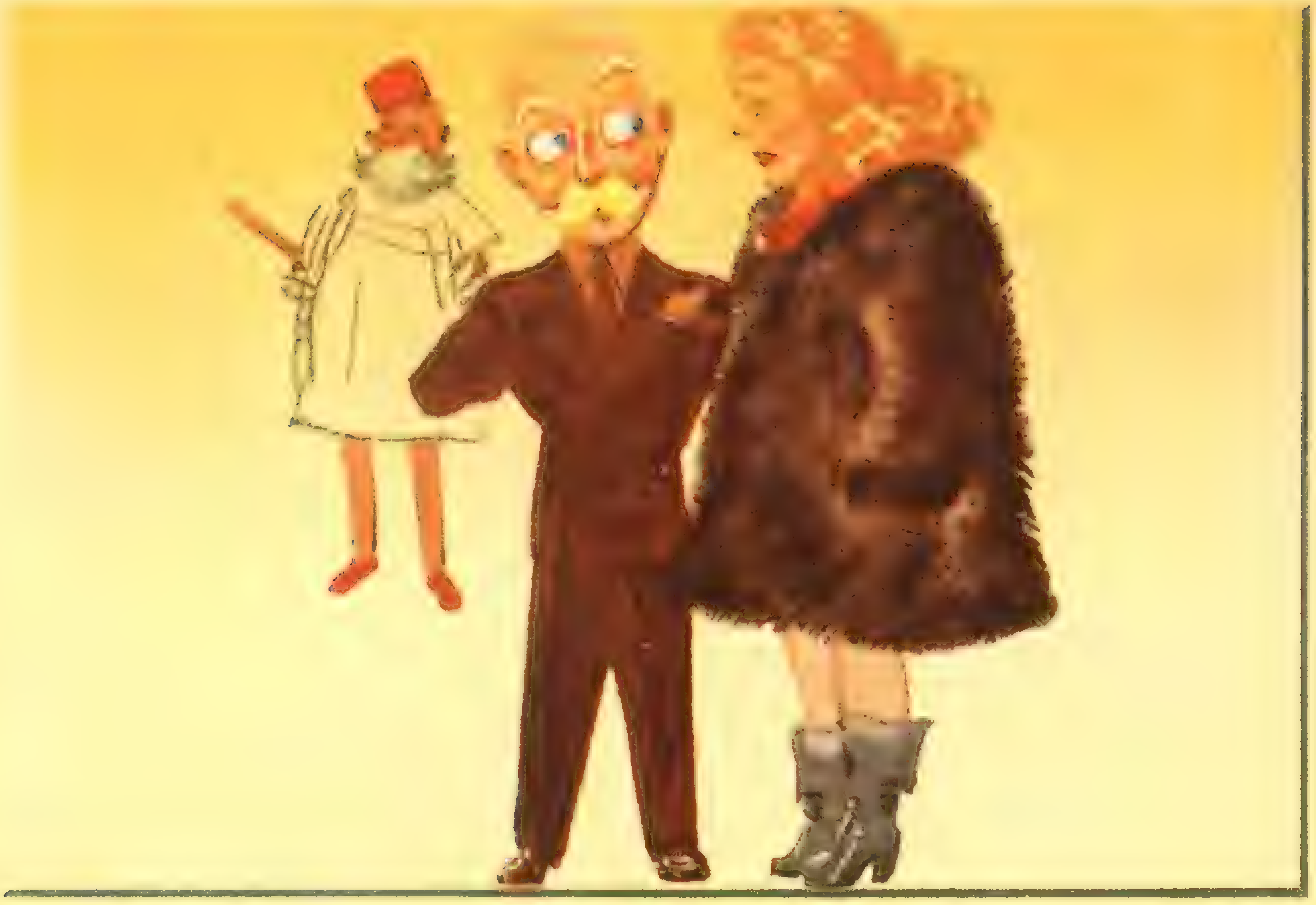
12 "Why does he want us to put on dark glasses and mittens?" asked Esky of the baldheaded man next to him. "Because we are going to discuss the India question and the India question is so delicate that it has to be handled with gloves." "But," said Esky, "what are the dark glasses for?" "That is so we will not see one another's viewpoint." The waiters were now passing out little balls of cotton. Each guest took exactly two balls and stuffed one in each ear. "That is so we won't hear each other's speeches because none of us has any intention of changing his mind." Esky got up and left. When he got outside he . . .



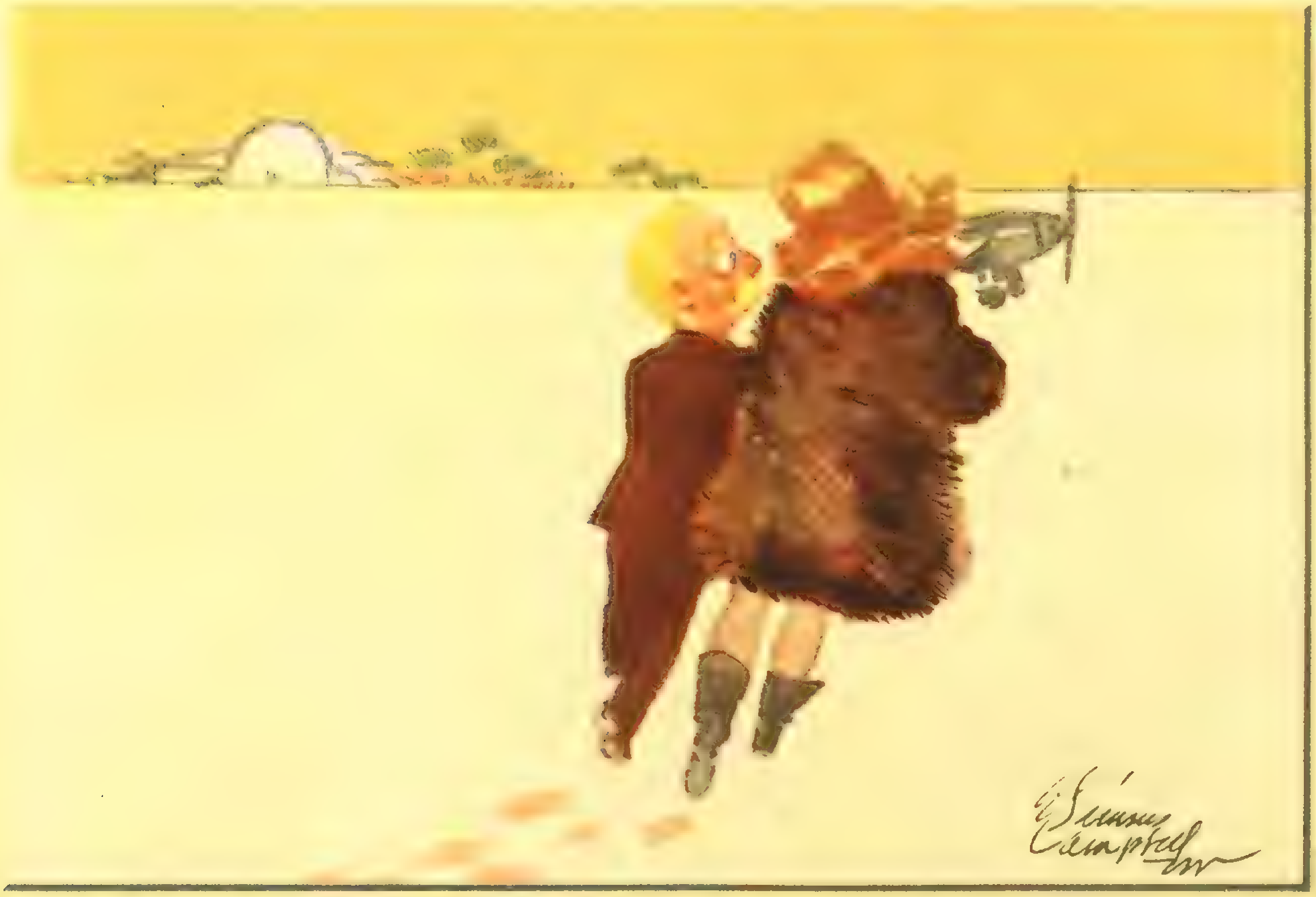
13 Found the baldheaded man had followed him and was rubbing a piece of celery on his head. "I'm losing my hair so fast that I'm willing to try anything on it." They met a group of people centered around a boy of six and a girl of eight. "The little boy and girl are on their way to be married?" asked Esky. "Yes, and a very sensible thing it is too . . . in later life she won't always be telling him about all the fine men she turned down before she married a big fool like him." And the bald man threw away the celery and started to rub his head with a banana peel . . . But they had to stop because the road was blocked by a . . .



14 Cow. "Move over," shouted Esky. But the cow threw her nose in the air and looked at him with an arrogant eye. Arrogance is not very becoming in a cow, thought Esky. On the other side of the cow were various fakirs torturing themselves in grotesque style. When they came to a bed of nails the bald man excused himself and went over and lay down on it. "Why do you torment yourself on this bed of nails?" asked Esky. "Because my father and his father did before him." Surely they don't beget families on a bed of nails, thought Esky as he walked down the road alone. He was about to turn his back on the fakirs . . .



15 When he realized that here was a chance to give a speech. He moved to where the crowd was thickest and mounted a box and began to speak. But the fakirs howled in protest. They insisted that they held the right to choose their punishment. One of them was about to call the police when a little servant pushed his way through the crowd and led Esky away while the hubbub continued. The servant led Esky to where a pretty girl was waiting: "I recognized you as a fellow American and as I am on my way to fill a dancing engagement in London I want to offer you a lift." . . . "Let's go," said Esky with a curious look at her outfit . . .



16 For she was dressed in galoshes and two fur coats. "I get to dress so seldom in my work that when I have the chance I guess I overdo it," she explained. Esky was overjoyed to leave India because he realized that he could never spread much goodwill in a country where no one listened to anyone. Soon they were seated in her beautiful little plane and high in the sky on their way to London . . .

Does the Dancer love Esky?? Does Esky love the Dancer???? For the answers to these and many other questions read . . . The Exploits of Esky . . . Here . . . Next month . . .

Disney—Our Secret Weapon

Continued from page 62

there were no actors, no temperaments, no million dollar sets, no costumes. It was all done with mirrors and cellophane. No actors, did I say? That is a misrepresentation. Disney has the best, the best-behaved, the best-known actors in the world. Donald and Mickey and Goofy and the Seven Dwarfs are only a few of them. Another thing: Disney can make *anything* act—a screw, a bolt, a broom, a waffle. He can personify anything, imbue anything with arms and legs and a silly smile and give it a meaning it never had before. And all to *teach*, all to supply the administration, the Army, the Navy with the short-cuts to education they have needed so desperately ever since the bombs at Pearl Harbor blew their leisure time to pieces.

Disney's animated eye can penetrate the steel walls of machinery as no camera, no human eye can do. The Disney eye can roam like a disembodied X-ray through the complicated hearts of guns and tanks and telescopes and radios and torpedoes. Like a puppet master, he can make the component parts perform their separate little duties, each in its proper turn, each in bold relief. The voice of a narrator says: "Now this nut has a very important function." The tiny nut steps out of its place in the machine and takes a bow. Chances are, if you are a radio operator seeing a Disney film on the inner mechanism of a radio transmitter, you will never forget the tiny nut which stood up and took a bow. You can never forget its purpose, its position, its significance. And the transmitter itself becomes more to you than a thing of wires and bulbs. It becomes flesh and bones.

Disney in his palmiest days before the war used to produce about 30,000 feet of film a year. Right now he is producing 300,000 feet of film. Ninety per cent of this is for the government. He is making secret films for the fighting forces, teaching them the lessons learned in (these are actual titles) *The Defense of France, The Blitzkrieg in Poland, The Invasion of Greece*, and *The Campaign in the Low Countries*. He is making films on meteorology, and on the rules of the nautical road. He is making films whose contents are as closely guarded as the blueprints of the Norden bombsight.

For more general distribution he is making a series of health shorts, meant as much for South America as for North America. These include such subjects as mosquito control, house fly control, the hookworm, the water supply, and vaccination.

The film on vaccination is a prime example of the method that Disney uses in these educational shorts and an excellent preview of the immensely practical things that will come out of the Disney dream world after the war. In the first place it uses what is laughingly referred to around the Disney plant as "live action." That is, portions of the picture are enacted by poor limited creatures called human beings. The film starts with live action. Some children come into a doctor's office to be vaccinated. They are, naturally, a little frightened. From somewhere comes the voice of a narrator. "Why don't you explain it to them, Doc?" And Doc proceeds to explain vaccination to the kids. At this point the live action fades out and the Disney boys move in. Doc is talking and Disney draws the human body on the silver screen, but such a body as the screen has never seen before. The whole theory of vaccination is explained in terms of an army of germs that enters a fortress (the body) through a gap in the defenses (the mouth). They ride in like Panzer divisions, each little germ a terrifying replica of a marauding Nazi. The body sets its munitions plants to work to turn out those weapons of war, the white blood corpuscles. These, in turn, carry muskets and ride around on jeeps. But it is the old story all over again. The body has been fat and lazy and neglectful too long; it can not produce enough antibodies in time, and the enemy conquers. Fade out. Fade in to live action once more. The kids are climbing all over each other in their attempts to get to the vaccination needle first as Doc finishes his story.

Education with a new slant, education on a peppermint stick. The thing is as exciting, as entertaining as *The Three Little Pigs*. Children will love it, as they love everything that comes out of the dream house in Burbank.

This, plus the Army and Navy films, is the sort of thing that keeps Disney ten times as busy as he has ever been, the sort of thing that has increased his production by 90 percent. If the Merlin of Movie-town were to charge only a small profit on the products he is turning out for the government he would be rolling in clouds of the long, long green. As it happens, he has different ideas about serving his country in war time. He isn't charging a cent in the profit column. All these government films are done exactly for cost.

Disney's own profit still comes from the regular Disney output, the quota of Donalds and Mickeys and Goofys, and the occasional "Bambis" and "Dumbos." And what of these?

The Disney studio is a democracy that works overtime. It has invented a new way of fighting the enemy. To this new way—the animated educational short that teaches fighting men as well as civilians the proper use of their weapons—it devotes 90 percent of its time. But when Disney comes down to his own 10 percent, his regular output, he doesn't park his armor and call for comic relief. Donald Duck has always been—if you are partial to the word—escapist. He has always honked his hysteria at something far removed from the battlefields. But ever since Pearl Harbor, Donald has been throwing his weight around right on the firing line.

Disney's own 30,000 feet of film amount to about 18 pictures a year. These could easily be the regular sort of cartoon comedy the world has applauded ever since a certain Steamboat Willie came into being in 1928, the same Willie who quickly grew up into Mickey Mouse. That is to say, they could be completely escapist. But of these 18 pictures Disney is devoting 9 to war subjects. In his work for the government he educates. In his own films, in the nine that are devoted to the war effort, he uses another weapon, the oldest one in his arsenal, the one he knows more about than any other. It goes by the name of laughter. He is making us laugh at the Nazis as only he can make us laugh. But these days there is a double edge to his laughter. Disney happens to be tickling us with a bayonet.

There is, for example, *Der Fuehrer's Face*, in which Donald Duck dreams that he is a little factory worker in "Nutziland." It is a hilarious piece of business all the way through but the troubles of the factory worker wouldn't be half so funny if they weren't so closely related to the facts. The humor is double-edged; it titillates because it frightens. It is not so much a satire as a grim warning. Out of such basic terror, perhaps, springs the most uninhibited laughter. It is a paradox the psychologists will never settle but it is nothing new to Donald Duck. His laughs have always sprung from the sadistic—the more he gets slugged and slapped around the harder we laugh. Now he's being slugged and slapped around by Nazis, and he's never been so funny. The next time you see *Der Fuehrer's Face*—and you will see it again—pause in the midst of your hysterics if you can and ask yourself a question. The next time you join in the chorus of *Der Fuehrer's Face* and pour your heart and soul into every razzberry, pause and ask yourself a question. Ask yourself: "What am I laughing at?" The answer may be "my own worst fears."

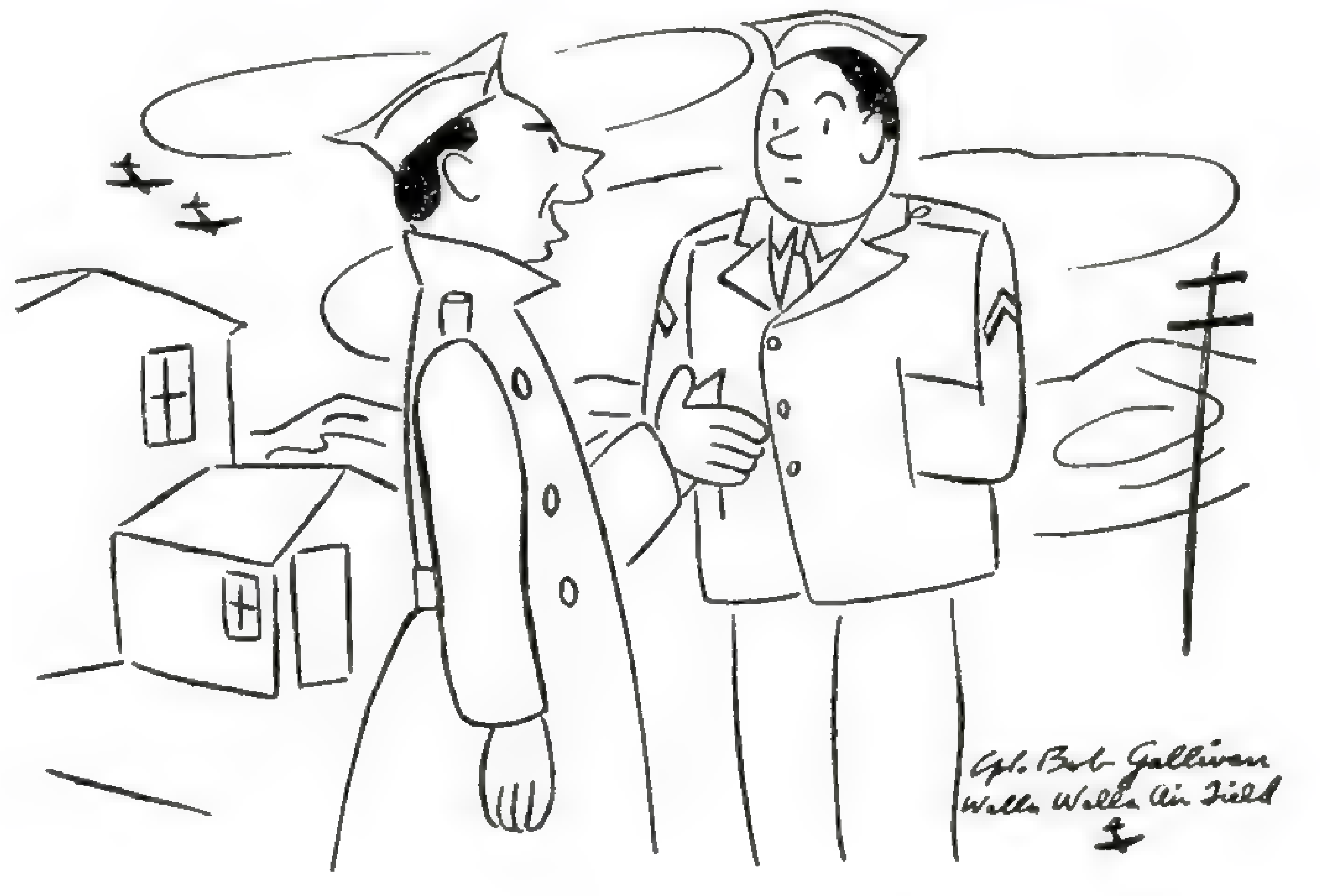
Another one of Disney's own war films is *Education for Death*, which is based on Gregor Ziemer's book about the education of a Nazi child. This is more on the grim side though it does have its quota of lighter moments. Disney could no more keep his face straight all the way through a sermon than Donald could keep his dignity on ice skates. *Education for Death* runs the whole gamut. It has many scenes that will make you laugh. It has a few that may make you cry.

Disney is also making a series of shorts bringing the old nursery tales up to date. You may remember Chicken Little as the dumb cluck who got beaned by a pebble, or something of the sort, and thought the sky was falling down. Disney has a wonderful time with that one. He has the whole affair promoted by a fox who reads *Mein Kampf*. The fox reads passages about the technique of frightening minority groups—all the quotations are the real thing—and he manages to scare the whole barnyard into such a frenzy that the chickens finally walk, one by one, into the fox's mouth. All this is, believe it or not, very funny.

Saludos is another film he did on his own hook, after a hint from Jock Whitney of the Rockefeller Committee. It is pure Disney, has nothing officially to do with his government work. He made it after a trip to South America.

When Disney went to South America he was greeted, to put it mildly, with open *brazos*. Mr. Disney, as the father of a famous rodent named Miguel Mouse and an equally celebrated web-foot named Pato Donald, is one North American who is something of a hero to South Americans. When he dis-

Continued on page 96



"I was always in bed before twelve, always up at six, crazy about walking—so I says to myself, 'What're you doing in civilian clothes?'"

Disney—Our Secret Weapon

Continued from pages 62-95

embarked on South American soil he had with him fourteen of his artists and technicians, foster-parents, so to speak, of Miguel and Donald. They too were greeted with an enthusiasm that might calmly be called *fabulosissimo*.

Disney and his caravan traveled circles around South America by airplane, automobile, and llama, and then came back to Hollywood, U.S.A. Without wasting a minute they sat down and made, in their own inimitable and inexplicable fashion, the movie called *Saludos*. This picture was sent to South America and was shown there in many glittering palaces of the cinema. It was a fantastic success. Brazilians left the movie houses and danced sambas in the tiled streets of Rio; gauchos in the Argentine made long treks in from the pampas to see the film, and stayed to see it over and over again, dozens of times. All South America drank magnums of toasts to the men who had captured the character of a continent in an animated cartoon.

All at once, our various diplomats, statisticians, and Good Neighbor politicians realized what an enormous link had been missing in the chain they had been trying so diligently to forge between the Americas. The Good Neighbor Policy, right up to the descent of Disney, had encompassed every seemingly vital element but one, and that turned out to be an Ambassador of Good Will. With one fell, totally unexpected swoop, Disney turned out to be exactly what we needed to convince our potentially good neighbors of our good intentions. All the highly elaborate groundwork of the various international committees had scratched the surface. Disney went to the heart of the matter. He made our neighbors laugh, with us, and for us. And that, it seems, is what they had wanted to do all along. That was the missing link.

The importance of a film like *Saludos* cannot be underestimated. It is unquestionably the most gratifying token of good will we have ever dispatched due south of the Rio Grande, far more effective in its frank desire to stretch the glad hand than anything—even Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.—that had gone before.

Disney's qualifications as an Ambassador of Good Will are nothing new to the world at large. They were simply a revelation to our State Department. That sometimes clairvoyant, sometimes short-sighted body is just finding out what everybody seems to have known all along. Namely, that no million dollar delegation, no human agency or emissary imbued with all the tact and technique in the world could acquire so many new friends for us as Donald Duck can with a few shakes of his very irreverent butt. After the initial success of *Saludos* our mentors began to realize another obvious and incredible thing. The motion picture, if properly handled, is more powerful than pen, sword, or committee, and the man who knows how to do the proper handling is Walt Disney. It took *Saludos* to teach that to the men who are responsible for transforming our neighbors into our friends.

Another film on Disney's own quota of 10 per cent is his next featurelength film, *Victory Through Air Power*.

Disney has a mania for new horizons. It may be a frustrated wanderlust that always sends him looking for new worlds to conquer. He has a passion for improvement. Every feature length film he has ever made represents, in some way, a new step forward in the art of animation. *Bambi*, his latest feature-length film, represents nine or ten vast technical improvements over *Snow White*, his first. It is possible that *Victory Through Air Power* will be at least a couple of steps ahead of *Bambi*.

Major de Seversky's book would seem to be as far removed from Disney's world as a book could possibly be. It would seem to be an unlikely text for any sort of motion picture. That, at least, is the way the other Hollywood studios felt about it. Those institutions of learning, which pounce upon any piece of printed literature that is divided up into chapters, showed no interest in purchasing any screen rights to the De Seversky polemic. Nobody—not even the publishers—expected them to. It just isn't that kind of book. Disney's interest in it, therefore, was something of a bombshell. When he took it over, the boys in the backroom began to shake their heads. Walt was having another brainstorm like that *Fantasia* fiasco.

Well, contrary to the best Hollywood opinion, Walt may have an idea. He is going to do to the book what every Hollywood studio does to every book it acquires. He is going to do a little fixing. That is the phrase in the trade. When he gets through with it, it won't be the same thing you read under De Seversky's by-line. What he plans to do, with technical advice from De Seversky himself, is to present a history of aviation, bring it through its present phase, then project it into the world of the future—the world of giant transports and incredible speed.

Disney's government films have taught him how to do the De Seversky film. They took him out of the menagerie and showed him the bottomless world of the test tube, the long road down the neck of the microscope, the world of science and steel. They showed him what he could really do with his magic wand. They showed him that Mother Goose is only a sideline for animation. *Victory Through Air Power* will have "live action." It will have horizons no completely live action film could encompass, for animation has no boundaries, no impossibilities. It is limited only by the limits of the mind's eye, which is bounded on four sides by infinity.

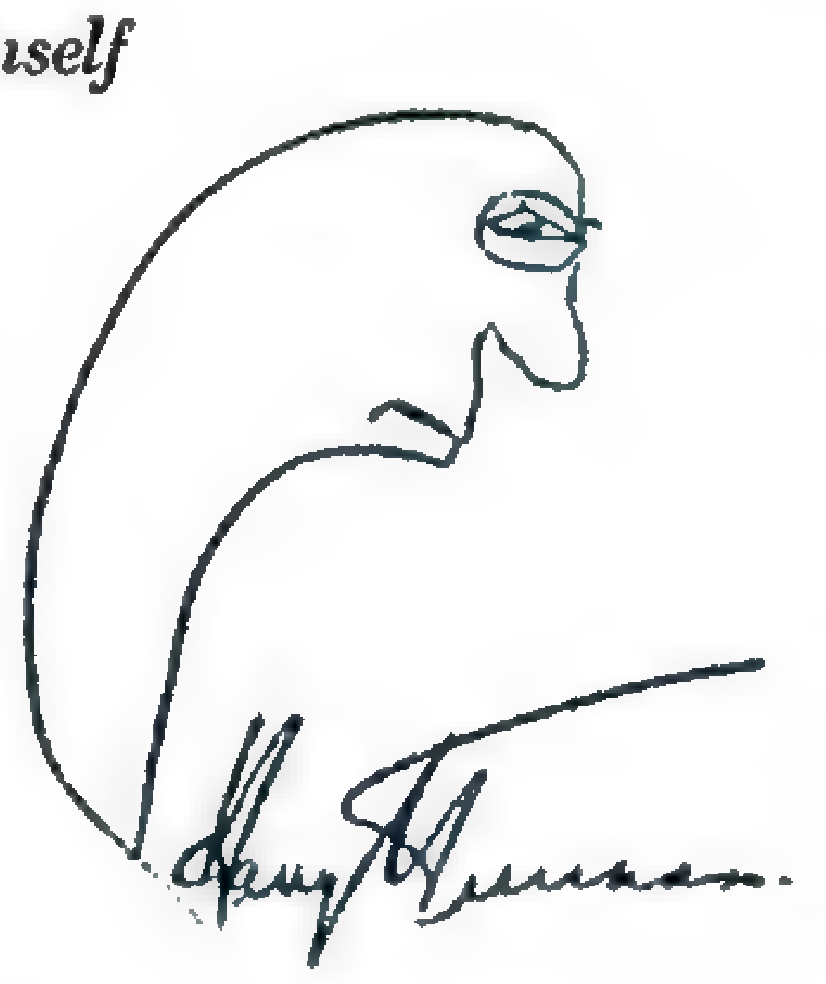
Big words? Try to think of something that Disney *can't* bring to life.

Disney's place in Burbank today is unique for two reasons. It is, first, as the boys put it, the only studio in Hollywood where you can call an actor a skunk and get away with it. It is secondly, the only studio in Hollywood which has been classified as a vital defense industry. It is a curious mélange these days. "Mickey Avenue," "Donald Street," and the like, are traversed by men in the uniforms of the Army and Navy—technical advisors on the government pictures. The place has the look of a college campus—the artists play football on the lawns during the tag end of the lunch hour—but you can't get near the place without signing documents and wearing a badge. Lockheed officials and officers of the armed forces and the smiling men who animate Mickey Mouse brush elbows down the long sleek corridors which look so much like hospital corridors. (A voice from a concealed microphone summoning Mr. So-and-so to such-and-such a place completes this illusion. Dr. Kildare couldn't be summoned to Surgery with more efficiency.) It is, all in all, a remarkable transformation wrought by this war. Donald used to be a comedian. Now he marches as to war.

Victory Through Air Power is the biggest thing in education Disney has ever attempted. When it has played its time in the movie houses of the nation and then comes home to roost, it may turn out to be another failure. That is to say, it may lose money. That is a possibility that does not disturb Mr. Disney. *Victory Through Air Power* will be a noble experiment. It was one of these noble experiments that brought the motion picture of today up from the kinetoscope.

The Disney studio is a place where our military skills and sciences are being tabulated to win this war. It is inevitable that after we win it, Disney will turn to chronicling the art and science of peace, teaching the people of the whole world how to eat, and keep clean, and sow, and reap, and live together without armaments. The possibilities are vast beyond belief. Disney has it in him to be the greatest single educational force the peacetime world will know. His is truly the house wherein a mouse labored and brought forth a mountain. #

Senator Truman, as sketched by himself



A Portrait of Senator Truman

by Senator Harry S. Truman

Red Letter Memory: The ten days that wound up the last War when, as an artillery captain in the Meuse-Argonne drive, my battery helped pound the Germans into submission.

Chief Regret: That I'm not thirty years younger, so I could take an active part in winning this War and have more time to share the abundant fruits of the coming victory.

First Romance: The five-year-old girl I courted when I was six and whom I still court, fifty-two years later, despite our intervening marriage.

Smartest Politician: My eighteen-year-old daughter.

Favorite Literature: The fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of Matthew.

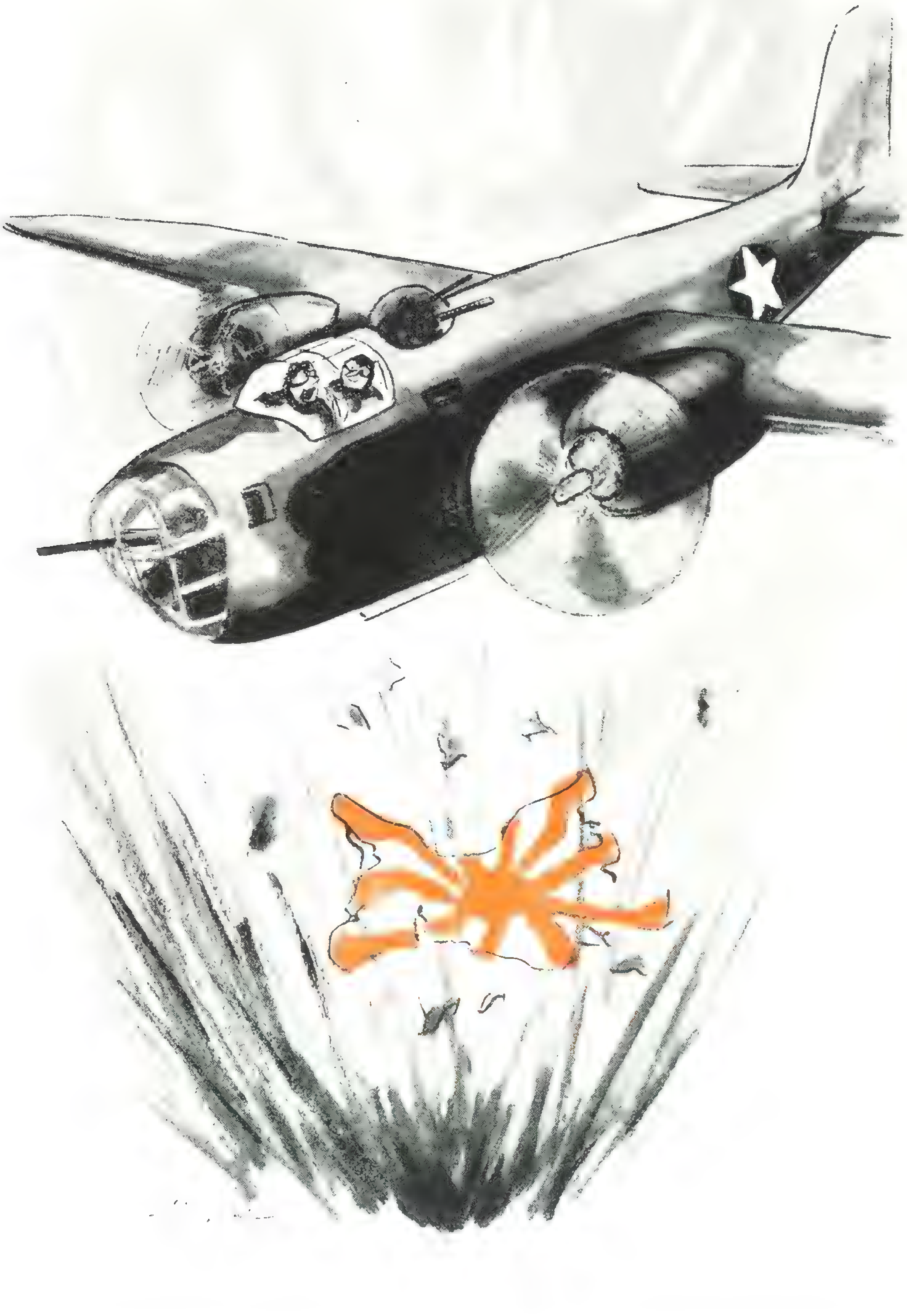
Favorite Axiom: The twentieth chapter of Exodus.

To Cure a Worry: Take on a bigger one.

Hint to Husbands: Never let a day go by, no matter how far away you may be, without communicating with your wife by letter, phone or wire.

Investigation Technique: Get the facts, and the conclusion will take care of itself.

The Challenge: At last the human race has a fighting chance at the millennium, if we don't allow personal greed—and that means yours and mine—to interfere.

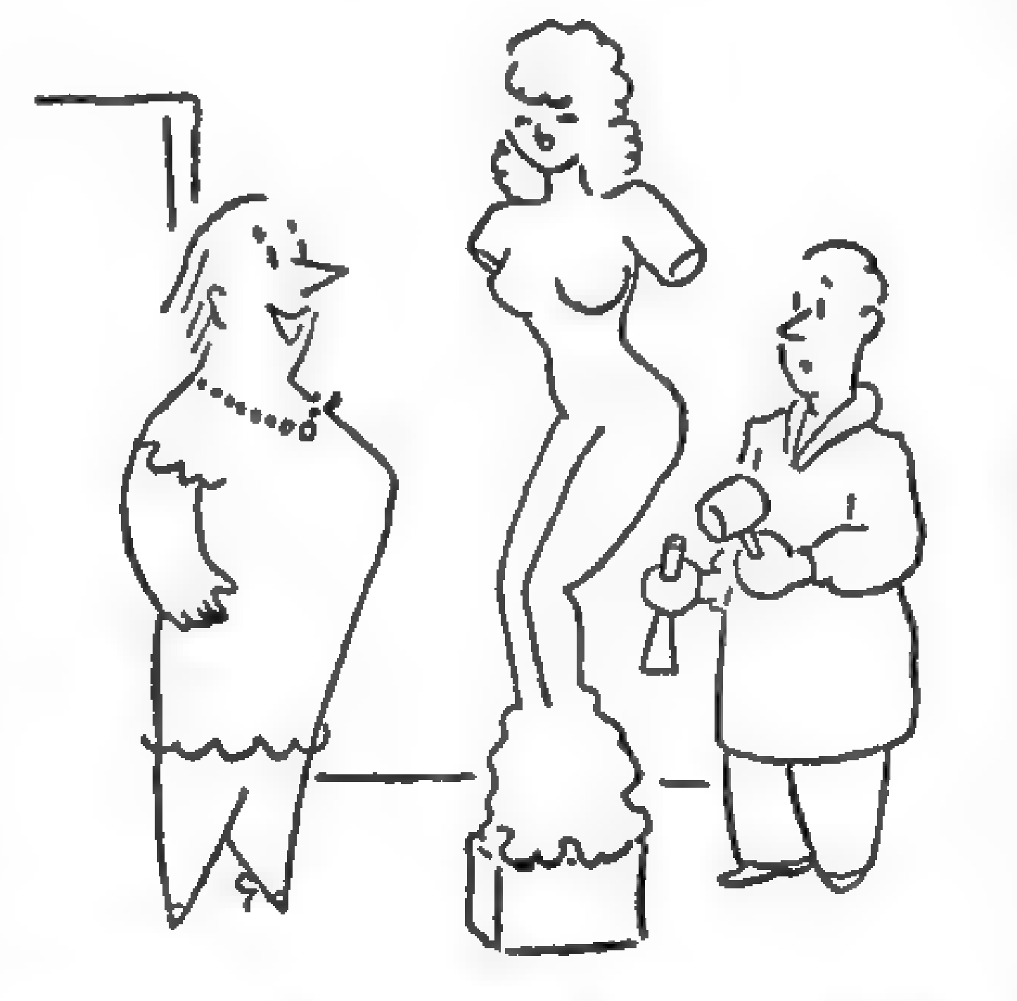


"Fine! Now purposely miss this next one—show 'em we're only human!"

Ad Libbing With Esquire

No matter how chilly it is we can always think of Hitler and get warm under the collar.

One girl to another: "I was bathing this morning when my mother came in. She looked at me and said: 'Honey, if you ever lose your girdle we'll have trouble getting you a husband.'"



"Why you dear boy—a statue of me"

If the Japs are a stain on the South Pacific isles the Yanks are spot removers.

A Girl we know doesn't care for Men. She went to see a Psychoanalyst and told him she would like to care for Boys. So he hypnotized her into a stage where her mind was receptive, and then described a fellow to her—he was six feet tall, with brown curly hair, blue eyes, nice stance, wore formal clothes, a high silk hat and carried a Malacca cane.

The Doctor woke up our friend and asked her if she desired anything.

"Yes," she said, "I sure would like to have a Malacca cane."

Make my bathtub a bomb
My sink a torpedo
And I hope to God
They hit Hirohito.

Nobody can give a Dance Band dignity except Paul Whiteman.

Out West where men are men and women are women—but you can't tell which is which.

When I was a sophomore in high school I worked after school in a grocery store. I used to cut paper-thin slices off the longhorn American cheese and place them between vanilla wafers for the grandson of the proprietor to eat. He was about five or six at the time . . . I hadn't thought of it or him since until I saw his picture in the paper. He is being honored by the President and decorated for bravery now—for it was he who took over the flagship San Francisco when his superior officers were killed, and brought her through to victory.

It isn't true that Italy is crying in her beer . . . she has no beer to cry in.

Two Americans in Egypt had been living on dehydrated beef, dehydrated milk, dehydrated butter and dehydrated vegetables for months.

One day they visited a museum and saw their first mummy . . . "Look, Fred," said one, "they're even dehydrating women now."

"Give me 20c for a cup of chocolate."

"Chocolate is only a dime."

"You don't expect me to pay the tip myself, do you?"

An old maid of at least fifty came to see her doctor and told him: "There is a one-legged man who appears in my dreams every night and chases me. I run and run until I escape."

"Yes?"

"I want to find out about getting him a pair of crutches to see if he can't catch me—I'm getting damn tired of escaping."

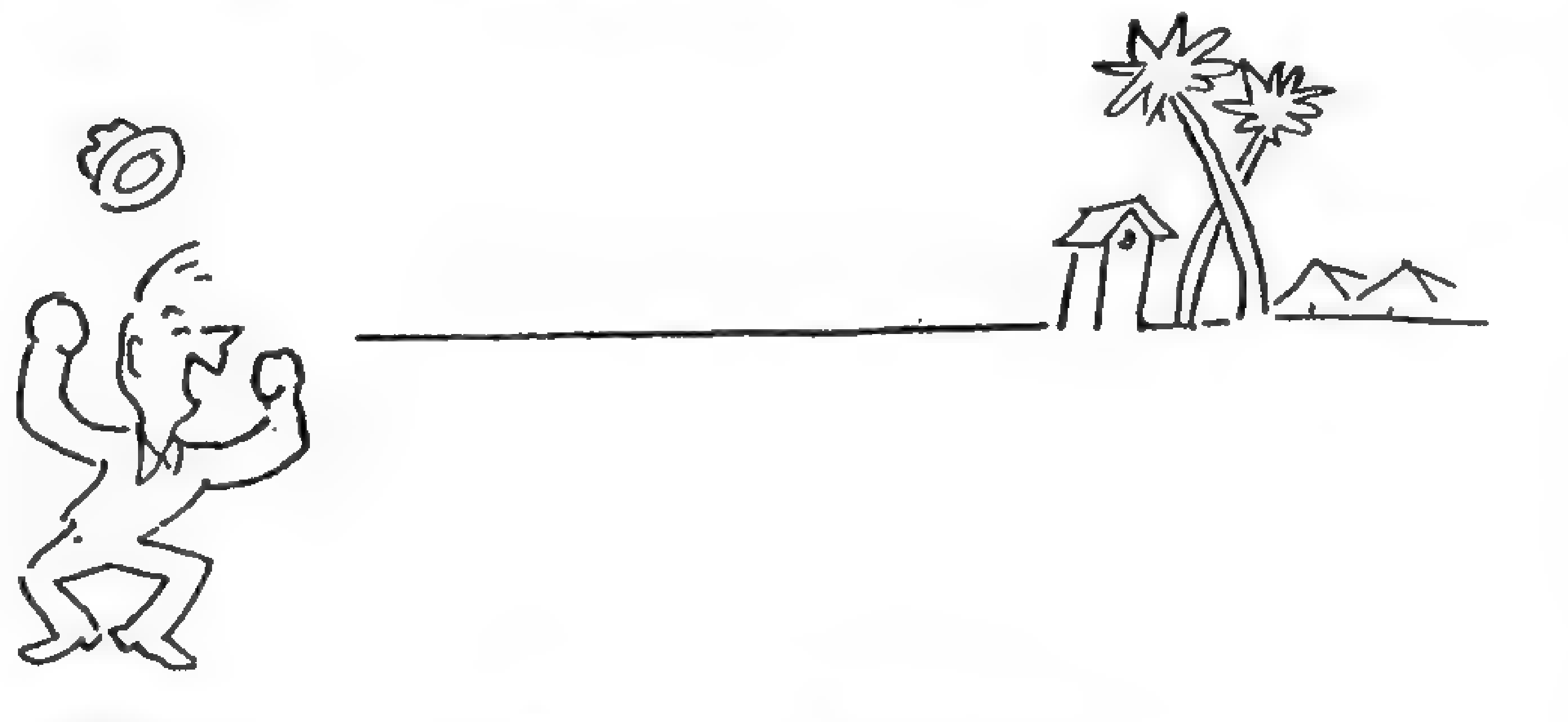
We know a Lady who has been in the Beauty Business for some time who still marvels at the power of Hair Bleach. She says that time after time she has seen the dowdy, colorless, sit-in-the-corner type of Girl bleach her hair and land a Husband within weeks . . . so we draw the conclusion, girls, that it isn't what you put on the inside of your heads that counts—but what you put on the outside.

When better battles are fought, the privates will fight them.

A writer told us once that he imagines himself as a lolling fisherman sitting beside the stream of consciousness, lazily picking out things floating by to put into his writings. He believes that this stream flows through everyone's mind but that most people drift along in it, rather than climb out on the bank. We didn't debate the point—we paid for the drink.

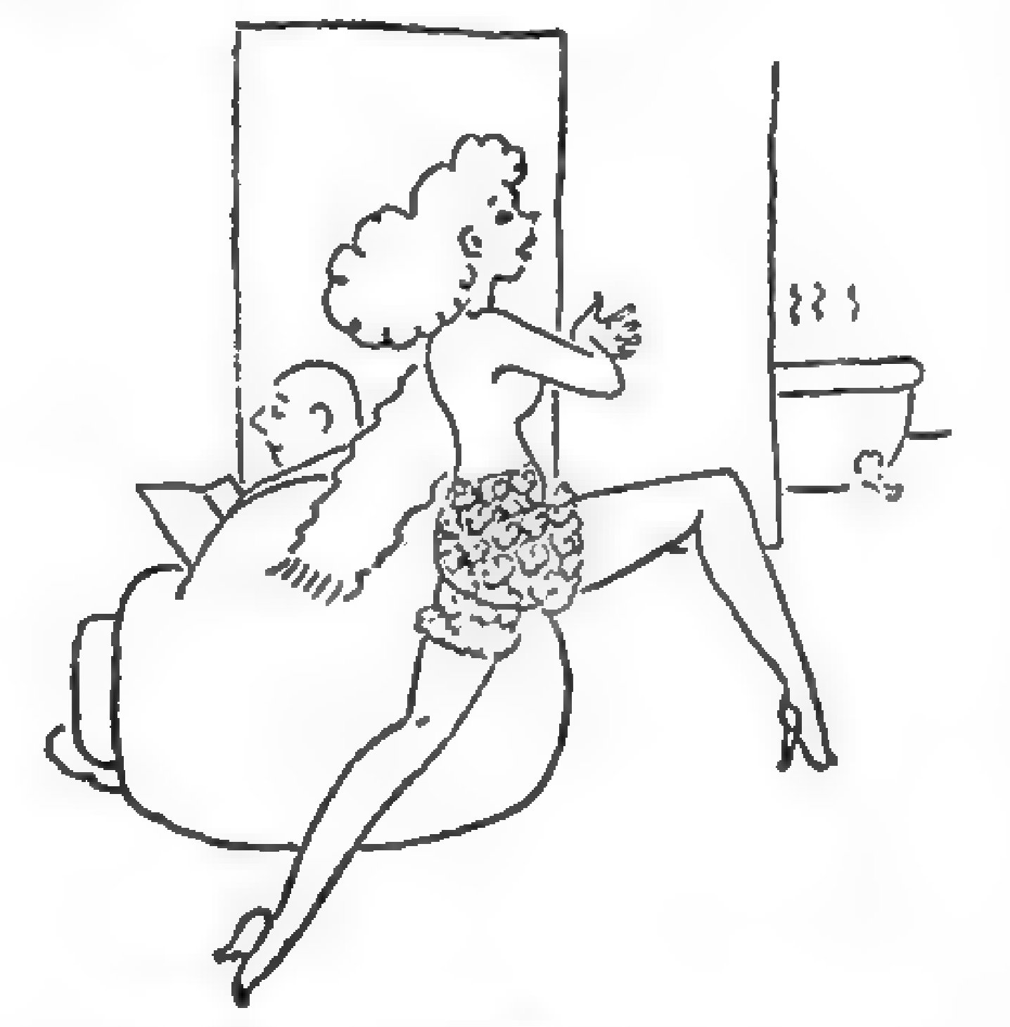
Self-confidence is when a woman with big ears is sure everyone looks at her pretty ankles.

The big rush is on in Tin Pan Alley to see who will be first to steal a hit tune from Shostakovich.



"Hooray—Americans"

Sergeant York was a great hero in the last war, but just a piker compared to what the average comic strip hero accomplishes in every edition of the papers these days.



"I think we'll keep our black-out curtains up after the war—they allow such freedom of action"

Now that the government is taking charge of so many things, we wish they would order Charlie Chaplin to make some more comedies.

I wonder if it is as much fun to be sick now as it used to be. When we were young, being sick added greatly to one's importance. After we had been in bed a few days with a cold, coming downstairs for breakfast was an occasion.

My mother would get down the large ornate egg cup from the top shelf in the pantry, and we would be the only one at the table with an egg cup.

Another nice thing about minor sicknesses was that on lodge night Uncle Clint would come over and entertain us. He told stories and did dances—but his specialty was stretching a sheet across the door leading into the kitchen, and seating us in the dark dining room. Then he would make shadow pictures on the sheet with the aid of the kitchen light.

His were talking pictures with howls, hoots, weird noises and songs—and he always tried to be through and have the sheet put away before the folks came home, as though the shadow shows were a secret between us kids and him.

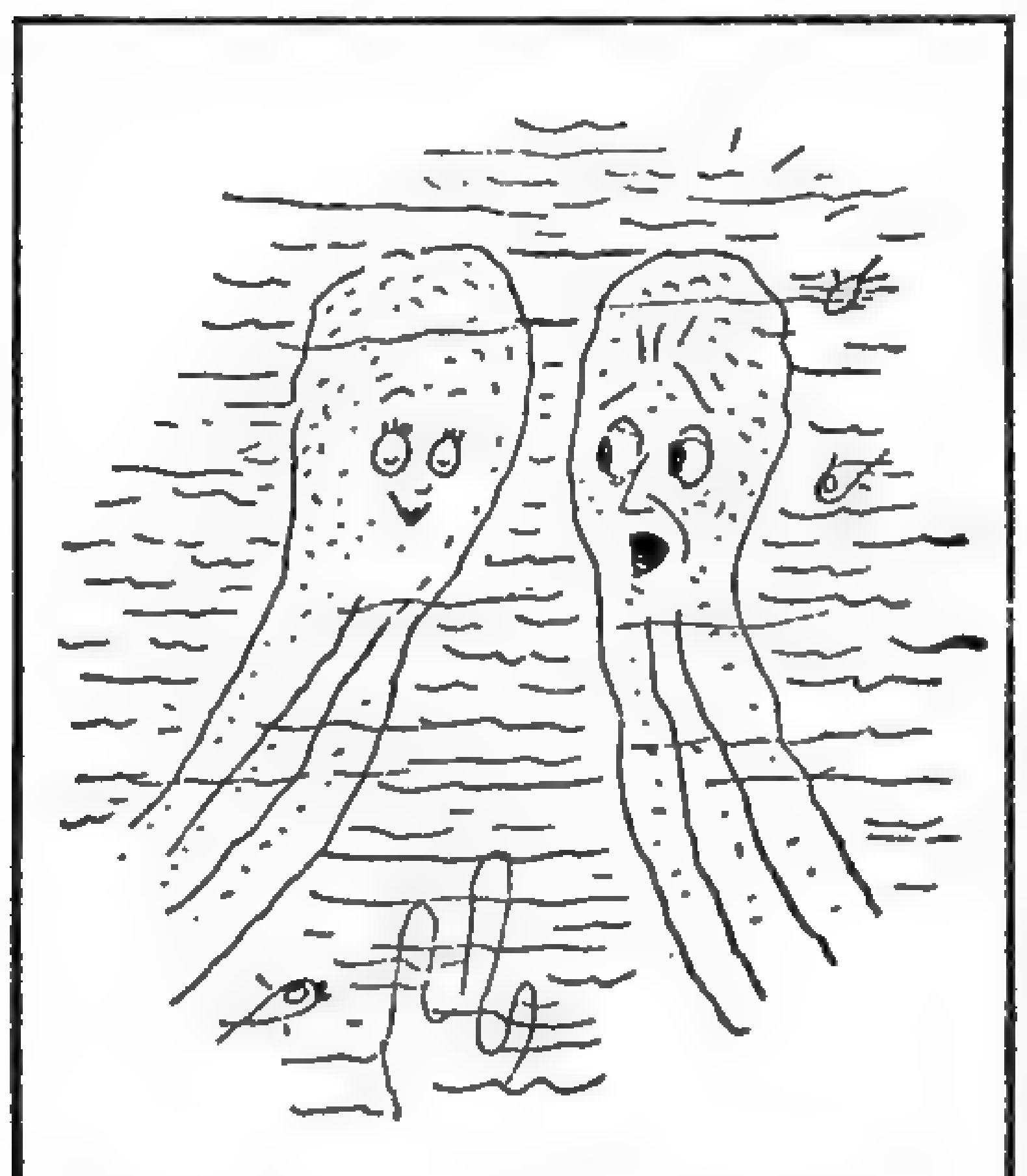
The honeymoon is over when she calls your love-making wrestling.

GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE

We meet the funniest people . . . at a party recently a college professor gave a demonstration of Hypnotism. He put one of the women under the spell, made her rigid, then tried to wipe out all her memory so as to leave a free and unconditioned Mind . . . he called it a Candid Mind . . . in touch with the Universe and uninhibited.

Then he asked her questions. Some of her answers were nonsense, some had no meaning and a few were interesting. We jotted down some of her answers and give them here for entertainment . . . she said Hitler would commit suicide within five years, that potatoes would sell for seventy cents a peck in March 1949, that the Germans would attempt another conquest in 1960 but that Police Force Bombers would quell it in six days. She said that automobiles would never again be as popular as they were in the '30's, that women would quit using nail polish and stop wearing slacks but not before short haircuts had become the style among them . . . all in all it was quite a performance and we enjoyed it. It reminded us of the time when we were kids and the ouija board said Aunt Sara was going to have Boy Twins . . . P. S. She had a little girl.

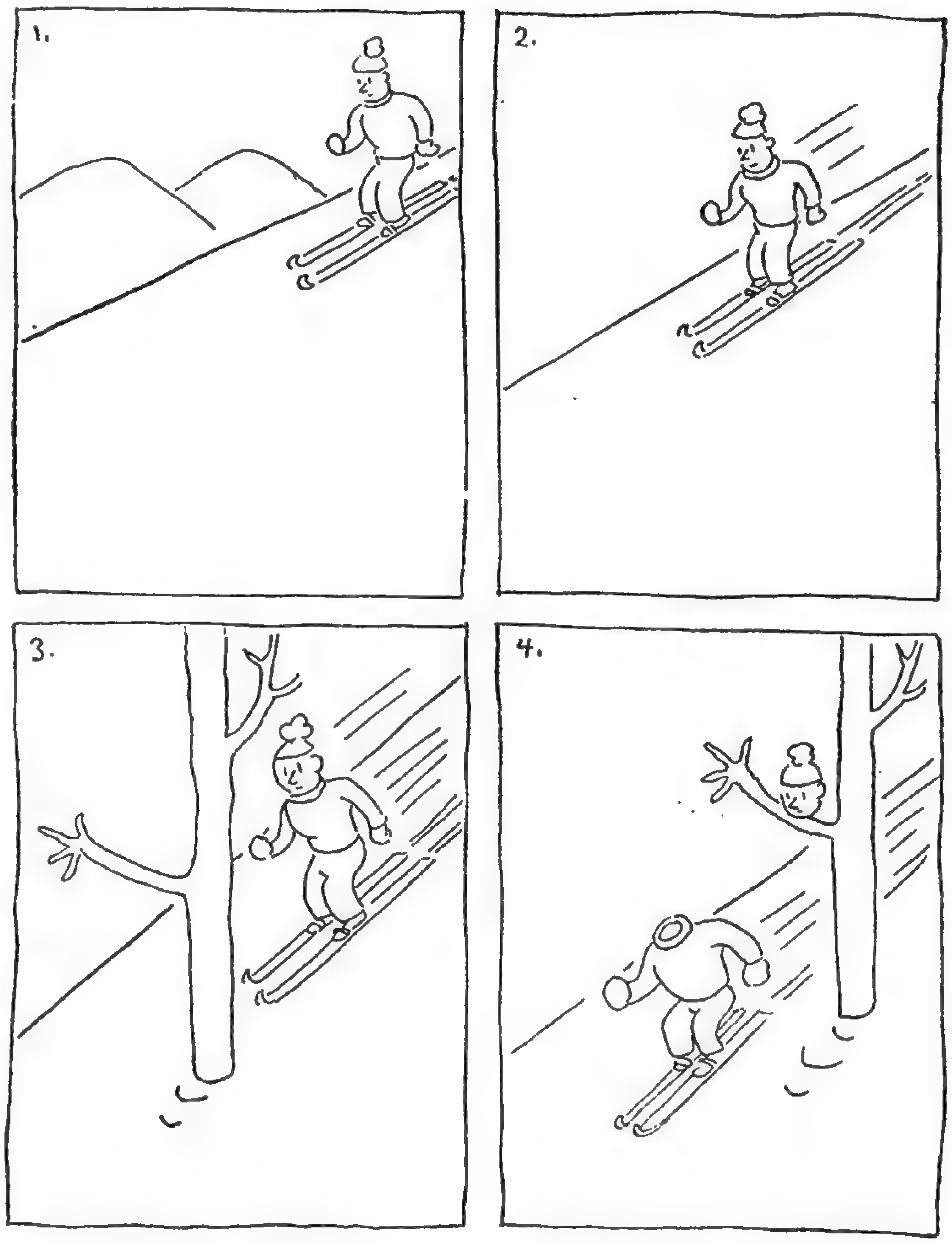
It is reported that proofreaders all over the country are having trouble with the title of the Paramount picture, "I Married a Witch."



"God you're beautiful tonight"

Food is so scarce in Italy that the Duce might have to eat some of his words.

A friend of ours has a dog that barks too much. He recently read that if you take a barking dog into crowds of people, it will cure him. But it didn't work in Buster's case. He just welcomes the opportunity for new people to bark at.



We know a cute southern girl who is spending her first winter in Chicago. She is taking it all in stride, but one thing baffles her: "Where in hell does the ice on the inside of the windows come from?"

We are getting shorter and shorter programs on the radio. Years ago all programs were hour ones. Then followed the half hour, the quarter hour, and now this year we have a lot of new five minute shows. We look forward with interest to the next year when we can expect one-second shows—it will indeed be a problem for the advertising men to shrink a song, a story, and two commercials into one "burp."

It is gratifying to think that the sun never sets on our fight against the Axis.

It is so cold in Russia that the Nazis are sending their blood home to get it warmed.

We hate the Guy
Whose "You hadn't better"
Comes the moment after
We mail the letter.

All the effort a typewriter strategist has to make is to drop the letter in the mail.

There is no truth to the statement that the Lollypop Industry is about to be exposed by the Reader's Digest.

Gus, the inventor, is working on an umbrella that whistles when you forget it.

Dear Doctor Diddle: I have been keeping my wife and fourteen of her relatives for ten years. Now she says she is tired of me and wants a divorce. What shall I do? Dopey.

Dear Dopey: I am very discouraged with you. Don't you know a reprieve when you see one?

Dear Doctor Diddle: My girl can't run a riveting machine, she can't sew, she can't cook, she can't jitterbug—all she can do is talk of love—what do you suggest I do? Soot Sam.

Dear Sam: Get the hell out and give a man a chance.

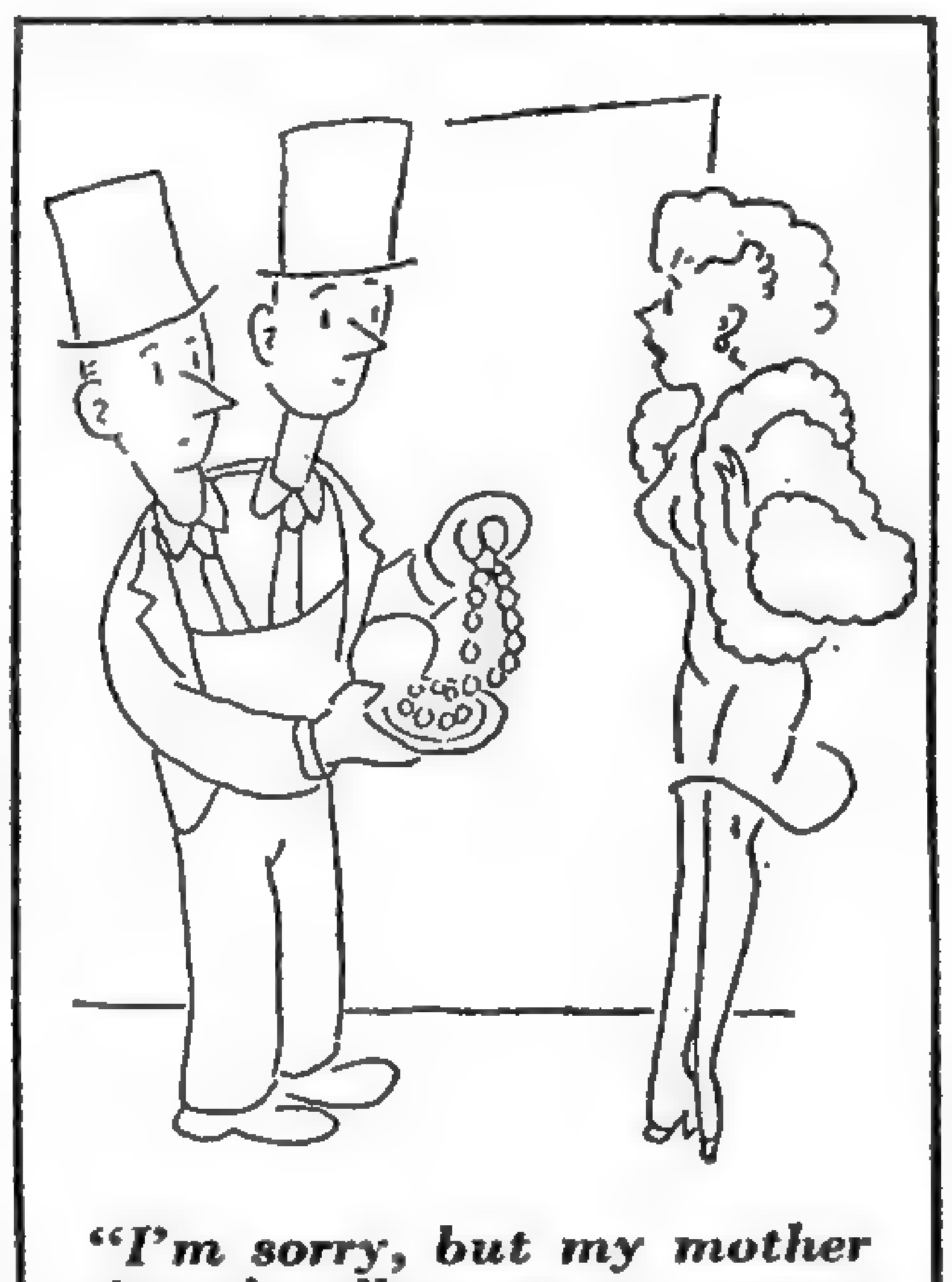
Joe Louis has quit fighting so that he can devote all his time to FIGHTING.

The defeat of Hitler may be sudden and unexpected—but never unwelcome.

Some years ago a man on the west side of Chicago was left with six motherless children. He adopted the one-for-all and all-for-one rule in raising them. This is the way he worked it—when one kid did anything really bad—he lined up the whole family and spanked all of them. It was his contention that if the brothers and sisters had been looking after each other the culprit would never have gotten in trouble, and he raised one of the nicest families in town.

It must be that Goering eats so much so that he can have more room for medals.

Now that the government is taking over different resort hotels for student soldiers many letters are going to the home folks with his room marked on the picture post card and the ever-present line—"wish you were here." One student aviator writes home that he is quartered in one of the guest cabins of a famous west coast hotel. He wrote that there are only two students to a cabin—that the climate is marvelous and that he could easily pretend he was a millionaire—if it wasn't for the sergeant, and for the fact that they have to study like hell.

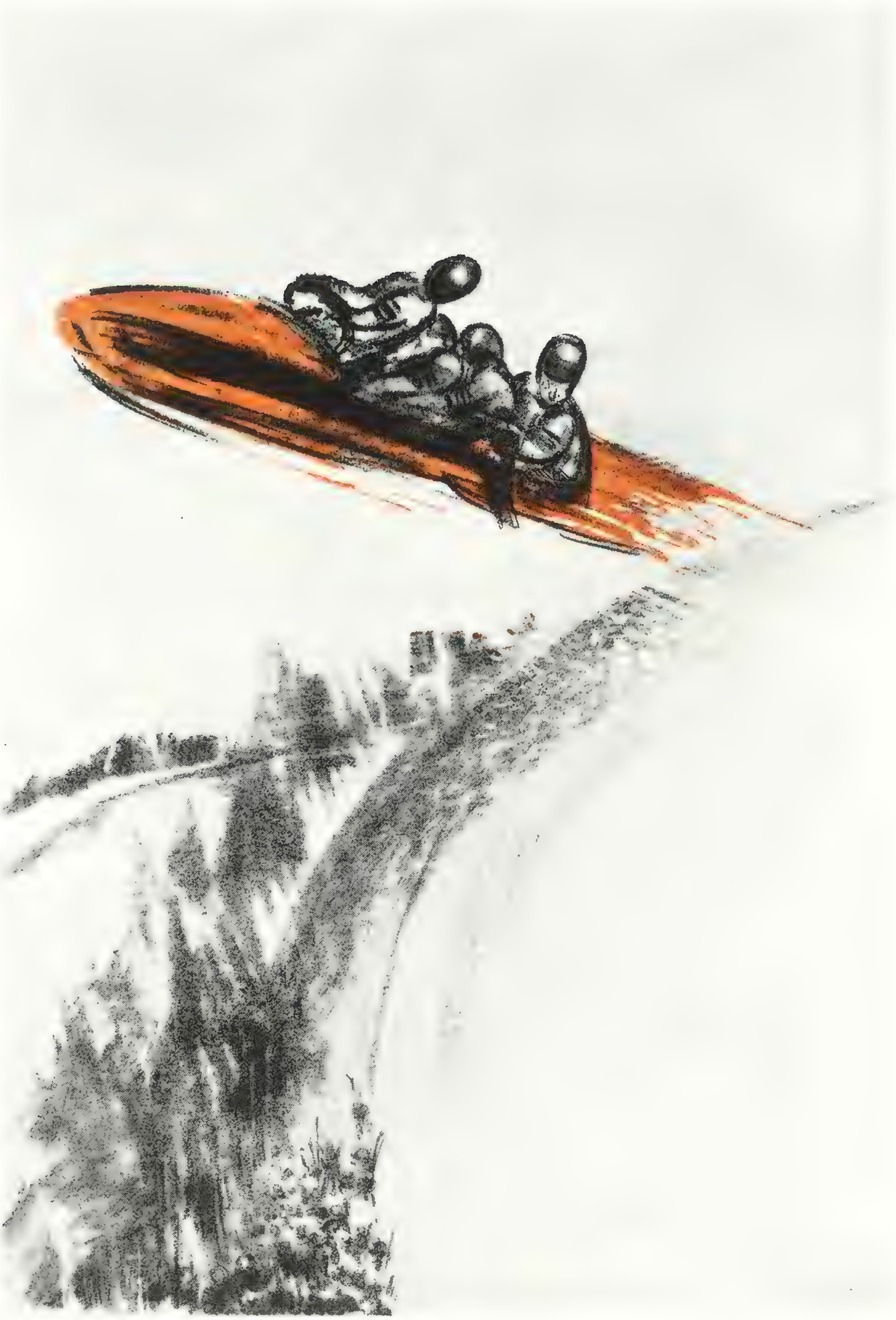


"I'm sorry, but my mother doesn't allow me to accept gifts from strange men"

We hear that at the conclusion of the war France is going to have a gallows poll.

There is gold in them hills and it's going to stay there for the duration.

If coffee gets any scarcer we'll have to carry ours in an inhaler. ⵌ



"The brakes, Steinberg—the brakes!"

The Puck or the Putter?

Continued from page 74

chance to score. What's the answer to the question of how he can keep it up, putting on this pressure in winter, and then going out in summer on the links to put all that new and different strain on his under-pins. I think the answer is over-compensation—the same thing that made Glenn Cunningham's legs super-normal after they were burned in that schoolhouse fire when he was a boy, and the same thing that happened to Archie San Romano after his legs were crushed by a truck.

In 1930, March was severely injured in hockey, thirteen stitches being required to close a gash in his leg which the doctors at the time said would prevent him from ever playing hockey again. It was then that he turned to golf as an excellent summer exercise for his bad leg. Also he was looking forward then to mental recreation since he figured that golf was the only sport in which he could compete for pleasure as an amateur after he was all done in hockey. The double work of winter and summer legging it produced the legs that now keep Mush in the upper brackets of both sports.

He had only started to golf in 1928—two years previously, the summer before he made the big jump from Canadian junior hockey as a member of the Canadian junior championship Regina Monarchs to the Blackhawks. He got his first golf clubs cheap from a friend who had won the set in a raffle. In 1937 he turned pro, serving three years at Valparaiso, Indiana, before moving to the Mesaba Country Club in Hibbing.

The diminutive March, who is now the oldest player in the National Hockey League in point of service, points to the transition that comes to every athlete when mental astuteness begins to compensate for physical debility as time gets in its erosion. The first man ever to come from the Canadian junior hockey ranks to the National League points out that: "I use the head more than the feet now. That's what everybody does when he gets older." Thus the mental activity of golf contributes to his continuity as a hockey player, as well as the good the links game has done to his legs.

Just as his greatest thrill in golf to date was that one on the 18th at Tam O'Shanter, it was a single shot that gave March his biggest thrill in hockey, too. But then it meant not only several hundred dollars for him, but for all his team mates, too. That was in the 1933-34 National League hockey season when the Blackhawks won their first world's championship. It was the fourth game of the best out of five titular series with the Detroit Red Wings. The game was scoreless throughout the regulation time. Then in the overtime, Mush counted the goal after thirty minutes of overtime that gave his team the title.

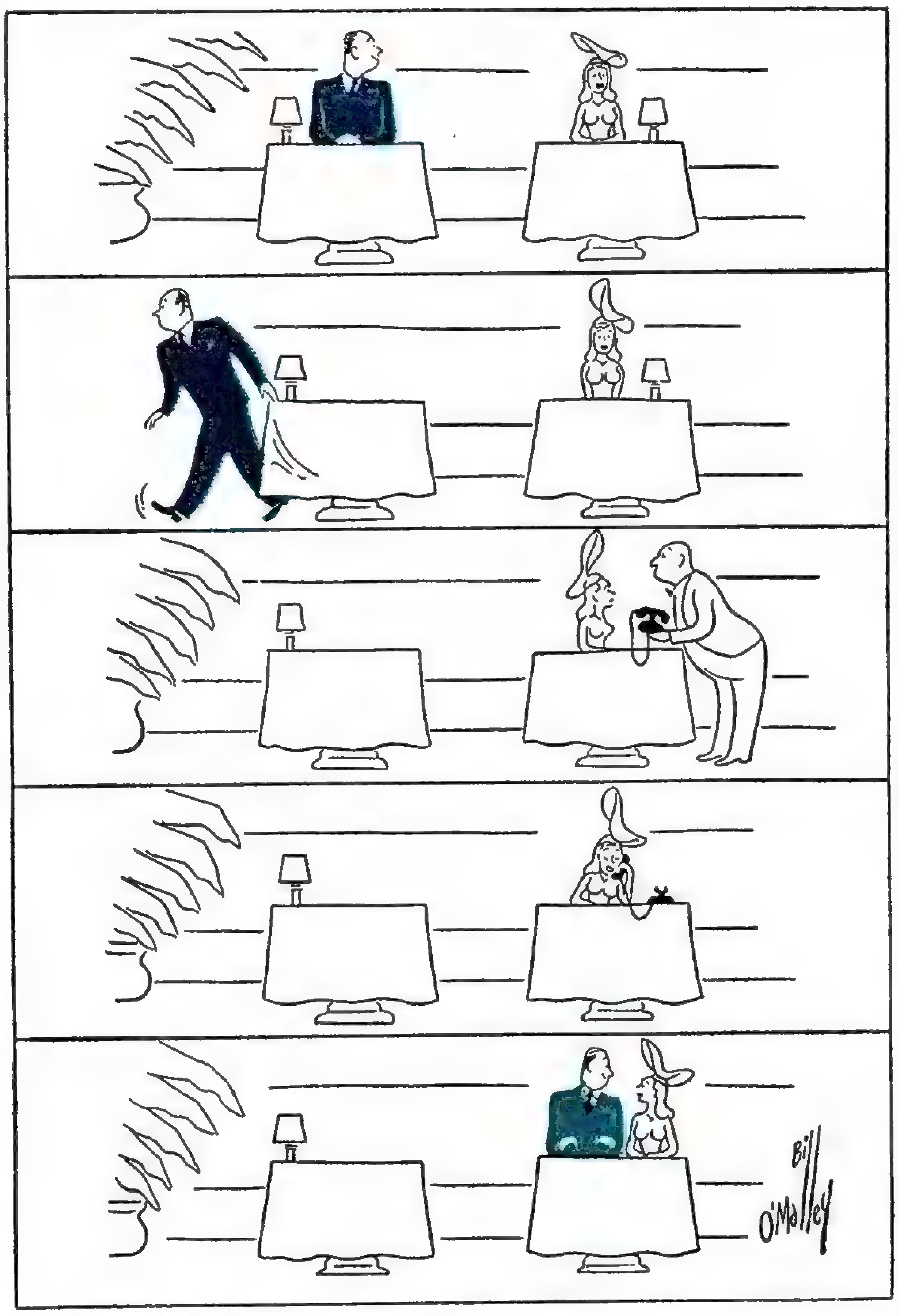
Accustomed as he is to the feel and handle of a hockey stick, it is perhaps reasonable that Mush's best golf is with his woods. He'll drive with the best of them, being one of the game's longest hitters, despite the fact that he weighs only around 164 pounds and stands only five feet five inches tall. He attributes his long ball from the tee to his powerful wrists—wrists that are not too big but are well trained for power from twenty-five years in hockey. He's been playing hockey ever since he was a kid of nine, and is known to have one of the hardest shots in the game in addition to being the game's fastest skater.

This speed has brought him plenty of "contact" on the ice, and all that goes with it—shock and concussions. And Mush has been in his share of the big hockey brawls, although a small man. He happened to be one of the instigators of the National League's worst free-for-all in history, which developed in Montreal in the 1936-37 season after his sweater had been pulled over his face by an opponent so that he couldn't see, thus enabling another opponent to pummel him in comparative safety.

But while there is no contact in golf, there is plenty of shock in that competition, too, Mush points out—mental shock, which is just about as devastating, or more so than physical shock. The last war saw Germany break down under the mental strain when it saw it was going to lose, long before its armies were completely vanquished on the battlefield. Whatever happens to a man's nerve centers can get him down just as effectively as muscle bruises or broken bones. Then, too, as Mush points out, it is more difficult to get keyed up to a point of super-power in a game like golf than it is in a fast, active, team game like hockey. The sport itself does less to stimulate a man's faculties, and therefore draws more heavily on his innate mental character and personality.

It is doubtful, he says, whether any other two sports more clearly dramatize the two different points of stress. Hardly any other sport puts more pressure on a man mentally in comparison to the physical stress than golf; and hardly any other sport takes more out of a man physically in comparison to the mental strain than hockey.

Mush is a quiet, reticent, unassuming chap who makes friends easily. He never pushes himself out in front; never knocks anybody and always seems to try to point out the person's good traits rather than his obvious faults.



Like most of the men who get to the top in any sport or business, Mush is mostly strictly business. You might call his nine-year-old boy's train as much his hobby as anything else. The boy's name is Harold Stewart, while Mush's real name is Harold Clarence . . . though it is mostly unknown to the sports world.

Just how strictly business Mush is may be judged from these two facts. As much as he enjoys his home and his companionship with his wife and son, he has never yet spent a Christmas with his family. One of the things he is looking forward to in life is the day when he can spend lots of time at home with them.

And while he has always wanted to fish, and lives in the great fishing country of northern Minnesota, for the past two years he has done no fishing. He also likes to hunt but has done little hunting, although he is a good shot.

The reason why he has had to deny himself these various pleasures is that hockey in the winter and golf in the summer take up all his time. In the summer, golf keeps him occupied from 7 a.m. till 9 p.m., and in winter hockey takes as much of the day. And, being as active as he always has been, plenty of rest is essential to him.

"Mush" isn't the only hockey star who doubles in golf. Bert Gardiner, the Hawks' goalie, is another. However, usually the competitor who can withstand the variable strains of both sports is under 35.

Only two other players have had a longer stretch in the National Hockey League than March has had to date. They were Aurel Joliet who had put in sixteen years when he quit two seasons ago, and Hooley Smith, who had seventeen years. But March is likely to surpass both their records, as he feels he'll be able to play several more seasons because he thinks he played as well in the 1941-42 season as at any time in his career.

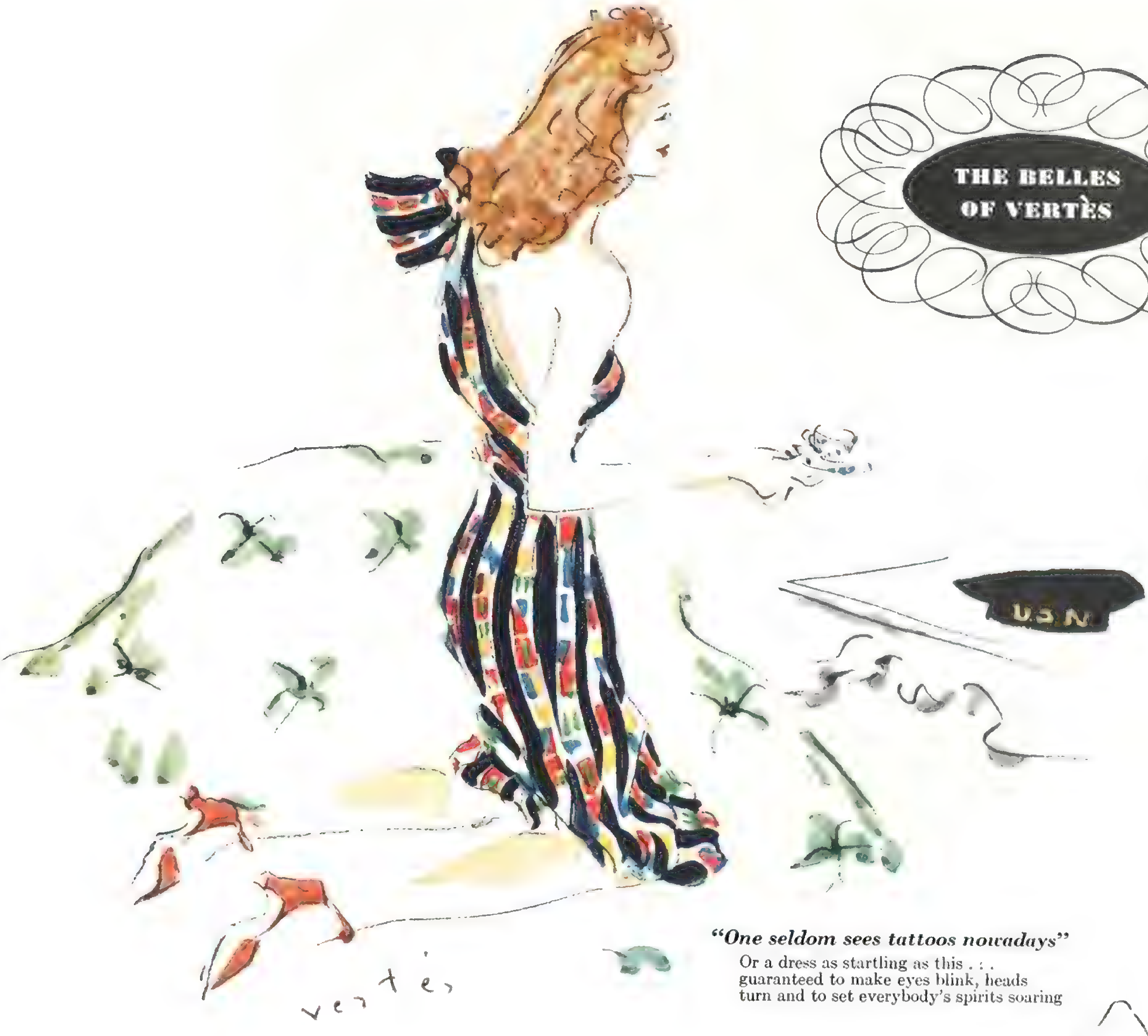
And as the old head takes over for the fading legs, he thinks he's got a long way yet to go in golf, where mind pays off over muscle. When he gives up hockey, he will have the satisfaction of enjoying more time at home, and as the youngster passes out of the stage of playing with trains, Mush plans to improve on his technique—which isn't bad now—in taking movies. The future also holds the possibility, or likelihood, that next year he will be in the Army.

If he is, I'm willing to risk a hazard he will be a good man in that game, too. He won't say much, but he'll come up with that one good shot that means everything just about as often as anybody you might care to name. They call him Mush in sports, but in the Army with *his* legs he'll get along all right on the March. ##

INTRODUCING
THE BELLES OF VERTÈS

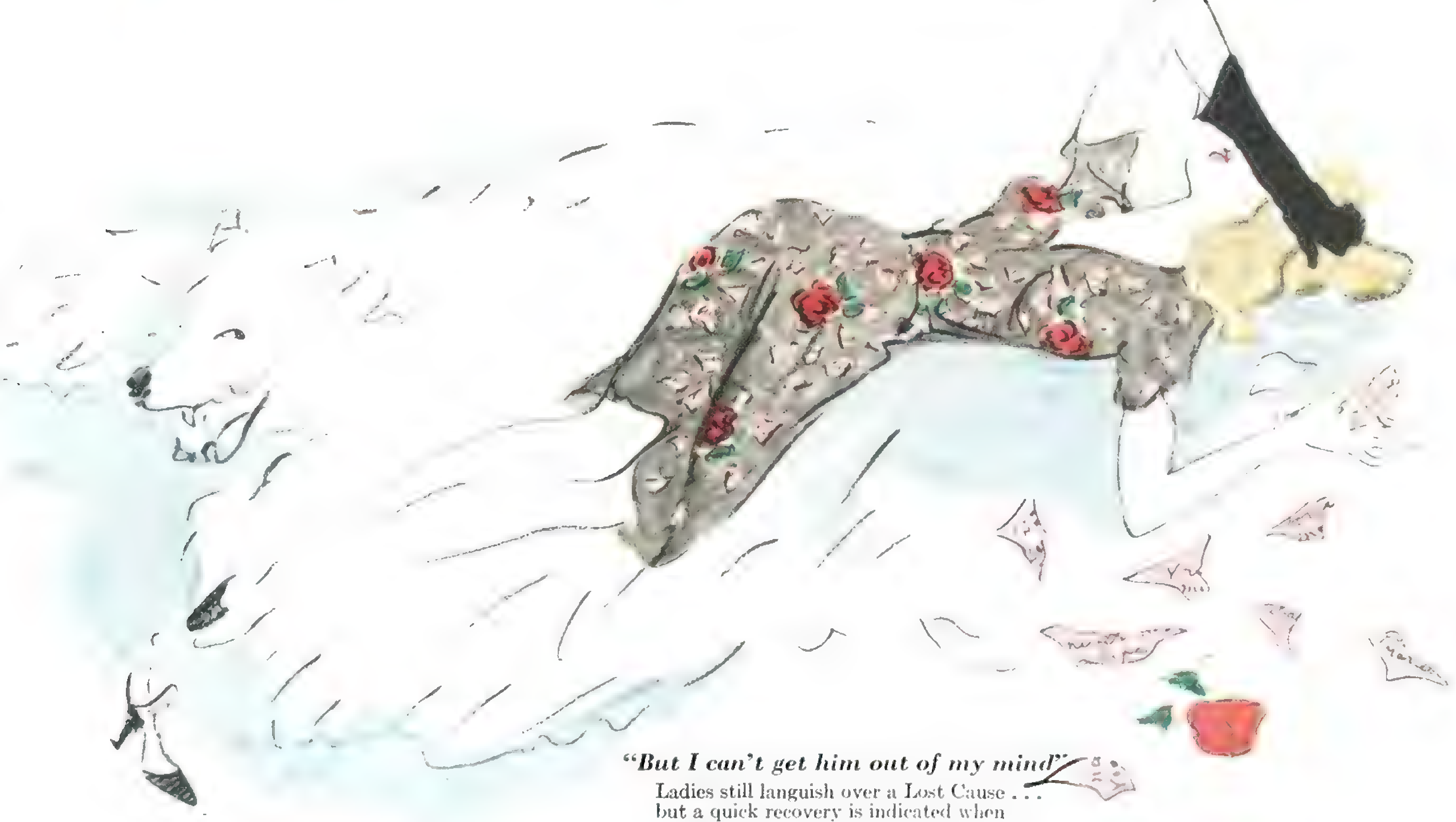
INTO the firmament of Esquadorables, where there reign such luminaries as the Varga Girl and the Hurrell Girl, we now project a veritable bevy of beauties by that recognized peer in the realm of feminine delineation, Marcel Vertès. We do this, in this man's magazine, with a sense of fitness, but also with a feeling that a warning is in order. These pictures are presented, like all of Esquire's pictures, for the delectation of men. But it is only fair to warn you men to be very careful about letting these pictures lie around where any of your feminine dependents might see them, for this Vertès has an artful habit of ringing into his pictures of women all sorts of slick new ideas for women's wearables. So, if you were to let your women see these next two pages it is entirely possible that they might not, like you, be content to contemplate them with purely aesthetic emotions, simply enjoying them as pictures, but they might also have their acquisitive passions aroused. What might happen, in that event, is strictly your own responsibility, not ours. For if they were to write in to Dora Deane, c/o Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York, to ask where and whether they could get, for instance, a pocketbelt like the one shown in the Vertès drawing, we're very much afraid that Miss Deane would answer that they could, and for about a buck, at that. Well, a dollar's only a dollar, but you can readily see where such a thing might lead, if they were to begin asking Dora Deane where and whether all those pretty things could be had. Because they can be. And so, in that case, can you. So be very careful, and don't say we didn't warn you. →

THE BELLES OF VERTÈS



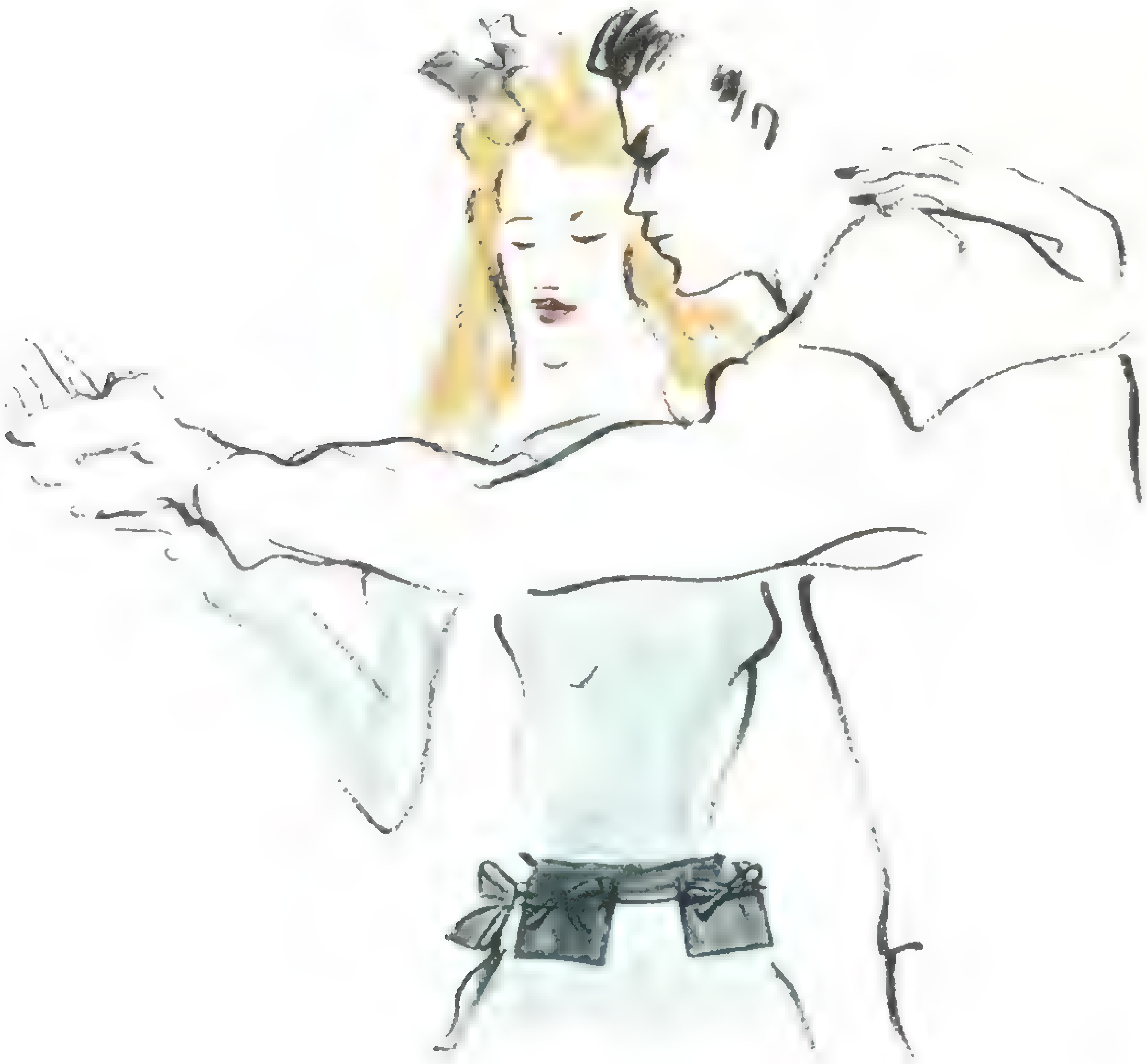
"One seldom sees tattoos nowadays"

Or a dress as startling as this . : .
guaranteed to make eyes blink, heads
turn and to set everybody's spirits soaring

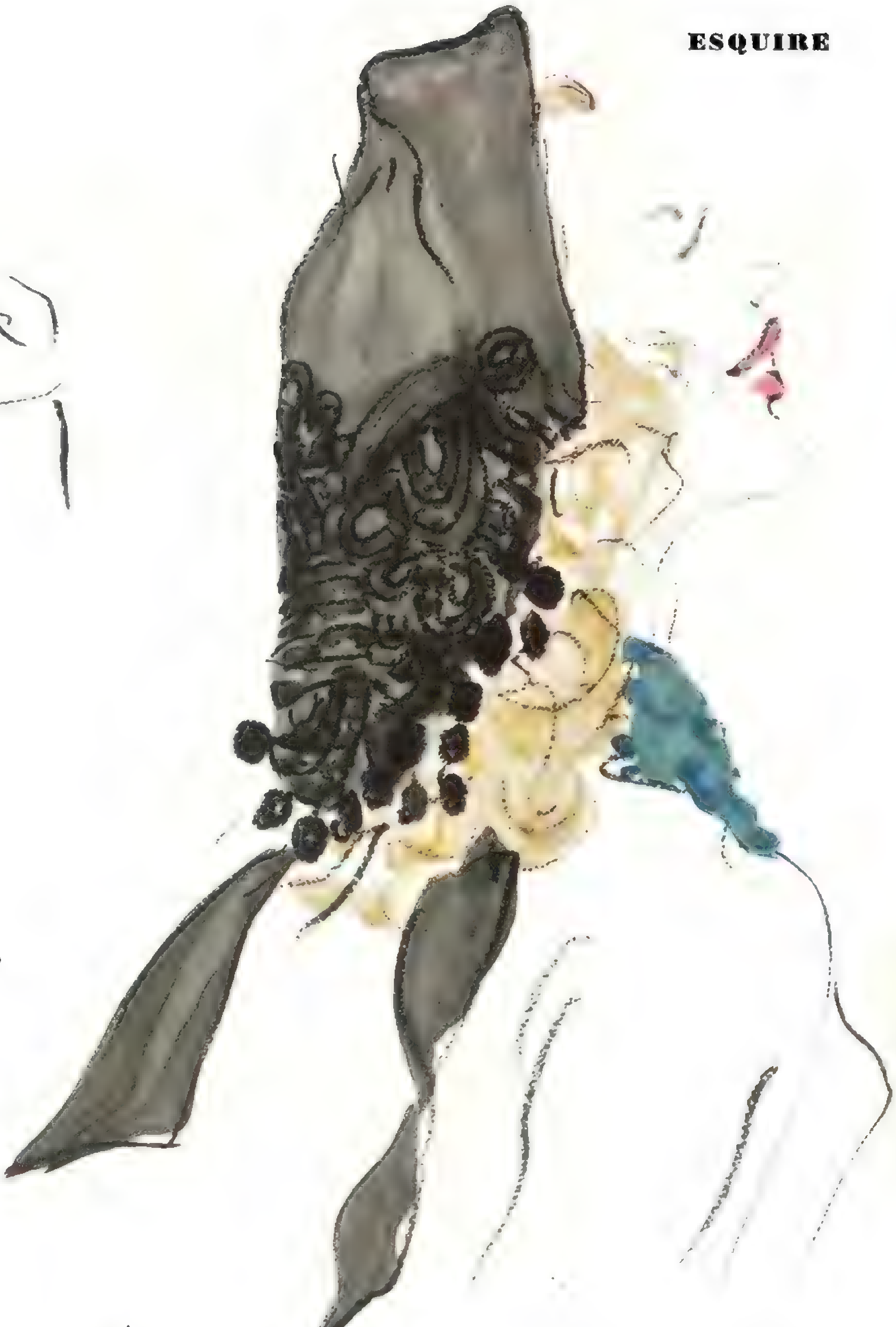


"But I can't get him out of my mind"

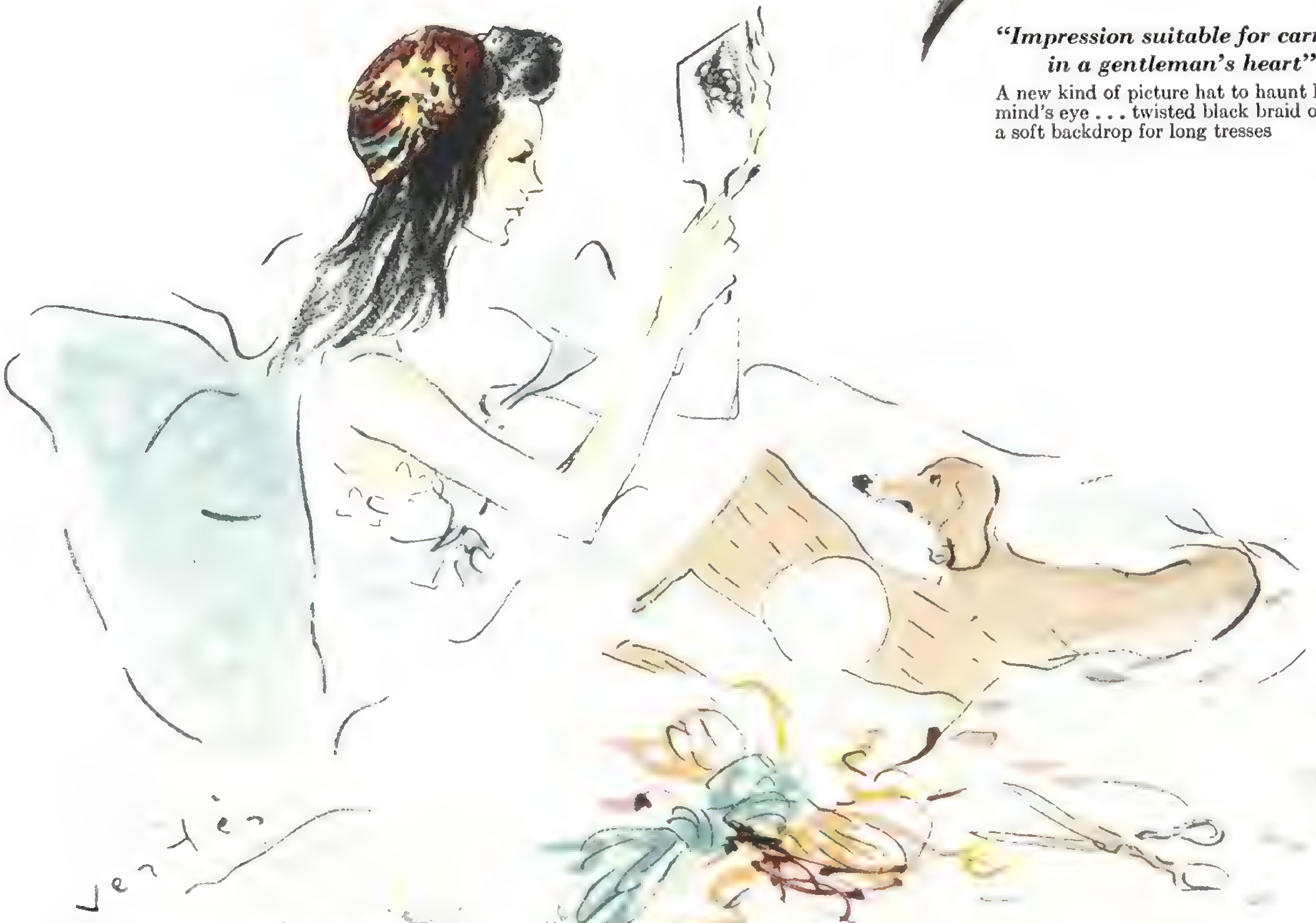
Ladies still languish over a Lost Cause . . .
but a quick recovery is indicated when
she flaunts a flock of torn love letters on her dress



"Don't be surprised if I kiss you for I have leave"
This demure little number has a slick new trick to show you . . . cached away in the pockets round her waist she carries everything from lipstick to mad money



"Impression suitable for carrying in a gentleman's heart"
A new kind of picture hat to haunt his mind's eye . . . twisted black braid on felt . . . a soft backdrop for long tresses



"If I can catch his eye the rest will be easy"
The first step is ABC and she does it strictly on her own. The needlepoint comes in the raw, but after it's worked, the maker stitches it together into a hat for free

The Sporting Scene

Continued from page 83

American wartime athletic program throughout the United States and all of the conquered countries as well.

* * *

Transportation and additional wartime difficulties have beset this season's touring ice shows. That has been tough luck for impresarios of the troupes, as ice shows never have been more handsome or, generally, more attractive to the public than they present themselves this winter.

The pro shows have almost completely eliminated, as competitors for gate money, amateur shows of skating clubs which inspired the professional show promoters. Without the costuming, staging and talent of the pro shows, club shows are frozen out of top rating. There's been no other woman skater, pro or amateur, in the showy class of the aging, though still captivating, Sonja Henie. And for novelty skating there are no others in the same category with Frick and Frack, who headline the Shipstads and Johnson Ice Follies.

Yet surviving amateur shows with several revelations of highly promising minor league talent will provide wartime relaxation for part of the public—and fine physical conditioning for the participants. With the amateurs continuing and striving to excel the pro-show standard of skating performance, professional ventures are assured a great supply of talent for future shows.

It's a very alluring field for a graceful and pretty girl athlete, this figure skating. The fancy figures involved are not all on ice, as was disclosed when La Henie and Denny Scanlan wrangled over the haul—only to settle after their respective legal advisors had justified fees probably bringing tears to the eyes of the clients.

Details of the settlement were not made public, but neither Sonja nor Denny fool any in going after money.

Scanlan was the one who saw the big money possibilities in turning the skating shows pro. He steered Henie at the start of her pro career. He also was arranging affairs for Jackie Dunn, and Cecilia Cooledge, who succeeded Henie as the World's woman figure skating champion.

Scanlan bucked into stiff opposition when he tried to clout the Toronto Figure Skating Club for the services of Dunn and Cooledge. The Toronto club cradled the ice skating shows of the type now popular, and during more than thirty-five years built up the affairs until they do better at the gate than any other amateur sports affairs—except collegiate football. The club knows a lot of the answers, some of which it gave to Scanlan.

Dunn came into the Toronto show promptly when the club refused to re-negotiate its deal with Scanlan as Jackie's agent, and when a club official remarked over the telephone he was "surprised that an English gentleman would go back on his word as he (Dunn) apparently proposed to do."

After the Toronto club had brought Cecilia and her mama across in a super de-luxe suite on the *Queen Mary*, Denny came with the Cooledges to Toronto and began pushing the club around. Or trying to, so club officials recollect.

In a showdown between Denny and the club's president, Scanlan—so club officials assert—said that Salchow, president of the International Skating Union, worked for Scanlan in a steel factory in Sweden. Therefore, so the testimony goes, as Salchow controlled the figure skaters and Denny bossed Salchow, Denny was the man with the whip and the tall black hat.

The Canuck was a hard, hard man. He couldn't see it that way, and he couldn't see Denny. And he made it clear that Denny had better not pause to be looked at, or else. Mr. Scanlan, being quick at fathoming an innuendo when an irate gent's drop-kicking toe is wiggling, departed.

One development of the Toronto experience was that Scanlan's laborer, Salchow, was booted out of his job as president of the International Skating Union. Salchow was replaced by Herr van Laer of Amsterdam, and the secretary's office of the Union was moved from Stockholm to Amsterdam, where it was when war swept over Holland.

* * *

Deer fat has been given in considerable quantities to waste fat collection drives. In Utah, the State Fish and Game Department set the figure of deer fat at 100,000 pounds. The fat is used in the manufacture of war explosives.

There's the sequel to Disney's *Bambi*—deer shoots man.

* * *

The nationwide campaign, in which every qualified professional and amateur athlete is to contribute to the Red Cross blood bank, began at the Chicago Blood Donors' station of the Red Cross. It's in the same building as the office of the Bears pro football team.

Much to the surprise of the athletes the blood-letting is completely devoid of pain, and even of discomfort.

* * *

Golf is to try a new instruction plan this year. Lessons will be based on the audit of the player's individual scores. Instruction payment is to be based on a full season's service.

When the player's handicap increases—or when he isn't scoring down to his handicap—the pro who is supposed to watch the scoring records of his members takes the player to the lesson tee, plays a few holes with him, and corrects major flaws in the swing.

The audit plan of instruction was suggested by Dr. Robert E. Dyer at the pro golfers' annual meeting. Dr. Dyer jarred the pros by remarking that they were overdue on making a study of the diseases of the golf swing instead of continuing to concern themselves with analysis of the perfect swing.

Dr. Dyer pointed out that medicine and surgery would not have advanced had the MD's stayed deeply concerned with the study of perfection in human structure and performance.

Golf amazed itself last year by standing up better than expected. Doctors gave the game a wartime boost by endorsing it as an effective palliative for traumatic war neurosis, hitting older and sedentary war workers and the conscientious younger workers high-pressuring their efforts in mechanized and monotonous labor in small areas.

The golf prescription presumably is founded on the hunch that even in wartime, if a person gets away from work and worry occasionally, he can work and worry more and better when he returns to his job.

* * *

With basketball schedules subject to quick change because of wartime travel restrictions, high school and college athletic directors can begin to think of home-and-home games between cage teams doubling in cross-country running.

* * *

And on the travel troubles of sports. Why not start baseball's spring training six weeks earlier and let the athletes walk to the camps?

Those jaunts would condition them for nine full innings.

While the players are walking back from the camps, the weather would have a chance to get warmed up. One of the sacrifices the country can make is that of the frigid early season games.

* * *

War may make the fishing better by reducing stream pollution by raw wastes from sulphite paper mills. Some experts claim this waste could be converted into low-priced alcohol for synthetic rubber manufacture. Alcohol from sulphite waste is made in Sweden.

The Izaak Walton League of America is fishing for government action on this double-jointed conservation plan but up to the time this was written the Ikes hadn't got a bite from authorities.

* * *

It seems that duly constituted authorities and self-appointed experts on matters of sports in war have overlooked what the real fighters themselves think about continuance of sports at home.

About half of the Office of War Information's news budget to troops abroad is sports news, yet the troops want more. American bombers tuned in on broadcasts of games back home. Football betting was one of the most popular mediums of exchange with troops foreign-based and in American training last autumn.

The lads want sports news from home, and home prays for victory news from the lads. It's much easier to give the fighters what they want than it is for the fighters to make the headlines the home folks desire. But those who want to cancel sports for the duration can't see it that way.

* * *

Out-of-bounds items of sports news:

"American paratroops landed in Bizerte and Tunis were physically stronger than the Germans in hand-to-hand fighting."

"Some of the Italians captured in the African retreat were found to be wearing British football boots captured from army recreation stores in Marshal Rommel's mid-summer drive to El Alamein."

"American football, baseball and softball were introduced to a Glasgow crowd of 30,000 in 'American Games Day'. All participants were American soldiers. 'Glasgow' beat 'London' 7—2 in a five-inning baseball game. In one quarter of football the 'Chicago Bears' scored two touchdowns against the 'Green Bay Packers.' Football and softball teams were Negro soldiers. More than £2000 from the gate went to the Scottish Prisoners of War Fund." ‡‡

My Crew at Pearl Harbor

Continued from page 29

self in action by firing the ship's secondary battery at low flying planes. But that night he was just another tired ensign who had the midwatch. I wasn't very sympathetic, as I was looking forward to the forenoon watch the next day, and felt I could spare no sympathy on others.

At 07:00 on December 7th, 1941, I was awakened by the quartermaster of the watch with the time honored Navy phrase, "Mr. Taussig, you've got the next watch." I yawned, swung my feet over the side and contemplated my sad fate. The eight to twelve watch on Sunday morning was longer than the last three minutes of a football game in which your team has a one point lead and the other team the ball.

I shaved, put on my last clean uniform, ate breakfast, borrowed my room-mate's clean gloves and went up on deck. It was a pleasant morning, and I would have liked a game of tennis and a swim before church, but no, I had the eight to twelve watch.

On relieving the deck, I called the log room and told them to light off another boiler, since our steaming boiler had been on for four days. I looked around the deck. Bluejackets were lining up for the liberty party, the softball team wanted a boat to Aiea Recreation Field, my messmates wanted a boat to Ford Island—and to top it off, the garbage lighter was standing in to take our garbage! I straightened the boats out as best I could, and had the port crane manned. The garbage lighter came alongside, and in its wake came an *Arizona* motor launch with garbage for us to dump. I knew that the *Vestal* was alongside the *Arizona* so she couldn't dump, so I told the coxswain to lie off. As I looked over the side of the ship, I noticed smoke pouring from the *Helena* across the Bay and chuckled a bit to myself. One of the Executive Officers who was at the Naval Academy with me was the Executive Officer of her, and I could visualize him being reprimanded for blowing tubes while the wind was wrong. A split second later another thought flashed through my mind. *She was on fire!*

I called for the boatswain's mate, but before he could come to me I saw a torpedo plane which I casually identified as a TBD, flying towards the battle ships. She was carrying a "fish" which mildly surprised me, but I was flabbergasted when the plane dropped the torpedo! It hit a ship in the battle line and threw an immense column of water twice as high as the masts. For a moment I had the uncomfortable feeling one gets in a thrilling movie; it was incredible but it could be true. Thoughts started racing through my head.

Who is it—was it a mistake—what to do? A large hand caught me by the shoulder and Adolpho Solar, one of my leading boatswain's mates, who shortly thereafter gave his life for his ship, spun me around. "Mr. Taussig, they're bombing Ford Island."

I had heard many high-ranking officers say that we would be attacked in this manner. "General Quarters! Bugler! Boatswain's mate!" I ran for the alarm switch and as I turned it I heard Solar pass the word in a voice developed in sixteen years of service. "Man your general quarters stations on the double! This is no drill, we are being attacked by aircraft, foreign aircraft!"

Now I really had a decision to make. As officer of the deck I was responsible for the ship until properly relieved. As an anti-aircraft director officer, I had the brain needed to control my battery to fight the enemy effectively. Words spoken before a class of midshipmen three years previously by Rear Admiral Draemel flashed through my mind, as they often had previously, "Temper any decision you make by asking yourself this question, 'which is the better for the Navy?' and abide by that decision. You can't go very wrong."

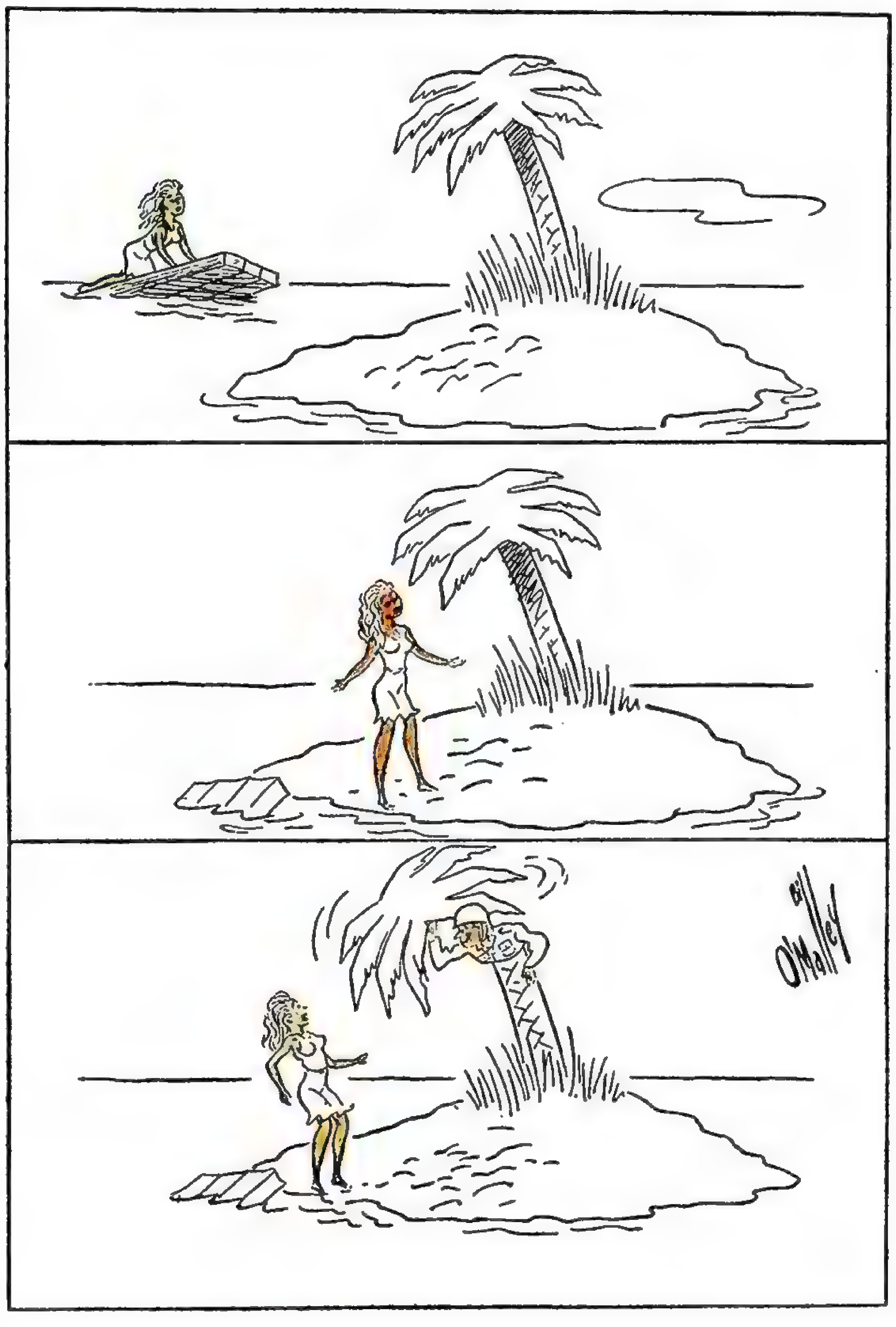
Today, I have no recollection of formally reaching the decision in my mind. I don't remember leaving the deck, climbing the ladders to the boat deck; how many men were already at the guns; what preparations were being made; climbing the ladders to the futtock deck or of any congestion on those ladders. I remember pulling myself into the doorway of my director and for a fleeting second wondering whether I would be scared or not. I wasn't, but I was excited. The director swung around as I put on my phones, but no orders came over them. Then the guns started shooting. For some reason I thought it was amusing that I had no cotton in my ears, and then realized that it was merely the tension relaxing as after the kickoff in a football game. I yelled out of the door for numbers 3 and 5 guns to take director control and 1 and 7 to take local. It was my own private system, which had never been used, but for the situation I thought it highly ingenious. I watched through my checksight after we picked up a plane. I made a set up, but don't know how accurate it was. However a plane disappeared in smoke shortly afterwards, and I felt very smug. I leaned out the door to look for new planes to conquer and noticed that my director, the starboard mount, was swung over to the port side so that my guns were firing to port over the ship structure. I silently blessed the wide-awake individual who had sense enough and presence of mind to pull the firing cutouts, which as a peace time safety precaution kept us from firing over a 65 degree gun elevation. I learned later it was Linnartz.

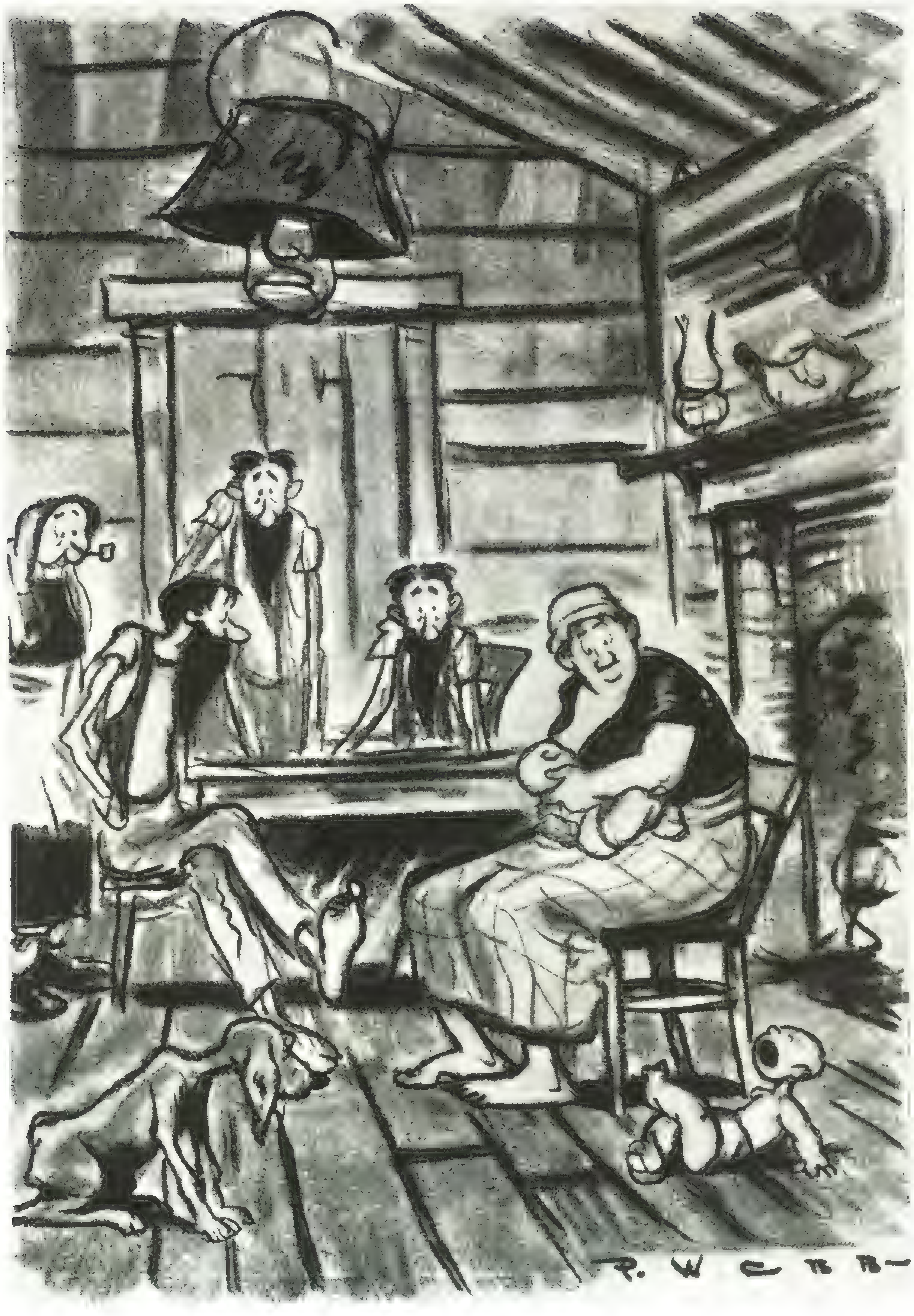
I had no sooner bestowed my final blessing than I felt a sharp blow on my leg and bottom of my foot, as if someone had hit me with a sledge hammer. Since I was holding on to the door jamb I was not knocked down. In a storm of profanity, very inappropriate for a Sunday morning, I announced to my director crew that the so-and-so's had broken my so-and-so leg. My knee was about eight inches from my hip due to muscle contraction, and my leg simply felt as if it had gone to sleep, although the knee was bent at a grotesque angle.

Well, the war couldn't stop just because of a broken leg, so I stood on my good leg and started twisting my dials. Again a stream of non-Sabbath profanity as I found my twisting didn't change my director set up. Then the director trainer handed me his telescope sight and announced that it wasn't doing him much good. It had been blown loose. What had hit us I still don't know, but my best guess is that it was a chunk of the *Arizona*. Anyhow, the news that the telescopes and director were useless must have discouraged me, for I fell out of the director, twisting so as to break my fall on my chest. As I lay with my chest against the guard rail I noticed men crossing over the brow between the *Arizona* and the *Vestal*, but remembered that there was no smoke except from our guns, which were again firing at local control targets. My men picked me up and carried me away from the gun blasts into the fire control shack and laid me on my back on the deck.

I looked around to see which officer was controlling the batteries, and saw none. I took a quick mental check of those I knew were aboard. There were three senior to me that I knew were available, but where were they? I couldn't worry then. I saw that the proper telephones were manned, although the routine reports weren't coming through. Why should they? It was very obvious to me, from the crash of the guns that the batteries were manned and very ready. The machine gun talker reported that the machine guns didn't have very much ammunition, so that word was relayed to the port battery officer. He started to ask why he was told about the machine guns and then must have figured he was the one who must send for the ammunition. We were at peace. Only about 450 rounds of machine gun ammunition were available at the guns because the weather corroded the old fashioned links, and besides we weren't going to fight anyone. Wasn't Kurusu in Washington discussing

Continued on page 108





"Seems like somebody's allers clamorin' to somebody to open up a second front, don't it?"

My Crew at Pearl Harbor

Continued from pages 29-106

and ironing out our differences?

With the machine gun ammunition question settled, I started to see what had happened to my leg. The trousers were split from my hip to my knee and my knee was startlingly close to my hip. We ripped the trousers away from the wound and tried to put a tourniquet above the opening, but it was too high on my leg. I was bleeding freely and could only think of one thing. That pool of blood on the deck must not get much bigger or we'd be fresh out of A. A. officers. I grasped the front of my leg with my left hand. The wound looked as if someone had gashed the flesh with a knife. The length of the gash was about three inches long and an inch wide at the surface. There was considerable swelling around the wound and I thought it must be shrapnel. Then I realized that I had been hit from behind, and since there was a hole in front whatever had hit me must have gone completely through! With great reluctance I grabbed the lips of the wound and held them together. The blood oozed through my fingers, but there was no spurting.

The lookouts were reporting planes right and left, but as yet I didn't know who was attacking us. The consensus was that the Germans had lent some planes to the Japanese, because the dive-bombers looked like Stukas—but then the torpedo planes looked like our TBD's. Two facsimiles of combat planes spelled only one thing. They must be the Japs; our friends; we must not do anything to weaken our friendship to Japan; we must send them scrap metal; we can not cruise through their mandated islands, the treaty said that they would not fortify them, so why worry; the scrap we send them won't make good munitions; their Navy is too weak to fight; their planes are obsolete.

Our little yellow brothers!

The machine guns were reporting that the water lines had parted. The barrels were welding into the slides. No more urine to cool them.

Several of the lookouts were coming into the sky-control to have a look at me. I was the only one wounded on the futtock deck. Only one showed any emotion. He squatted down, put his face in his arms, and rocked back and forth. The head lookout reported that he could see planes all over, but none were ours. I sent the lookouts to the guns. There didn't seem to be any reason to keep them up there and they could carry ammunition and replace casualties.

There were seven men left with me in the shack. Most were from my director crew, and the others were regular sky-control personnel. They were all top flight bluejackets. They told me which circuits they had manned, and two who had no job took station at the doors to give me a blow-by-blow description of the engagement.

Ensign Landreth, who had the port director, came in and saw me. I knew his director was unable to track because we had been installing new modifications. He told me he felt sort of useless and wanted to know what he could do for me. I told him that I was all right. He must have called a pharmacist's mate because in a few minutes a basket stretcher arrived and with the help of the free men I was lifted into the stretcher and had my wound looked at. There was nothing to be done because I was bleeding too freely so I stuck my hand back over the wound.

Curtis, the pharmacist's mate, had been in the Navy many years, but I believe it was the first time he had ever been top side when the guns were firing. As soon as he had done his work he became nervous. It didn't last long and in a short while he was calm as ever.

I asked one of the men for a cigarette and lit it. It sure tasted mighty good. I blew smoke rings and wondered how long this fight would last and what the results would be. Just then there was a terrific jar, although I don't remember much extra noise, and the ship lurched and listed a little to port. My port lookout didn't say anything so I decided he felt I shouldn't know what had happened. However, my cigarette was out and I knew it must have been a large bomb or a torpedo. One of the men came to me and held my head up so I could see out of the starboard door, so I figured there must also be smoke to port—and that meant fire.

W.A.A.C.
RIFLE RANGE
← 1 MILE
DANGER
DO NOT GO BEYOND THIS POINT

Rueber, the man holding my head, relit my cigarette, and I blew some more smoke rings. I had never felt more useless in my life. When I should have been directing my battery, my director was damaged and I was wounded. All my guns were on local control, and I couldn't be on deck supervising the firing. I would like to have taken the pointer's seat on one of the guns. I had a few pet theories I wanted to work on.

My thoughts were again shattered by a new type of gunfire. My God, the secondary battery had opened up! These guns are for torpedo defense and have a very low maximum elevation. I wondered what was up. I later learned that Ensign Dunlap, whose battle station was in the foretops, and whose job it was to estimate how much our main battery salvos needed correcting in order to hit, had left his station because it was obvious that the Main Battery would not be used, and had gone down to the secondary battery guns and had them unlimber against low flying planes that were strafing boats in the water. My lookout reported shortly afterwards that the tail had been shot from one of the planes and I was amazed. My thoughts went back to the Naval Academy where we had done a little skeet and trap shooting. My goodness, there was Dunlap using a part of his Naval Academy training, which we looked upon as a purely "cultural" sport, for shooting down planes. A resounding cheer went up; he had got another plane, this time right on the nose!

My cigarette was out again. The secondary battery had stopped firing. A bomb must have landed in the casemates, but I wasn't going to let the men ease my feelings this time, so I asked how many guns in the A.A. battery were firing to port. The report was they were still all firing. So I asked where the last bomb had hit, and before thinking he answered, "Inboard, just about at number 4 casemate." From then on the lookouts told me everything that happened. My feelings were forgotten. I felt myself getting weaker and weaker. My right hand was a little greenish and the fingernails were turning blue. I asked for a cup of water and drank it greedily. So I was shocked. I didn't feel any different. The leg didn't hurt and except for the weak feeling, I was physically comfortable. Still, I knew the symptoms and asked to have the stretcher blanket put around me.

The loud speaker suddenly blared. "Lay forward the anchor detail to get underway!" My heart sank. I was the officer of the deck and should get the ship underway. I reached for the ship's service phone and called the conning tower. The talker reported that a signal was in the air for the battleships to get underway. There were no officers in con and Chief Quartermaster Sedberry had control. He wanted enough steam and he would do the rest.

I called the engine room and told them to secure the safety valves on the steaming boilers, and was informed that it was too d........ hot back there. Upon being informed that it would be a d........ sight hotter if I got down there and they weren't secured, the engineer said he would do it. I pictured myself going down the ladders, opening the necessary watertight doors, going through the airlock and raising hell with the fireroom watch. Impossible, of course, but they hadn't thought about that.

The lines were being cast off forward and we were starting to spring around on our stern lines, when Curtis handed me a piece of cotton soaked in water and said that I would need it soon. I was puzzled but accepted it.

I was not smoking when the next bomb hit, but I heard the swish and crash as it fell. Rueber's cigarette went out this time. We were low on matches and I think somewhat more worried about running out of them, than about the damage done to the ship. Bombing seems to affect men that way. Little things become very important.

Meanwhile the *Nevada* was swinging towards the channel. We had used no tugs, and I was frankly amazed. Our clearances were very small. Fifteen yards forward lay the *Arizona;* thirty yards aft was shoal water. That's not much room for a battleship to maneuver in but Sedberry had the old girl doing her stuff.

I soon learned the reason for the wet cotton. As we pulled alongside the *Arizona*, the heat became intolerable. We had to close the starboard doorway to keep from burning up.

As the door was being closed I saw great clouds of smoke filled with small pieces of debris rising over the crippled *Arizona* It was my biggest shock of the morning. I had many friends on the *Arizona* and I felt their fate deeply. I placed the wet cotton over my nose to keep from drawing the terrific heat into my lungs. We must have been within thirty yards of the burning ship and evidently we caught fire from her which augmented the flames from our own bomb hits.

The ship had taken more list to port, and I mentally summed up my chances for survival. I knew the depth of the harbor and the beam of my ship. If it turned over on its side, I figured I had five feet leeway between myself and drowning. That didn't seem like much of a chance, so I scratched myself off the list and lit another cigarette to wait further developments. My starboard lookout reported more dive bombers coming at us, and sure enough, shortly afterwards my cigarette went out again.

By this time my back was beginning to get warm, and I decided we must be on fire below on the navigation bridge. My thoughts went from drowning to burning. I hadn't decided which I preferred, when the telephone rang and a voice told me that we had been ordered to run aground.

I was very upset by this intelligence, because as officer of the deck I was responsible for the ship, and in my mental condition I could only see a General Court Martial staring me in the face for "running his ship upon a rock or shoal" as the *Articles for the Government of the Navy* stated it. I objected strenuously, but when I was informed that the signal was mandatory, I had to give in.

No sooner had I felt the slight jolt of grounding, than I saw the paint on the bulkheads of the sky-control shack start to blister. I ordered the men to abandon sky-control and got no response. They were in a huddle about what to do for me. The small hatches up to sky-control were too small to pass a stretcher through, so the men decided to lower me by lines tied around my chest and legs. This seemed impractical to me, so I again ordered them to leave me and save themselves. Again I received a silent negative.

I thought very highly of all the men with me, and especially of Owens, a second-class boatswain's mate, with whom I had stood over 400 hours of watch in the director. His wife had had a baby only two weeks before which he had never seen. For this reason, I had an overwhelming desire for him to leave me. If I were to burn I wanted him at least to go. But Owens was firm. He was the most experienced man up in control and decided to stay and get me out.

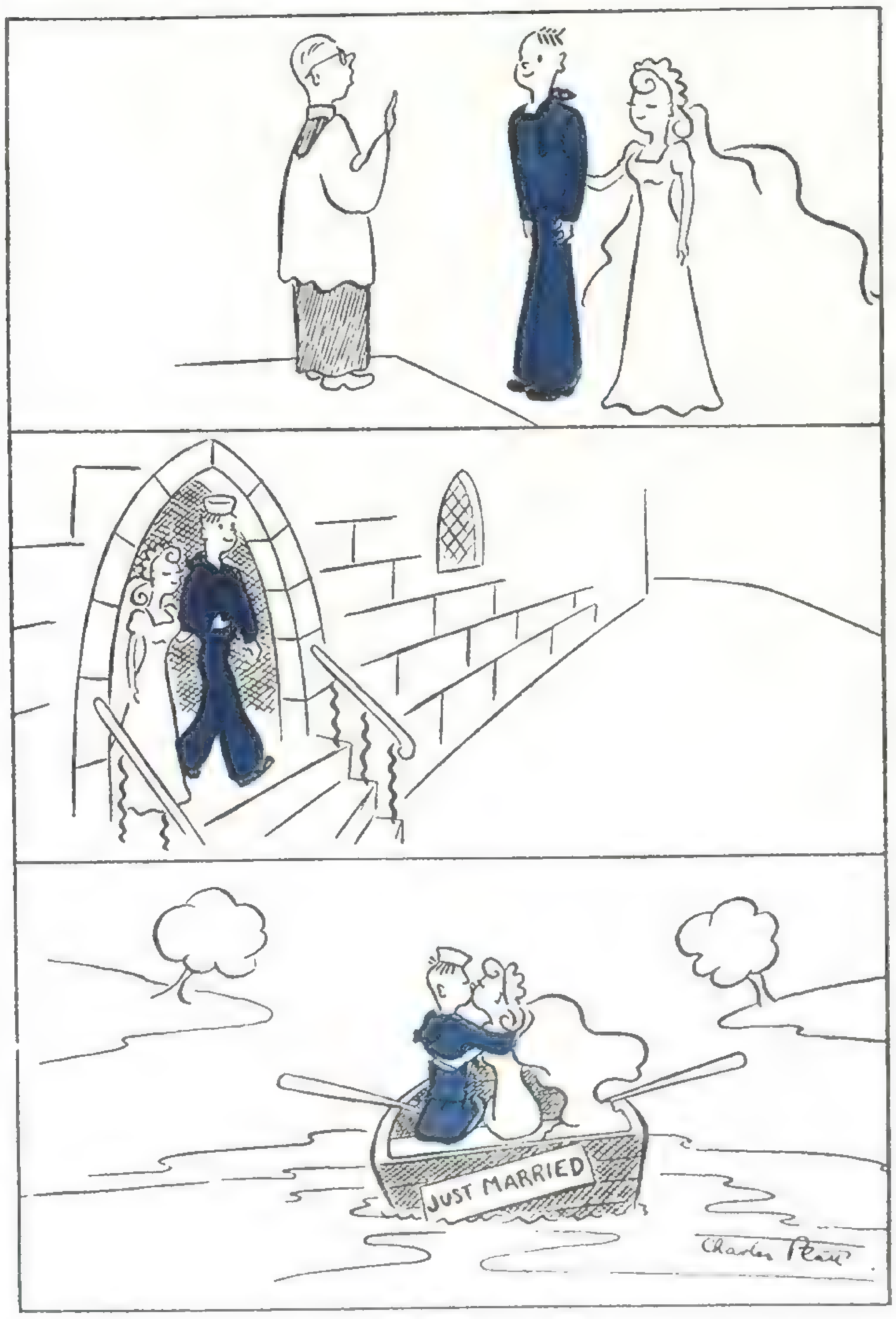
They finally lifted the stretcher and started out of the port doorway which was to windward and consequently had less fire near it. Then they got the foot of the stretcher down the hatch where it stuck. My chest and shoulders were above the deck while the rest of me was hanging below. My feet started to get warm from the fire on the bridge. Two of the men went down the starboard hatch, fought their way through the flames on the bridge, and pulled on the foot of the stretcher while two others pushed on the top. In this manner the stretcher passed through the hatch, and I was on the burning bridge. Fortunately we were to windward and the flames were small but I did smell burning flesh and knew that the men were suffering. However, they carried me to the side of the bridge, where I could look down on the signal bridge and on my anti-aircraft crews. Evidently the attacks were over and the men were busy bringing the fire under control and getting rid of our live ammunition. They were heroic. Despite explosions and threat of explosions from the heat around the ammunition boxes, the men were carrying the shells and throwing them over the side. Several exploded before there was a chance of getting rid of them. The officers who were available were directing the fire fighting, and one in particular, Ensign (now Lieutenant) Taylor whose eardrums had been blown out, was striving to overcome a fire near our ready boxes. I called to him, but he was stone deaf.

The men hoisted the stretcher over the bridge railing, and lowered me slowly to the boat (gun) deck. As I passed the signal bridge I saw our signal flag bags burning, giving out a dense smoke. Four men on the gun deck got the stretcher as it came down, and carried me aft to the battle dressing station. The scenes that I passed on the way there told a mute story of faithfulness to duty and devotion to country, that was so deep that to attempt to describe it is folly. We had lost 180 men in dead and wounded on a battery of 220 men. Most of these would have been saved if they had sought safety from the fire and strafing attacks, but no man left his station and consequently, the *Nevada* which started firing with all her guns and men, finished with all her guns blazing in the manner of the queen that she was. Her men had made that sacrifice for her.

As I entered the battle dressing station, I noticed many men whose skin hung from their arms like moss from a tree. They all seemed to think their buddies were much worse off and consequently should be helped. They were attempting to assist the stretcher bearers with hands from which the skin had been badly burnt.

I was shifted from the stretcher to a bunk and given a shot of morphine by the ship's doctor, who, aided by his staff and hospital corpsmen, was trying to help everyone at once. I was in a lower bunk and across from me in another tier I could see three men lying prone with terrible burns. The man on the top bunk was recognizable only because of his physique and a small shock of blond hair which hadn't burned. He was smoking a cigarette held between burned fingers through which the bone showed. He leaned over and I spoke to him. He said that he figured he was pretty badly burned, but that the fellow in the bunk under him was worse off, so he had told the doctor to treat his buddy first. I saw his buddy six months later. The man in the top bunk died without changing the position that he had struggled to, to talk to me. I watched the blood from his hands put out his cigarette.

Shortly thereafter I was shifted back to my stretcher and taken up to the fantail. There I was hoisted over the rail into a motor-whaleboat. There was an ensign in charge who was a stranger to me, so I introduced myself, asked of his ship, and of my classmate who was a shipmate of his. The ensign's name was Hollingsworth, a slow spoken southerner, who was attached to the Destroyer *Shaw*. When his ship had blown up, he had picked himself up in the marine railway and manned the boat he was in. With his small crew he had made several trips to the *Oklahoma* to pick men out of the water. He had been strafed several times, but had solved the problem by throwing the stern of the boat towards the strafing plane and the bullets passed harmlessly on either side of his boat.



He had figured that the men had had enough nerve-wracking experiences for a while, so had made the short trip to the *Nevada* as a nerve cure. However, bluejackets are a very loyal body of men. These men felt that the *Oklahoma* was theirs to help, and resented having to deviate from their rescue work on that ship.

I was carried from the dock to a yard worker's car. He had made many trips that morning and his rear seat was bloody and ruined from the bleeding of his passengers. I remember taking his license number and his civilian worker button number in order to repay him for the damage done, but the morphine had started to work on me, and I promptly forgot both. I remember nothing after getting in his car until the doctor said, "Give him another quarter grain of morphine, nurse." #

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

This short article of my personal experiences in Pearl Harbor is not a story of the whole battle, because, believe me, no one saw the whole thing and there are still very many unanswered questions. However, it is a story of a typical young naval officer (myself) who was thrown up against a tremendous problem without warning, and I can tell you that the results were amazing.

My ship, the *Nevada*, was one of the oldest in service and the oldest at Pearl Harbor, but really put on the best show, having been the only battleship to be able to get under way. In the article I have touched on the heroism of my men only in instances where I actually saw it and I have used no hearsay.

The narrative is a little disjointed and I believe one must hear the swish and thud of bombs to appreciate why.

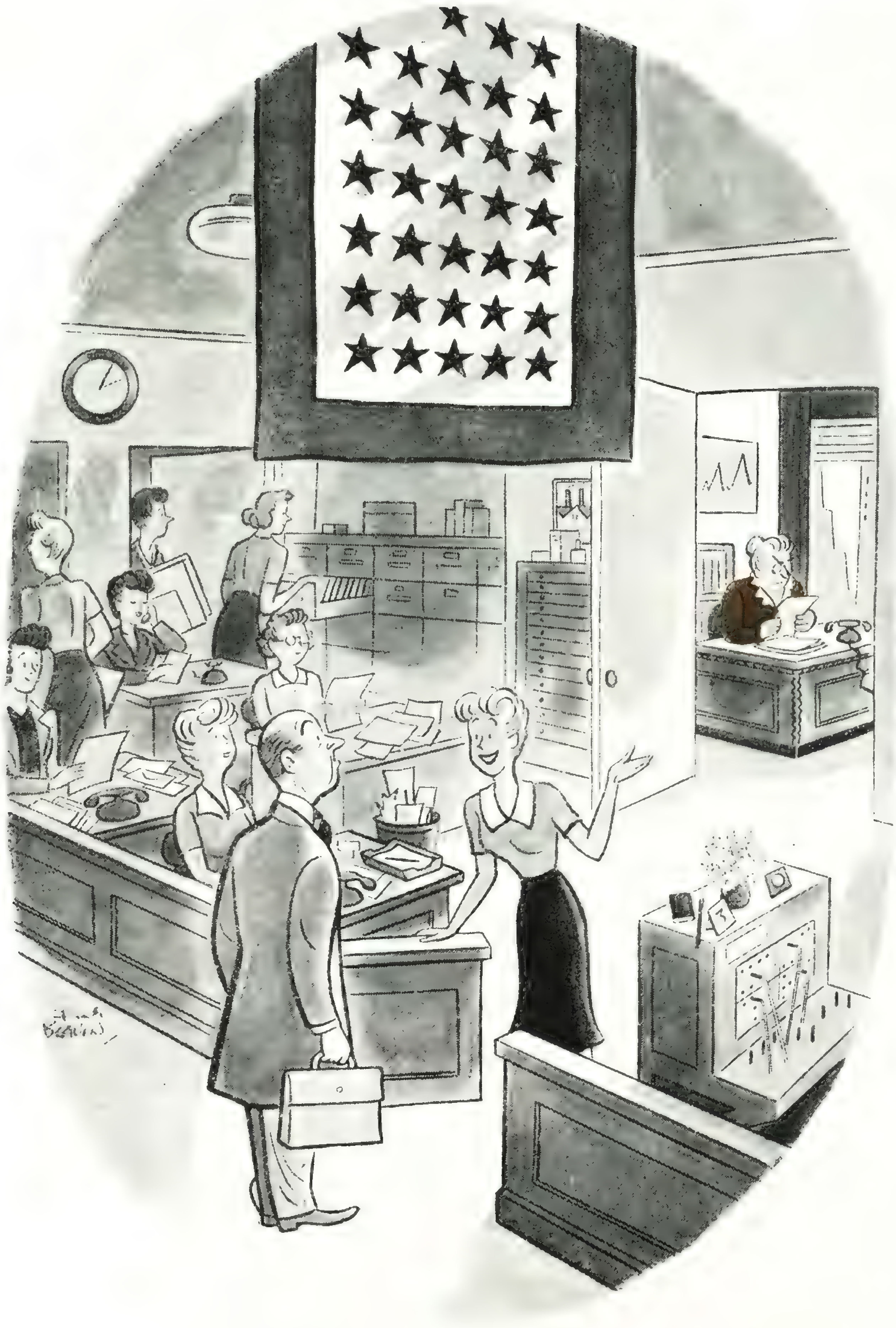
The only man mentioned (besides the author and officers) who was commended and lived to tell the tale was Curtis, the pharmacist's mate.

About myself, I was born in Newport, R. I., on May 28, 1920. My father is Vice Admiral Taussig U.S.N. (ret.) and my grandfather was Rear Admiral E. D. Taussig U.S.N. (ret.) and we have been solidly Navy since 1863, when grandfather entered Annapolis.

I graduated from the Naval Academy in 1941 and the *Nevada* was my first ship. Since leaving the *Nevada* I have been hospitalized for the broken leg, which added up to four inches of bone crushed (the doctors have been able to save all but 1½ inches of my leg) and a badly infected wound caused by my hand which held the wound together to keep me from bleeding to death. I was told that it would be a two-year tour in the hospital the day after I got hurt and naturally, I thought the doctor was crazy. However, it's been 53 weeks now and although progress is being made, the doctors no longer make estimates. I was awarded the Navy Cross for the usual etc. etc., business, but I have an understanding with my men, that I wear it for them and that it is more theirs than mine. I just happened to be the boss at the right time.

Joseph K. Taussig, Jr.
Lieutenant, U. S. Navy

U. S. Naval Hospital
Newport, R. I.
December 11, 1942



"J. B. will see you now!"

Rise and Fall of the Luftwaffe II

Continued from page 46

Nazis had by no means a clear idea of the kind of strategic part they wanted the Luftwaffe to play in the next war.

In the early thirties there were many varying theories of air strategy; that is, many of these theories had been published either in book form or in militaristic magazines and reviews in different countries. The most important of these air strategies was the so-called Douhet theory, formulated after World War I and named after its author, the Italian World War flying officer, Giulio Douhet.

Douhet's theory was based on the idea of total air warfare.

The Italian declared that the surprise element was of vital importance—that it would be necessary to attack the enemy with a great number of prepared heavy bomber and battle squadrons, and without any declaration of war. Thus, it would be possible to destroy his ground facilities. Thus, predominance in the air would be assured.

The second phase would consist in a mass bombardment to annihilate all facilities which could help the enemy to conclude the deployment of his army, such as railways, bridges, piers, etc. The third phase, then, would see the home army progressing and occupying a country which had no further means of resistance.

Douhet's theory was never accepted in its entirety by the Nazis. The main reason was that they did not have enough heavy bombers or, more exactly, that they could not build heavy bombers and "destroyers" in sufficient numbers fast enough; and, naturally, it was these heavy battle planes that were to bring about the decision in Douhet's first and second phase.

Later, much later, the Nazis were to find out that this negligence, in failing to build enough heavy combat planes, was to be of deciding importance. It most probably cost them the Battle of England.

As to the building program of the Luftwaffe, Milch finally arrived at a kind of program which was divided into three phases:

The first phase was to be devoted entirely to the mass production of partly dated models—as has been mentioned before. It was to be followed by a phase in which new models, which had been devised in the meantime, would be put into mass production. Milch hoped—and pretended to be sure—that during this second phase the standard of the development in other countries (especially the English and American standard, which during the first years was still superior as far as military value went) would be attained.

The third phase was to bring about the mass production of still higher developed models and, as Milch hoped sincerely, models which would be superior to anything that other countries had at that time. This third phase Milch hoped to attain by the end of 1937. He did attain it finally in the late part of 1938, and even then not with the entire capacity of production, but only with certain parts of the production.

Incidentally, Milch never fooled himself about the superiority in quality of the British production. In the beginning, he attempted to find a solution by means of negotiations and collaboration. He was able to induce the English to sell to Germany many constructive patents which, for this purpose, were assembled in a patent pool. Never-ending negotiations were also conducted for purely political reasons. I know now from very good sources that enormous sums were paid to England, sometimes even for patents which could not be used, solely in order to retain close connection with British industry and to prolong friendly understanding. In one case, Hitler himself ordered a certain number of airplane motors from Sir John Siddeley, the owner of the Armstrong concern, because it was hoped that this man who was supposed to be near the Cliveden set might be induced to interest himself in the cause of the Nazis. These motors never were used. In 1936 the German Air Ministry even made an attempt to give them back to the English.

The trouble with Germany is that somebody else always has to finish what they start!

This was the year in which Milch and Goering got their best man. In 1936 they finally threw out a certain Herr Bock, who had been a dismal failure as chief engineer, and hired the world-famous flier, Ernst Udet.

Udet was by no means a Nazi. The flier who had had such spectacular successes during World War I wasn't the least interested in politics. He had met Hitler in 1927, but the Fuehrer had not made a favorable impression on him. To friends, Udet did not deny that in his opinion Hitler was a crazy man.

After the Armistice, Udet had started on a rather colorful career. He had been a stunt flier, he had in this capacity visited the United States, he had also played in moving pictures. He had married a rich girl, built an airplane factory, finally lost all the money, the factory and his wife. Udet had much charm, and was very popular with men and women. And he was forever drunk.

He entered the Luftwaffe and soon became general and quartermaster general, not because he was enthusiastic for the Nazi cause but because Goering, in dire need of an expert, let him choose between a concentration camp and the Luftwaffe. Furthermore, Udet was, of course, intrigued by the idea that unlimited funds would be at his disposal for the purpose of building up the technical side of an air force. After all, he was primarily a flier and greatly interested in all technical matters pertaining to the development of aviation. Perhaps he hoped that the Nazis would not remain in power for too long a time, and that the Luftwaffe would never really be used in a war.

When Udet took charge of the technical building up of the Luftwaffe—the planning of new models and the problems of mass production — Albert Kesselring took over command of the department of strategy and developed most of the tactics for which later on the Luftwaffe became famous and feared. Kesselring, a gifted officer, had spent some years in sanitariums because he, like his fat chief, had been a drug addict. His career in the Luftwaffe was interrupted at one time, when the higher-ups—Goering and especially Hitler—decided that his ideas were no good, and he was removed from the General Staff. But eventually he was called back to take over again. Other important persons making their way to the foreground were Hugo Sperrle, who later played "a glorious part" during the Spanish War, Hans Jürgen Stumpff, who became chief of the air force personnel in the Air Ministry, and Kurt Student, of whom I shall presently have some remarks to make when we come to the role that German parachute troops played.

At first, the very existence of a Luftwaffe had been kept a secret; later, its build-up and its growth. Till 1935 at least, Hitler pretended to live up to the Treaty of Versailles. During these years, and even later, everything that had to do with the Luftwaffe was therefore enveloped in an atmosphere of secrecy and conspiracy.

Enormous energy, much time, and much money were expended in efforts at camouflage. Subterranean gasoline pipes were laid down, underground hangars were constructed, the grounds around airports were disguised in such a way that even from short distances and especially from the air, they could not be recognized as flying fields. Artificial trees which could be removed within a few minutes were set about on new airfields. Along both sides of railway lines near air fields, hills were built so that it was impossible for the passengers in passing trains to see what went on beyond those hills. Other railway lines and especially air lines were routed in such a way that certain areas in Germany were almost completely cut off from the rest of the world—islands on which many things could happen without anybody on the outside knowing anything about them.

The censorship of Dr. Goebbels, which was no joke from any point of view, became especially severe in all aviation matters. Occasionally it became even too severe for the Air Ministry, and there were some conflicts between Goebbels and Goering on this score. I could tell any number of stories about news which the Air Ministry wanted to have published—Goering was always a publicity hound—and which Goebbels did not allow to pass. There is, for instance, the amusing anecdote about the editor of the aviation magazine, *Luftwacht*, who published the story of the flight of Russian pilots from Moscow, over the North Pole to California. The editor commented on this flight in very laudatory terms. Goebbels was beside himself with rage, and suppressed the magazine. The editor, however, was able to prove that he had not only obtained his material from Goering, but that the Air Ministry had even ordered him to comment in a positive and praising way. Why Goering wanted this has never been explained. Perhaps already at that time, he had certain ideas of his own as far as the Russians were concerned . . .

All workers in airplane plants, also those who constructed the airfields and the hangars, as well as the members of the Luftwaffe, were told that if they even breathed a word of what they were doing, it would mean high treason. High treason in turn meant the death penalty. There were a great number of executions in connection with the building up of the Luftwaffe. Even greater was the number of those who were executed without benefit of trial, murdered by storm troopers or Gestapo men—or of those who just disappeared.

In spite of all this precaution, it was of course impossible to keep the fact of air rearmament a complete secret. Too many people knew about it, and too many of them had an interest in not keeping it a secret.

I know positively that Goering and Milch were especially furious because certain members of the early emigration had begun at once to point out in France and in England how Germany was preparing an air war. If you look today at the articles and books written in 1934 and 1935 by those early emigrants, and at the facts they set forth, as well as the correct prophecies they ventured, it is difficult to understand that all these warnings failed to interest,

Continued on page 112

Rise and Fall of the Luftwaffe II

Continued from pages 46-111

much less arouse, public opinion.

But even the warnings of more prominent personalities failed to stir the world. Winston Churchill was one. He had derived his excellent information from the British Intelligence Service and he started in 1934 to point his finger to Hitler's air force. Practically nobody listened to him. And very few people listened in the United States to General Billy Mitchell who, too, started early to predict that Germany would be a formidable opponent in the air—and that the air would be the most important theater of the next war.

This complete secrecy was somewhat lifted in 1935 after Goering conceded the existence of a Luftwaffe. The Nazis not only admitted having an air force, but they admitted to much more than they had. Having put the world to sleep, they now tried to shock it.

They not only admitted that they were rearming. They declared boldly that they were in possession of the greatest and best air force on the globe, and that no country anywhere would be able to contest German air supremacy.

Today, many experts realize how exaggerated such claims were. But only a few who know the whole inside story of the Luftwaffe realize to what extent all this was bluff, and how few of the "facts" concerning the strength of the Luftwaffe publicized up to the very eve of the war had any real basis.

Through both seemingly paradoxical devices the Nazis kept the other countries from rearming in the air. First, because there was no need to rearm, and finally because it was too late.

The means by which this gigantic publicity trick was carried out were manifold. I have only to remind you of the boastful speeches of Goering; Goebbels, in turn, organized a whispering campaign that seemed to start in Stockholm and Zurich. In reality it started, of course, in the Wilhelmstrasse. In that whispering campaign, fantastic figures were quoted. And if you believed what you heard, Germany was already dominating the European sky in 1937. Goebbels, further, arranged for a great number of false documents revealing German strength to be "smuggled" out of Germany and into the hands of French, English and American journalists.

Visitors from abroad who, up to 1936, were not shown anything so far as the Luftwaffe went, now were shown around and were permitted to see whatever the Germans wanted them to see; these visits were so well-arranged that most of the observers came home aghast and utterly convinced that the German Luftwaffe could never be beaten. Only a few—for instance, Major de Seversky and T. P. Wright, Vice-President of Curtiss Wright—could not be made fools of. Most of the others fell easy victims to this part of the German propaganda.

The most prominent example in this country is, of course, Charles Lindbergh. The excellent American flier whose understanding of production problems—let alone of problems of strategy—had never been subjected to proof, was completely fooled. Returning from Germany to England and advising Prime Minister Chamberlain, he said exactly what Goebbels and Goering had wanted him to say. From both of his visits to Germany—in the Fall of 1937 and in the Fall of 1938—he came back completely convinced that the Luftwaffe could not be beaten. As we know, he never for a moment stopped, till America's entry into the war, expressing that opinion publicly. He went even further, and opined that the British Air Force was waging a hopeless war against Hitler.

If it is of any interest to him, I am able to tell Mr. Lindbergh that certain men in Berlin enjoyed his public utterances and that there was much chuckling about how easy it had been to fool him.

In 1936 German production entered its second phase; that is, models were built which were about equal in quality to what the English built. But still no strategy.

That is why the Spanish Civil War presented an opportunity for a proving ground to try out the German Luftwaffe. Since, as I have said before, the Douhet theory have not been accepted in its entirety, it was ever so much more important to formulate a new theory or even very definite plans as to how to use the Luftwaffe in actual combat. And, obviously, this could best be done in a war which did not mean too big an investment for the Germans and no risk whatever.

Hurry up, Benito, stop crying in that towel! Adolf may want it to throw in!

The Nazis learned a lot in Spain. They learned in Guernica that bombs could really annihilate a defenseless town or city. They also learned that the single-seater fighters and the army co-operation planes, as well as the light bombers were sufficient. On the other hand, the heavy bombers did not come up to expectations. Battle tactics still were amateurish and had to be developed and expanded. Also, the co-ordination between land armies and the aviation arm still left much to be desired.

Much was learned about flying in squadrons and in what cases such flying was impossible. It was found out that the armament of the planes was insufficient. The first reliable figures and statistics as to how many incendiary bombs were necessary to destroy a certain area were compiled.

When I say that Spain was a laboratory, I mean it literally. Extensive, detailed reports from Spain went to Berlin, were analyzed in the Air Ministry, and the newly found principles were immediately incorporated into already existing plans of production and of strategy. I myself have seen many of those reports.

In Poland, everything that had been tried out in Spain was carried through according to schedule. By that time the Luftwaffe was about seven years old. By that time many of the initial errors had been corrected. By that time the Luftwaffe had become an excellent weapon—mostly owing to the devotion, competence and hard work of the military and technical professionals, not the Nazi leaders. An excellent weapon—within certain limits. Poland was, of course, an ideal field for the Luftwaffe. The absence of a basic air strategy was no handicap in a country which could be taken in a sprint. The greater part of the Polish air force had been annihilated on the ground during the first few days; ground facilities, too, had been destroyed. The few remaining Polish planes resisted with great courage, but, of course, in vain. There were scarcely any anti-aircraft installations in Poland; still, the Nazis lost between 2,000 and 2,500 planes within six weeks. Those losses, incidentally, were kept secret and have not yet been admitted by the Nazis.

The Dutch-Belgian-French campaign in its essence was nothing but a repetition of the Polish campaign. Here, too, opposition was negligible. Here, too, most of the enemy planes were destroyed on the ground. Here, too, psychological factors played an important part. (Stukas, fitted out with screaming sirens, for instance.)

It seemed, then that the Luftwaffe could not be beaten. It seemed so even after and in spite of the defeat at Dunkirk, which after all was only a local affair. It seemed so to the entire non-Axis world, which became panicky at the very thought of the Luftwaffe and it seemed even more so to the Germans and especially to the Nazi fliers who, by then, were convinced that they had won the war for Germany.

At that time and for a long time to come, the defeat of the Luftwaffe at Dunkirk—where British improvization achieved local air mastery—was not understood, digested and correctly analyzed either in Germany or in the rest of the world. The explanations of men like Seversky, Ziff and others came much later. Such explanations have not yet been brought forward in Germany at all.

If that defeat at Dunkirk and, even more so, the successes in Poland and France, had been correctly analyzed the world would have foreseen the coming decline. What those victories in Poland and France really amounted to was just this: the Luftwaffe could achieve spectacular successes if and when it was co-operating with the army in general and with the Panzer spearheads in particular; and this only where there was no air defense by an enemy air force working on independent, operative principles.

A psychological factor added to the general confusion concerning these victories. Aircraft is more impressive than marching soldiers. In places where victories had been achieved by land armies, after softening up by the Luftwaffe, it looked afterwards to not-too-well-qualified military men as though the Luftwaffe had won the victory in the first place, and the army had come around only when it was all over. Naturally such were the ideas of the pilots themselves, too, who in their arrogance did not think much of land armies anyhow.

If there had been a correct analysis of the victories in Poland and France, it could have been established then and there that the Luftwaffe definitely was not what it had been created to be. It was not an autonomous weapon.

If the defeat at Dunkirk had been correctly interpreted, two things would have been evident:

a. That the Luftwaffe was not capable of defeating an enemy air force if the other air force was an operative air force, that is, acting on its own strategy—instead of auxiliary to a land army or navy.

b. That the Luftwaffe had no staying powers—a deficiency which very soon was to be discovered as its most glaring fault.

But even at that time, during and after Dunkirk, the Luftwaffe showed signs of being tired.

The Luftwaffe had been built for short campaigns. It was geared to beat the enemy in a few days or a few weeks. Its whole design was based on the idea of a short war. The quick French campaign was long enough to tire a sprinter. The Nazis needed a breather.

By waiting on their side of the Channel, they gave the British the decisive tip-off. They also allowed the English time for reorganization, and thus gambled away what had aided them in all their campaigns up to that time: the moment of surprise.

The Nazis don't understand what happened to them at Dunkirk. Goering probably doesn't know to this day that the decline of the Luftwaffe began right there over the beaches of Dunkirk. ⧺

TROUBLE FOR TOJO! It's the new Curtiss "Helldiver," the Navy's latest dive-bomber, designed to carry a bigger bomb-load, at higher speed, for greater distances than any naval dive-bomber in existence. And at the controls in this test dive, photographed above, is Barton T. Hulse, who learned his flying in the Navy ...smokes the Navy man's favorite — Camel.

"There's just one cigarette for me—CAMEL—they suit my throat and my taste to a 'T'"

says "RED" HULSE

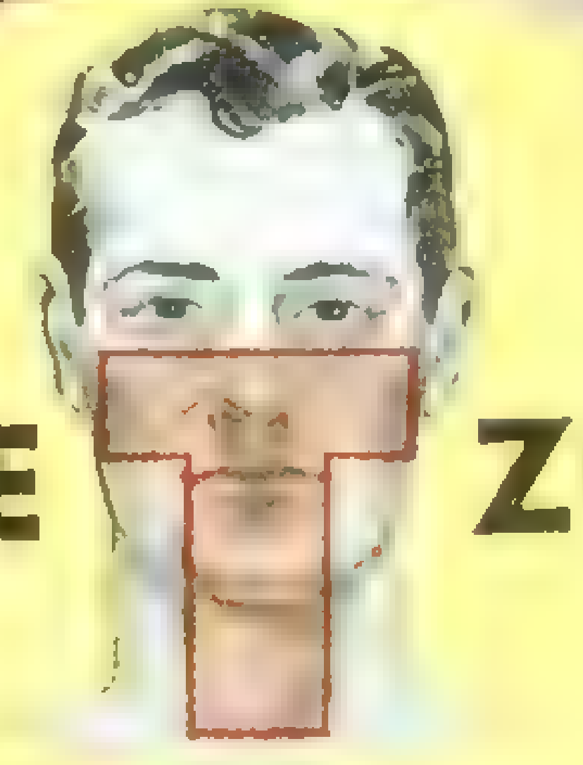
Veteran Navy Fighter Pilot and Chief Test Pilot of the Navy's new Curtiss dive-bomber

THEY can look terrific on paper. They can meet the most exacting laboratory tests on the ground. But the final proving ground of an airplane is in the air... when you *fly* it.

It's the same with cigarettes. The final test of any brand *is in the smoking.*

Test pilot "Red" Hulse *(right)* and countless other smokers could tell you mighty convincing things about Camels and their remarkable freedom from irritating qualities, but your own throat and your own taste...your own "T-Zone" ...can tell you even more convincingly why Camels are such a favorite on the front line—on the home front.

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES



Camel

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

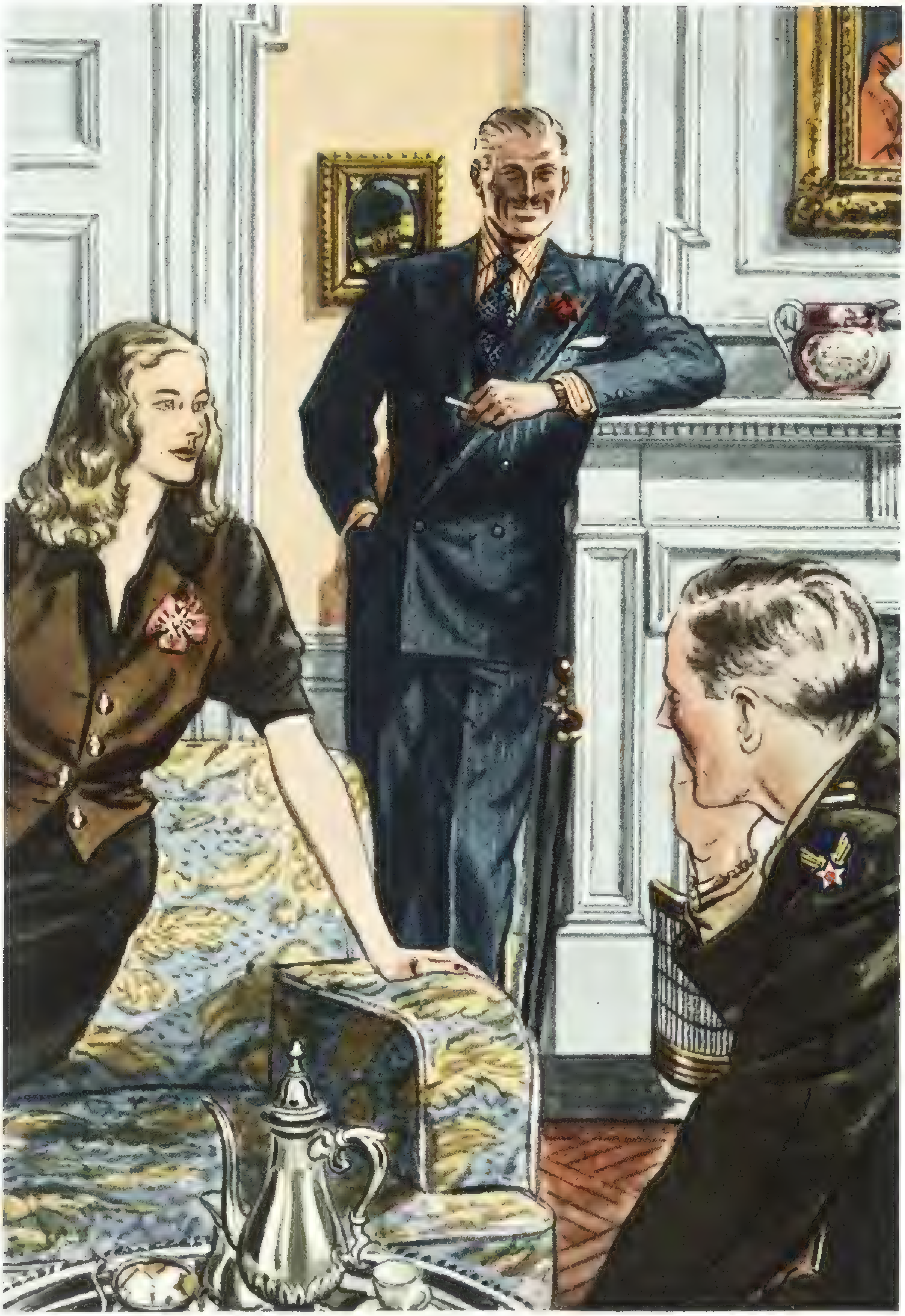
The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel. *(Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)*

THE T ZONE

— where cigarettes are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you...and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!

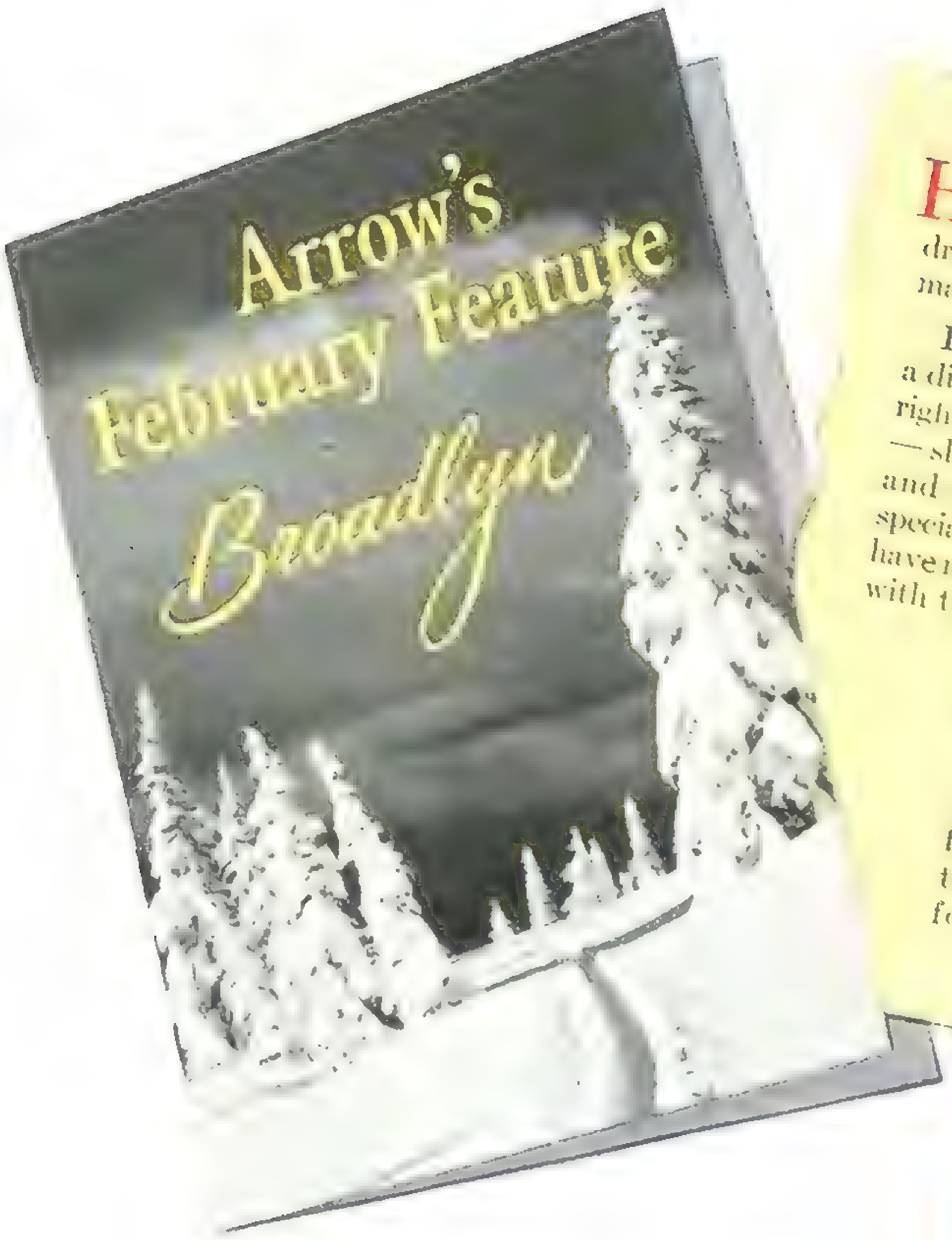
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



service for the serviceman

Parking in the parlor, a popular armchair sport in Daddy's day, has recently been revived in the American home as an excuse for "open house" to the man in uniform. It's a lazy Sunday evening in this household, and open season for Daughter, who at present has a great big hunk of Army Air Corps in tow for a cozy fireside chat. The father in the background is a good chaperon, and a well-dressed one, too . . . his suit is chalk-striped Pacific blue, the jacket of which is a three-button, double-breasted model with lapels rolling all the way to the bottom button. His shirt shows wine, grey and white stripes, and his tie is a large figured foulard which blends with the color of the suit. Doesn't the father look more at ease without a vest? If you'll notice, the tradition has been handed down to Daughter, who wears it casually with a shirtwaist dress. But something new has been added! A solid gold doo-dad to wear on the left shoulder, which obviously has the serviceman bedazzled!

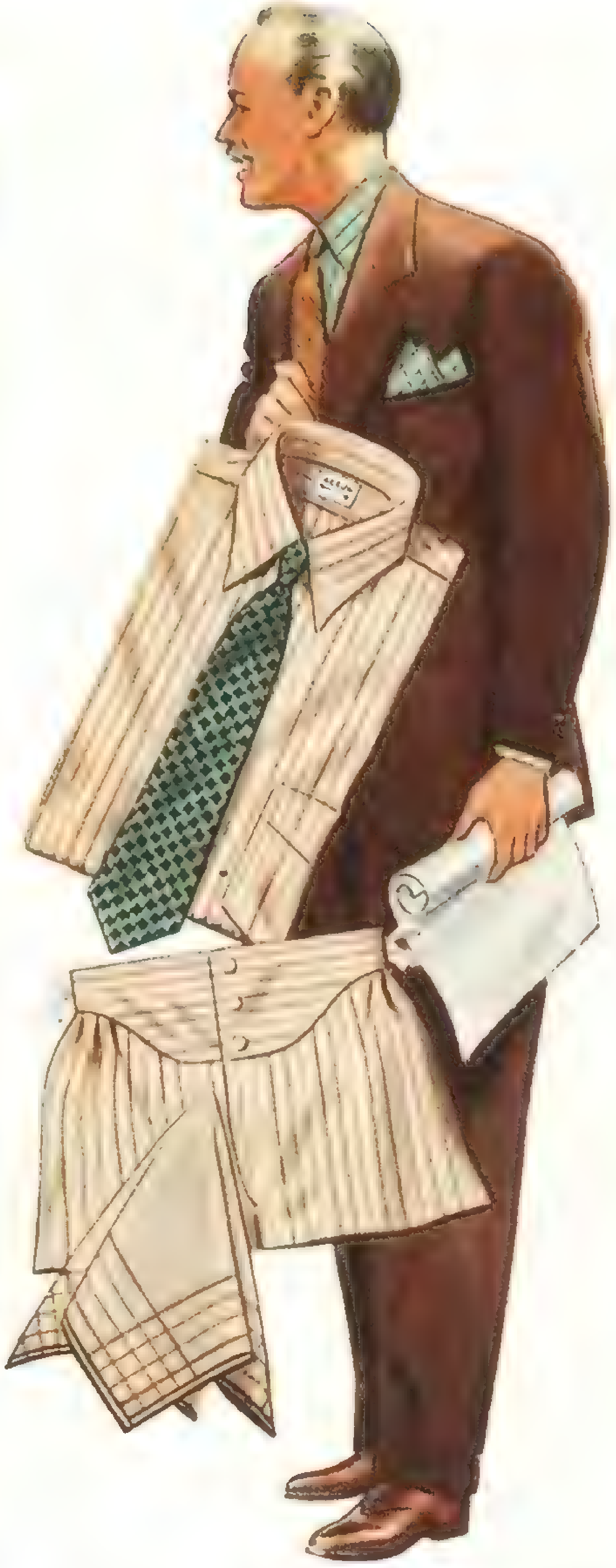
(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



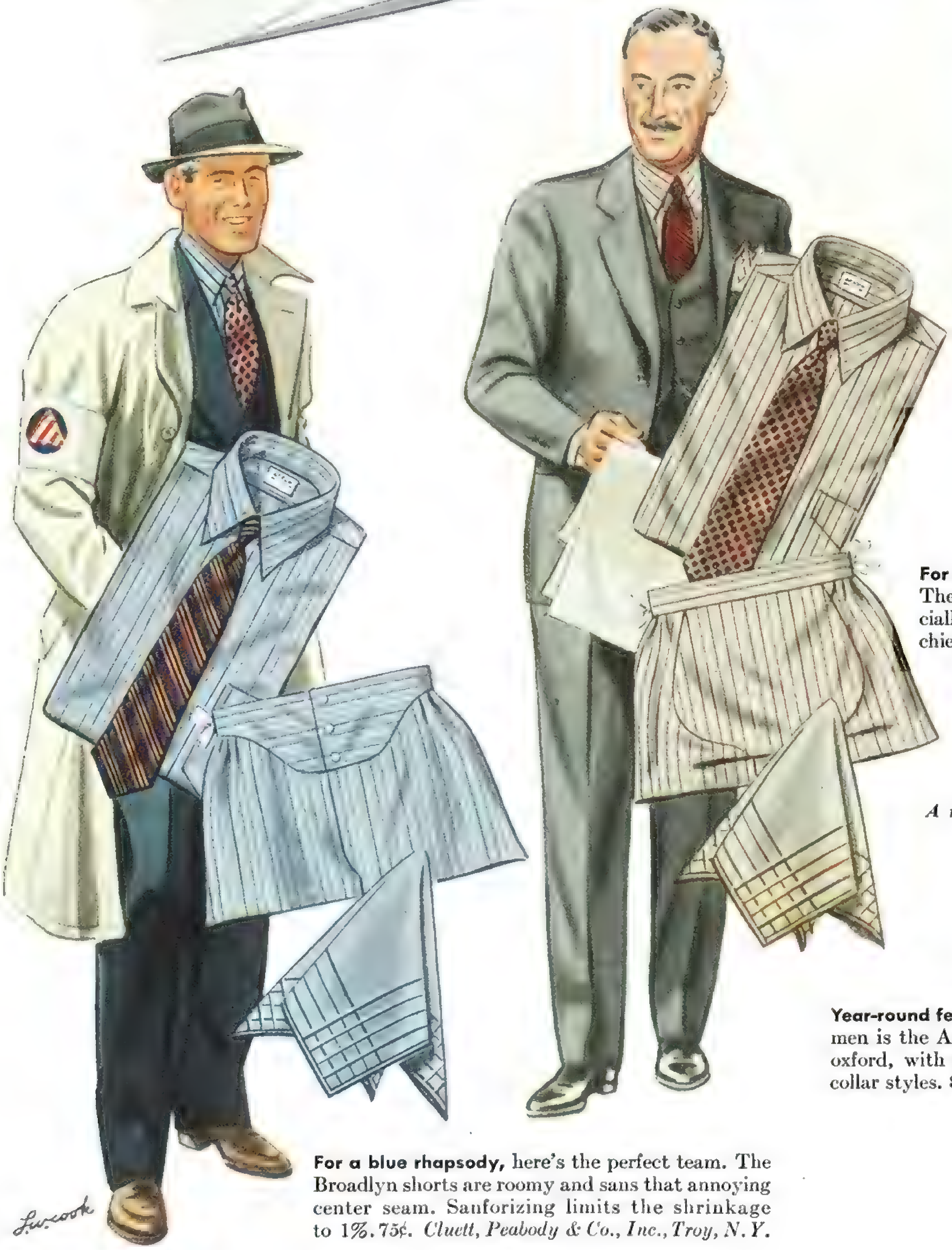
HERE, we think, is one of the neatest ensembles ever to drape the shape of the well-dressed man.

It's called Broadlyn, and it has a distinctive pattern that is carried right through the entire ensemble —shirt, shorts, handkerchief . . . and for handsome contrast, the specially designed Broadlyn Ties have neat patterns that go perfectly with the shirt.

The Broadlyn stripe is neat, thin, and harmonizing . . . blending perfectly with the subdued tones of the ground color. Your favorite Arrow dealer has this Broadlyn ensemble in four attractive shades.



For a brown setup, we suggest this Broadlyn combination. The shirt has the handsome Arrow Collar, and the famous "Mitoga" figure-fit. Has a Sanforized label, too. $2.25

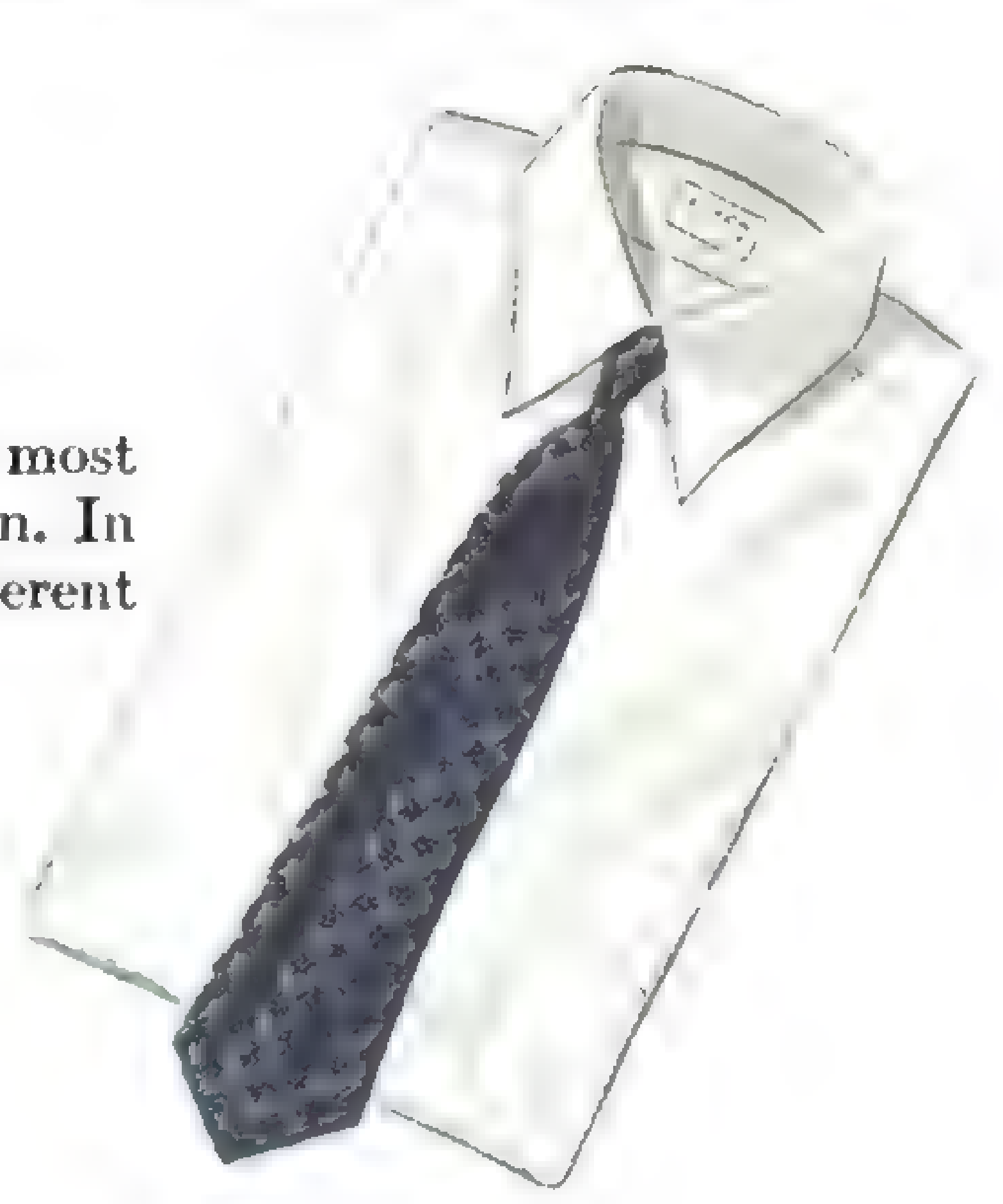


For grey gadding about, try this ensemble. These two Arrow Ties are designed especially for this shirt. $1.00. The handkerchief is a happy, handsome harmonizer. 50¢

ARROW

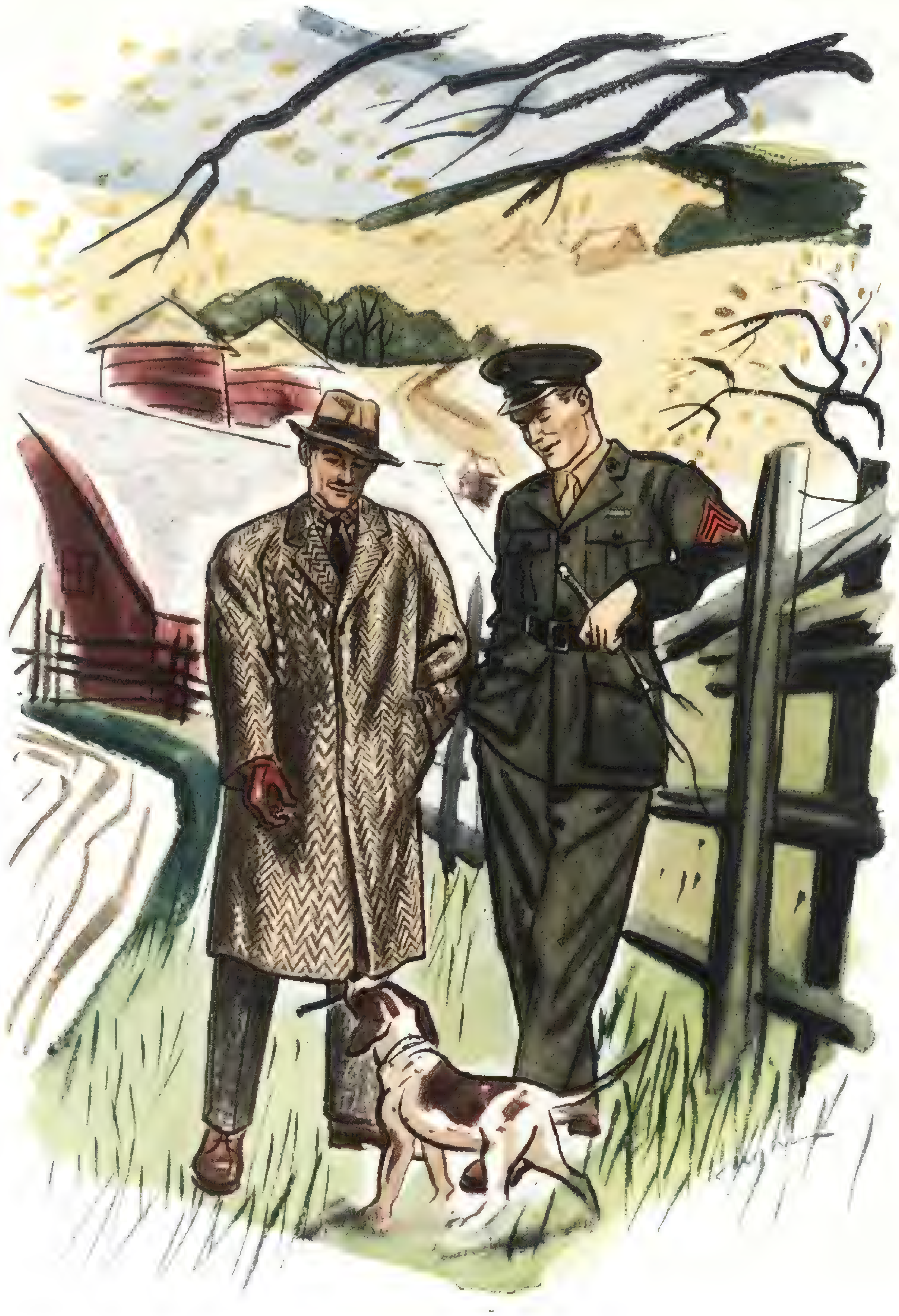
A new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit

★ BUY U.S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★



Year-round feature with most men is the Arrow Gordon. In oxford, with several different collar styles. $2.50

For a blue rhapsody, here's the perfect team. The Broadlyn shorts are roomy and sans that annoying center seam. Sanforizing limits the shrinkage to 1%. 75¢. *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N.Y.*



tweed is his creed

A Marine has landed in the country, and there isn't much of a situation except that he's plenty glad to be home on leave right now. The faithful hound reviews his repertoire for his former playmate, and doesn't miss a trick. The sportsman-father has a few in the bag, too, and hoodwinks those March winds with his sturdy tweeds and flannels. His raglan Harris tweed country coat with a fly-front is a closer fitting improvement on the old baggy raglan numbers of a few seasons back. His suit is a heavier mixture tweed, too, and he teams it up with a sturdy Tartan flannel shirt and a dark blue homespun wool tie. The tan cloth hat has a dark brown puggree and his brown reverse calf shoes are of the ankle-high Sandan type. This foresighted gentleman knows that his oufit is a "good dig" for the duration, and will hold up long after his son returns from the "shores of Montezuma."

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 80

about this last business. Aside from maybe five or six plays in the whole range of drama, there is none—if we correctly dismiss from consideration such purely bughouse and confusedly worthless stuff as some of the early German Expressionistic drama, along with the deliriums of our Greenwich Village Dalis like Em Jo Basshe and Co.—that calls for any undue exercise in its absorption and understanding. Yet the legend persists that a second view is often vital to the digestion of hypothetically baffling undertones, overtones, inbetweentones and general cunning nuances. Since nine-tenths of the plays, one or two of the classics aside, which have been revived in the last ten years have no more such undertones, overtones, inbetweentones and cunning nuances than *The Chattanooga Choo-Choo* or a philosophical treatise by Alfred Noyes, the person who could not fully digest them at one gulp would be the kind who resembled Mr. Robert Lawrence, ballet critic for the New York *Herald Tribune*. This Mr. Lawrence, it appears, is the reductio ad absurdum of the second look, as witness his recent review of a ballet called *Rodeo:*

"Those who saw the première of Agnes De Mille's *Rodeo*, given at the Metropolitan Opera House last night by the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, cheered the cast and choreographer with real enthusiasm. A critical verdict in these columns will be deferred until Monday morning after I have attended the work a second time. In begging off again on the snap judgment of a new ballet, the writer feels like the boy who cried Wolf! Suspicion may arise as to equipment and ability. But there can be no point in condemning outright a première into which much hard work has gone and which a first-night audience admires, even if one does not share that admiration—nor, on the other hand, of vapidly praising a ballet because of high-voltage audience reaction—without absolute surety of mind and heart. Second sight is the best remedy for a case of indecision."

Since the ballet in question related the extravagantly simple story of a cowgirl unattractive in boots and trousers who proved more attractive and desirable to her swain when in skirts and since the choreography was as innocent of complexity as the story itself, the necessity for a second critical study of it in order to arrive at an opinion of its worth seems as gratuitous as the necessity for a second critical look at such recent play revivals as Elmer Rice's *Counsellor-at-Law* and Karel Capek's *R.U.R.* in order to determine the simple fact that the former is merely a competent Broadway box-office play and the second merely a clever stunt dealing with machine-age, soulless man.

Once content to write simple and unadulterated light comedy, Philip Barry some years ago became obsessed by the notion that, in addition to his talent in that direction, he was a creature of puissant brain and that it was his duty, along with his pleasure, to share its pearls with the public. From this hallucination there presently issued not only a quota of pseudo-philosophical opera that sorely grieved that portion of the public whose mental capacities were slightly in excess of those of the average trap-drummer but, further, a number of comedies which were not satisfied to be merely comedies but which deemed it incumbent upon them to include a variety of solemn passages confiding their author's profundities on divers cosmic problems. The result was and is a species of entertainment that sacrifices light comedy to heavy platitudinizing and that suggests a student at a small Methodist college wildly celebrating the completion of a cribbed thesis with a couple of beers.

Without Love, Barry's this season's exhibit, provides a sterling example. Borrowing the time-honored theatrical plot of a hundred or more marriage-of-convenience and marriage-in-name-only plays, he has overlaid it with political symbolism analogically having to do with English-Irish national relations. Therefrom it is his apparent idea to prove that a little hot love would not be and is not a bad idea in either case and, in the English-Irish case in particular, that it might lead to mutually profitable co-operation, especially in war time. (He elects to overlook that the platonic relationship between the two nations in point has been somewhat one-sided and that Ireland's frigidity has not restrained England in the past from seducing her good and plenty.) His stated proof of his point is additionally so juvenile that even the most devout Anglophile would have some trouble in rationalizing it, taking as it does the vaudeville viewpoint that whereas everybody objects to Ireland's neutrality in the present war, nobody objects to Switzerland's and contending further that it is Ireland's duty to have consideration in a critical hour for a nation which once showed it very little consideration in an almost equally critical hour.

Not only has such political brain exercise invalidated much of Barry's comedy but his comedy writing itself shows an increasing inner debility. Once not without some wit, it has now descended to such Balaban and Katz humors as alluding to an inebriated character as "my little tipsy sweetheart" and patriotically observing of a highball layout that "it has everything but Vichy." Once given to some originality, it now presents itself as little more than a pastiche of materials from its author's antecedent plays, as well as from the plays of others on end. Thus, in *Without Love*, we get again Barry's sentimental "shining face" love dialogue from his *Bright Star* of some years back, his final curtain out-of-step, in-step business from the final curtain of his *The Philadelphia Story*, and his piano-playing business accompanying a love passage from his *Paris Bound*, along with such character stencils as the unhappily married man seeking refuge in drink, the hard, sophisticated female with the heart of gold, and the amorous Frenchman to whom an attractive and possibly available woman is, in Barry's phraseology, worth all the delicate preparation of an appetizing dish, and further not forgetting such dazzling sexual philosophies as "Men seem to understand their own love lives well enough, but they don't seem to know anything of women's needs."

If Mr. Barry regards what I write of his mental gifts as unkind, let me give him some comfort. Let him reflect that some of the best comedies the modern theatre has disclosed have been written by men of no particular cerebral voltage. Unlike him, however, they have duly appreciated the fact and have contented themselves with the achievement of merely very brilliant light entertainment.

A word on Miss Katharine Hepburn, for whom Barry has tailored his last two exhibits. An actress of such strikingly limited ability that, in professional company, she seems almost amateurish, she is nevertheless paradoxically a constantly prehensile and inveigling stage figure. You know she can't act, yet you do not particularly mind. In this respect she resembles a child's toy choo-choo. You know that it is only a poor imitation of the big, real article but it none the less exercises a fascination even for a paternal locomotive engineer.

* * *

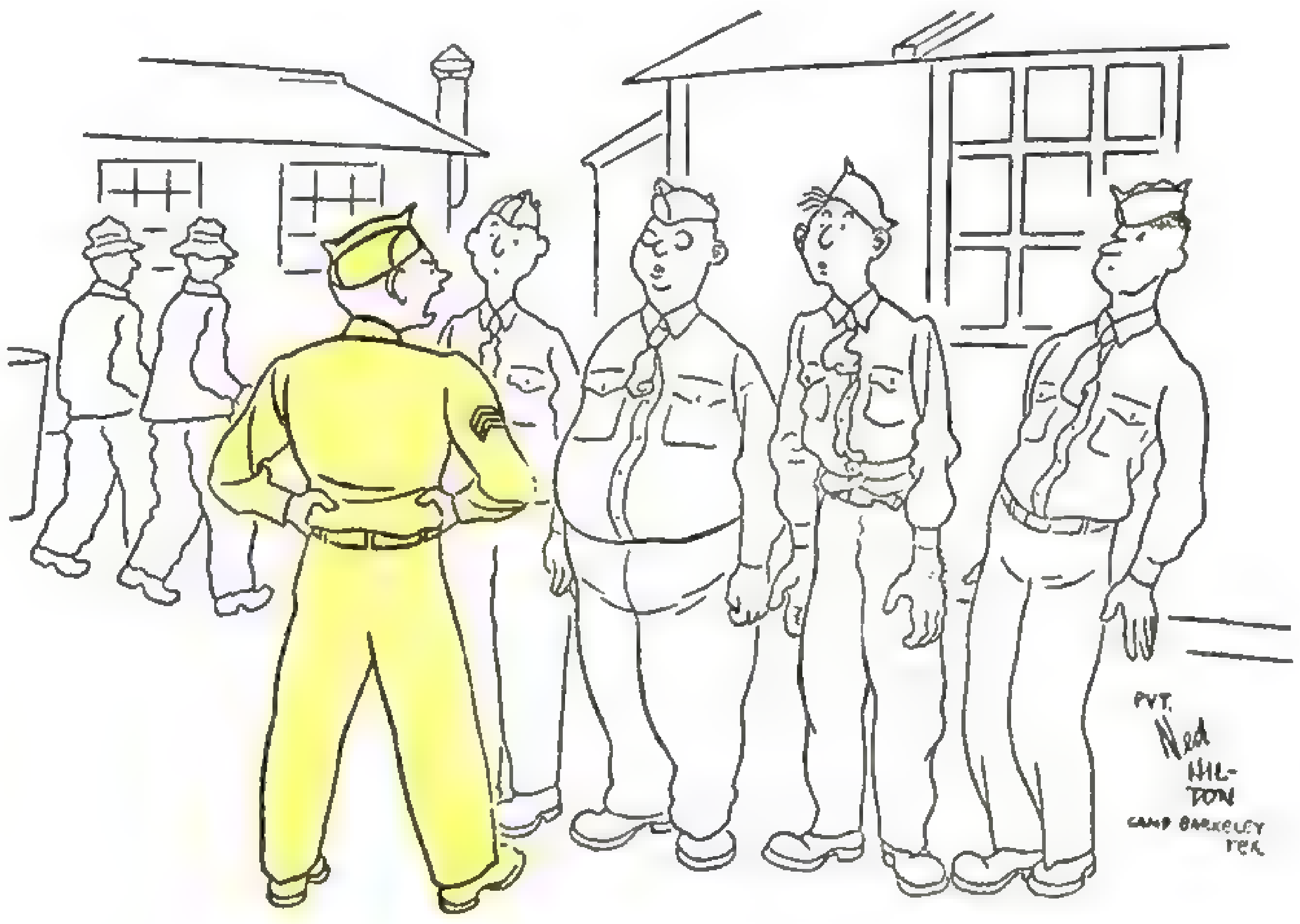
The late attempt to make a Broadway show out of the Metropolitan Opera House old reliable, *The Barber of Seville*, under the title *Once Over Lightly* was akin to an attempt to make a Metropolitan exhibit out of *Beat the Band*, and as senseless. The gesture in question rested largely in a reduction of the libretto to what the producer and his aides evidently considered pretty saucy George Abbott. We were thus regaled with such old Spanish locutions as "see what's cookin'," "I'll say it's a racket," "you'll get your dough," "never be blotto," "tell the world," "phony," "who in hell are you?" "just a local yokel who made good in a big way running a clip joint," and "I'm the well-known barber of Seville who gets in everybody's hair," along with stage deportment that the singing histrios apparently deemed suitable to the articulation of the academic pearls of speech.

There can be no sound critical objection to Americanizing any such libretto. The trouble, when the job is undertaken, is that the jobbers appear usually to believe that America is bounded on the north by the Bowery, on the south by Billy Bryant's river showboat, on the east by an Asbury Park billiard parlor and on the west by a Hollywood gag factory, and that it is inhabited entirely by descendants of the late George Primrose.

For the occasion the Sterbini libretto was abandoned in favor of the Beaumarchais original, the noted monkeying being visited upon the latter. Add to this voices that intermittently indicated their projectors' seeming belief that Rossini composed exclusively for trumpets and stage direction that suggested Seville was the birthplace of Milton Aborn, and the picture becomes sufficiently clear.

* * *

The old anecdote of the newspaper reporter who was sent out to cover a fire and came back to say it was a false alarm and hence no story, but who diffidently and unconcernedly allowed that the house had three cases of black cholera in it, that the head of it had half an hour before murdered



"Don't you want to look like the soldiers in the cigarette ads?"

Continued at top of page 118

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 80-117

his wife, that the police had collared a gang of counterfeiters, along with an escaped circus gorilla, in the cellar, and that it was said on good authority that Judge Crater was hiding in the attic, has next to nothing to do with what I am about to write, but makes a catchy way to start off and leads you to imagine that I'll have something pretty piquant to tell you. What I have to tell you is much the same stuff, to wit, that although I dispatch myself dutifully to cover all kinds of plays, only now and then does one show up that affords writing material.

But on second thought, maybe that opening story isn't such a fake lead after all. A lot of the plays, announced beforehand to be full of incalescence, are found to be false alarms—and the plague, the murder and certainly the counterfeiting are, from a critical point of view, present in abundance. Exhibits like Gladys Hurlbut's *Yankee Point* and Norman Armstrong's *Lifeline*, to name just two out of various recent manifestations, are thus just a waste of my own theatregoing time and, were I to write of them, of your reading time no less. So I spare you.

Something like *The Great Big Doorstep* calls for more attention, though hardly deserving of the space it might get if Herman Shumlin, that customarily skilful producer, had not theatrically impaired it with some surprisingly inept casting, staging and direction. Derived from a novel by E. P. O'Donnell by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett, it is an intrinsically rather droll folk comedy about an impoverished Cajun family living on the Mississippi down Louisiana way, but Mr. Shumlin has to a great extent botched it. If in place of Louis Calhern and Dorothy Gish, obviously the wrong actors for the leading roles, he had cast, say, Arthur Hunnicutt and Doro Merande, who proved their mettle for such roles in *Love's Old Sweet Song*, if he had presented the scrubby Cajun womenfolk as looking somewhat less like actresses pleasantly determined to preserve at least a semblance of their natural physical and sartorial attractiveness, and if he had done several other such things, the play might have made a fair impression and not, as in its present manifestation, a mere small dent. #

The Fall of the Flattering Word

Continued from page 68

it is a hat to inspire your most clear-eyed judgment, your most careful art . . . to make you realize how inescapably your beauty—to make or to mar—is in your own hands. Phew! I'm breathless. And that wasn't even a classic hat.

The odd thing is that the writers of this sort of thing are quite capable of doing their other job, which is not to flatter and flutter but to say exactly what a dress looks like, how it's made, what it's for. If you knew the words, you could, being a man, recognize "a basque bodice crepe, with frothy white frill." That's as specific as "a blue serge suit, double-breasted, no cuffs on the pants, see?" This is professional stuff. College girls write about "a mad plaid cotton shirt" and a scarf that's "at once Etonian and Apache." Or speak of "a whooshing, taffeta-skirted, prettiest-girl-at-the-party dress." But they're just beginners.

It goes without saying that men, basically, do not understand the fuss about clothes; and I am not attempting to expose or explain our ignorance. I am working on the style in which the excitement is conveyed. It seems to me a phony, and I want to know why. Behind that, there is the pretty fundamental idea that men and women are very much alike, can be appealed to in much the same terms, and can be persuaded by the same means. It is true that radio programs devoted to household goods and to cosmetics use different commercials than those devoted to razor blades; but men as well as women used to buy gasoline (in the days of gasoline), and the sales appeal was the same to both of them. Moreover, women as well as men are voting, and to a growing extent the candidates make a single, unified appeal to their clients. And, finally, women become more and more the reading public, but the books which make the best seller lists are far from the dreadful category of "books for women."

Well, if men and women have their intelligence in common, why is the appeal so strangely different? Being not utterly a fool, I perceive the gap in the question: because one doesn't apparently sell women's clothes to their intellects, but to their emotions. To the picture of themselves, wearing the clothes. Just as a tropical cruise is sold to me via my picture of myself in Martinique or Curaçao. With a difference.

Because I am reasonably romantic, my picture of myself by moonlight in tropic waters may be a trifle more harmonious and enchanting than the actuality; but it is close enough. It is not an impossible dream. And the clothes as shown on models, as described in captions, must be, for most women, simply out of the question. They can't get into the lines, let alone coping with the adjectives. What does a woman feel when she sees herself in an "important" "timeless" and "distinguished" dress? Is the shock too great for her complacency? Or is she so enamored of the dress that she doesn't care what she looks like in it?

To be sure there are a few thousand women in America, outside of Hollywood actresses and agency models, who can actually wear the superb creations of the great dressmakers. (And, by the way, nothing contained herein is to be taken as belittling the clothes themselves. Half a dozen designers of women's clothes are precision-artists, doing specific jobs in the most workmanlike way, asking no adjectives to make them splendid.)

The tone of the mail order catalogues is a little less excited than the tone of the smart woman's magazine or the youngster's delight; but it also runs toward the fancy, if not to the phony. Of course the mail order catalogue, unlike the caption under the photograph, has to become brutal and tell about materials and prices and so forth. You get, in small type, the same specifications as you get for a motor car, or the octane rating of a gas. You know what a dress is made of and how it is cut; but the selling point is still that it will make you look like someone else, that you will be flattered and—classicized.

I am near the end of my beef about the way women's clothes are described, and want only to make one other point: I can't get used to seeing the kind of picture in which someone is bandaging someone else's throat and is wearing a green skirt with a green and white striped top of rayon taffeta, while the victim of the accident is in a bolero and checked skirt; or the photographs of women selling war bonds like fury, and apparently promoting classic tweeds. Something which is not a moral objection gets me; they ought to be doing one thing or the other. Their clothes wouldn't be so pretty if they were doing their job well; they wouldn't be doing the job well if they'd been so conscious of clothes. Or, again, I think the posed photo which masquerades as the real thing isn't so hot.

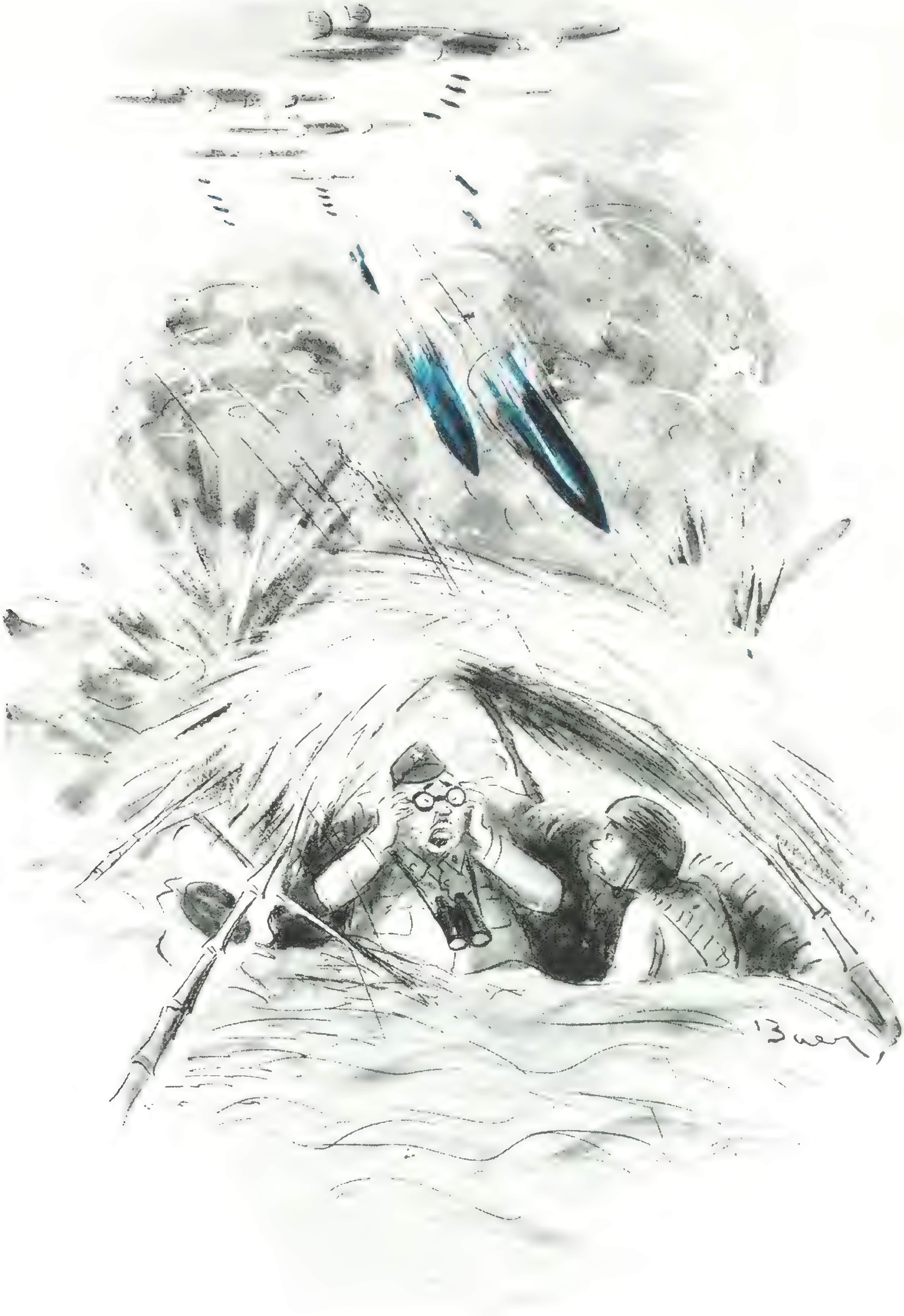
The women of America (an ominous phrase which will be heard more and more for months to come) are not a *bloc*, they are, just now, moving by the millions into field and factory work which the men haven't time to do. This means that the ancient "dominance" of women, which was the dominance of leisure, will now merge into a totally different thing, the dominance of a new and indispensable working class, the great earners of money. In every factory the work is being subdivided, so that nothing is too heavy for women to do; and new methods are being worked out, new shortcuts. When men return to their work they will find that the work has changed, and all the changes have been toward making the work of women easier, so that the difference between men's work and women's will shade off and perhaps disappear.

A wife stands nobly by a lad
While he is sadly harried
By troubles he would never had
If he had never married.

He always had the final word,
But that was scarcely queer;
That final word you may have heard:
"Yes, Dear; yes, Dear; yes, Dear."

I am not raising a scare of matriarchy. I don't even believe that the transition to women at work will be complete; men will still have work to do, and they have good qualities too, which a nation can use. But it does seem logical that as women meet the same daily problems as men, they will want to be addressed in the same terms as men. They will be harder to cajole, easier to convince by argument—or let us say, men have always assumed they must not be intelligent when dealing with women. Now women will show them.

The way women are sugared and honeyed into buying their clothes is Victorian, masking as sophisticated. ("Sophisticated" used to be the great selling word; and that in itself was a blow to the intelligence of the race.) Of course everything that's sold ought to be presented in the most agreeable manner; whatever is offered to men, from slacks to shaving kit to dynamos is also made attractive; but it is made attractive within the bounds of reason, with a faithful use of language. And I suspect that that's the way we'll have to begin talking to women soon, if we want them to listen to us. They've been hearing the factory whistle and seeing the gears mesh, they've been welding seams instead of sewing them. You aren't going to cozzen them much longer; and maybe not even flatter. #



"Think honorable glasses need changing—have slight headache"

The Chosen Conquerors

Continued from page 77

Tiger told them grimly. "The dwarfs will buzz about like hornets when they have found the message we left for them."

All that day the Japanese airplanes soared angrily, looking everywhere for trace of the vanished Tiger band. In the afternoon, as if infuriated by failure, the planes bombed helpless towns and villages and machine-gunned peasants who labored in their fields.

That night a slim young Chinese dressed as a minor official arrived at the Tiger's lair. The Tiger greeted him warmly.

"Welcome, Chen Lin! How is my honored friend, Magistrate Wei?"

The newcomer bowed low. "The Magistrate is well in body, Captain Hu. But he is deeply troubled in spirit. He fears he cannot long bear the heavy burden of being a puppet of the hated invaders. His own countrymen call him a traitor, and the invaders are more and more suspicious."

"Magistrate Wei is performing a valuable service to his country," the Tiger said gravely. "Some day his countrymen will understand and will praise him. But tell me, what news have you?"

"Nogaki is insane with fury at the loss of his supply train. Tomorrow two thousand of his best troops march to destroy you."

"And how does he expect to accomplish that?"

"He has been led to think,"—Chen Lin's black eyes gleamed—"that you have gathered your men and supplies into the mountain village of Hsinchwang, and there will defend yourselves against attack. He will bomb the village from the air, and his troops will then kill all whom the bombs do not destroy."

"Excellent!" The Tiger rose to his feet. "We shall be ready."

At dawn the heavy gates of Wanhsein swung open. Through them rumbled a long line of military trucks bearing heavily armed men, machine guns, and field pieces.

The bristling motorcade moved southward along the military highway through countryside seemingly deserted. Here and there appeared furrows dug across the surface of the highway, and these forced the trucks to a slow pace. And many bridges had been destroyed, necessitating tedious detours.

At length the trucks swung off the highway into the narrow road leading up through the foothills to Hsinchwang. Immediately the difficulties multiplied. The road was criss-crossed with furrows that must be filled, blocked with boulders that must be removed. Now escorting planes arrived to circle overhead, watching for a possible ambuscade, but nowhere was there any sign of life.

It was near noon when the attacking party sighted the village of Hsinchwang, perched atop a cliff with mountains looming dark beyond. The soldiers took positions to attack, and the bombers began to drop their deadly missiles.

From the doomed village came an answering fire but it was so feeble that the attackers became suspicious. "It is not like the Tiger to be caught in such a trap," they said among themselves.

Overhead the planes circled lower and lower and began to machine-gun the streets.

An anti-aircraft gun suddenly blazed forth from the mountainside, and two of the low-flying planes crashed in flames. The others zoomed quickly and started to bomb the mountainside.

Then abruptly the bombing ceased, and the foot soldiers charged. The defenders took some toll, but soon the invaders were swarming over crumbled walls and through wreckage-strewn streets. There was but a handful of defenders there. Old men, a cripple here and there, and old women dressed like soldiers.

"These are not the Tiger's guerrillas," the Japanese began to whisper uneasily.

The short March afternoon was waning, the sky overcast. Wanhsien was far from this ghastly place of bayoneted old men and women. Was there yet time to go back before nightfall?

The homeward journey was begun. Recklessly the drivers bumped over rough roads. The sky darkened, and a mist began to take form in the valley.

The motorcade approached a bridge spanning a deep ravine. The leading truck rumbled across and was gathering speed for the hill when its front wheels broke through the surface of the roadway into a concealed pit. The truck crashed to a stop, and several cars following, rammed it and each other as they piled up.

Then the earth was rent by a terrible blast. The bridge and the roadway seemed to explode, and half a dozen trucks were hurled high in the air. The blast was echoed by wild exultant shouts from all sides. Concealed machine guns began to spray bullets among the crowded trucks. From hidden trenches on either side of the ravine poured withering rifle fire.

The invaders seemed stunned and confused by the enormity of the tragedy. Their machine guns went into erratic action, and the soldiers began firing wildly.

Overhead the guardian planes, groping through the thickening haze, seemed to sense that an unbelievable thing was happening. They dived low, but in the fading light they could not tell friend from foe. Helpless to aid, they flew off toward Wanhsien.

The shadows deepened as the unequal struggle went on. The men in and beneath the trucks were a perfect target for the entrenched and concealed guerrillas. The Japanese could see nothing at which to direct their fire.

From his post on the slope above, the Tiger caught signs of new activity among the trucks. "Pass along the word," he directed. "We may expect a sortie."

The message had scarcely been delivered when there was a rush from the trucks. A line of squat khaki-clad men dashed desperately up the hill toward the guerrilla trenches, firing as they came.

They were mowed down with rifle and machine gun fire. A dwindled remnant reached the shallow trenches, and the fight became a bloody hand-to-hand struggle.

Meanwhile, the guerrillas on the opposite slope had dashed down upon the line of trucks. The Japanese machine gunners tried to hold them back, but could not halt their onrush. A brief, deadly struggle, and blue-clad figures were in control of the trucks. Then they went on to attack the surviving Japanese from the rear and complete the annihilation.

The following night the youthful Chen Lin again arrived at the Tiger's lair.

"Nogaki is in a frenzy," he said. "He has radioed for reinforcements, and is desperately afraid that you may attack the city before help can arrive."

"His hour draws near," said the Tiger. "Listen attentively. This is the plan you are to convey to Magistrate Wei."

* * *

Magistrate Wei bowed obsequiously. "Would the noble Colonel permit," he asked, "that I discuss a small matter with him?"

Short, stocky Colonel Nogaki was seated in the office of the seized American oil company storage plant which he had taken as his headquarters. He had not slept well. Behind his oriental imperturbability were traces of strain, suspicion, even fear. Heavily armed guards everywhere betrayed his concern for his own safety. When he spoke, his voice was edged with irritability.

"Well, what is it?" he growled, as though he were addressing a coolie instead of the head of the civilian government.

Magistrate Wei went on blandly. "I am privileged to number among my acquaintances a distinguished scholar who is a true friend of Japan—"

"I'm beginning to think Japan has no friends in this damnable land!" the Colonel broke in. "You're all spies and traitors."

"The noble Colonel jests. Even so, the Japanese people may have more true friends in China than they realize. But to return to my friend, he was educated in Japan, receiving his doctor's degree from the Imperial University. Since then he has not only been a brilliant teacher but has shown he can win the confidence of the people."

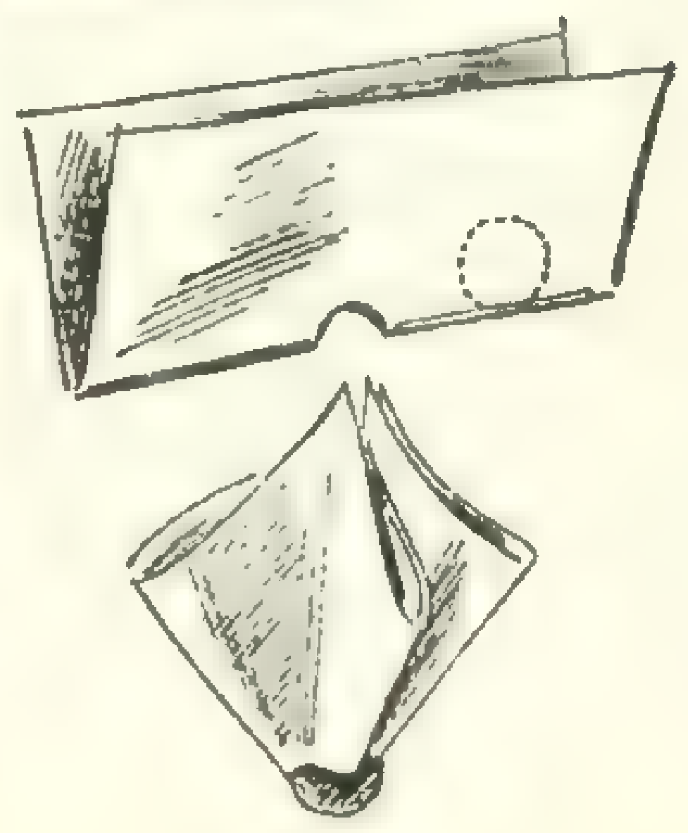
"A plague on doctors' degrees and teaching!" the Colonel shouted. "I need men who can exact obedience from unruly peasants, who can destroy such bandits as this scoundrel who calls himself the Tiger."

"It was taught by one of our ancient sages," Magistrate Wei observed, "that '*the wise man obtains the people's confidence before imposing burdens upon them.*' If the noble Colonel would send into the villages men who could convince the people of the high motives of

Checkpayers . . .

good for one free drink at the nearest bar

the wager: That, having cut a hole the size of a dime in a sheet of paper, you can pass a quarter through the hole.

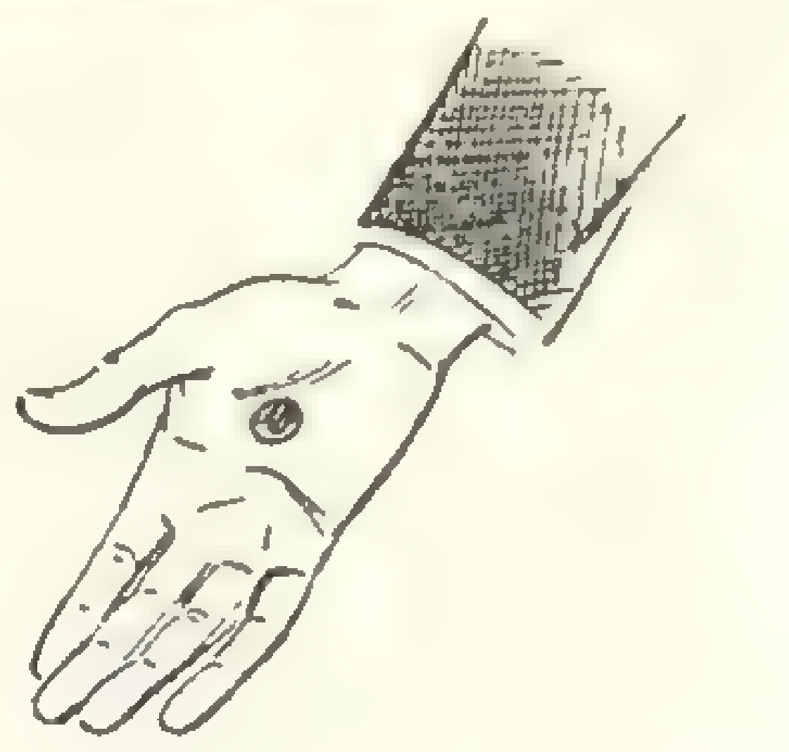


the payoff: Fold the paper across the center of the hole, insert the quarter, fold the ends of the paper upward toward each other, at the same time gently jiggling the quarter, and the coin will pass through the hole.

Checkpayers . . .

good for one free drink at the nearest bar

the wager: That your friend can't brush a dime off your open palm with a whisk broom, in ten attempts.



the payoff: If you place the dime correctly, close to the base of the thumb, it should take many more than ten sweeps of the broom to dislodge it.

your honorable country, their opposition would cease. It is a task this friend of mine might perform effectively."

Despite his worship of brute force, the Colonel had grudgingly begun to realize that he must somehow temper force with conciliation if ever he were to conquer these amazing people. This might be an opportunity. "I'll talk with the fellow," he conceded ungraciously. "What's his name?"

"He is Dr. Hu Pao-ming, noble sir."

The Colonel scowled. "I have heard that name somewhere," he said vaguely.

"Quite possibly," Magistrate Wei smilingly agreed. "It is well known in the intellectual circles of my humble country."

The Colonel shrugged. "Let it pass. When can I see this persuasive friend of yours?"

"Might it not be well to have Dr. Hu meet the noble Colonel and the staff officers at the weekly council tomorrow night?"

"That time will do as well as any. But he must wait until we have completed our other business."

"It shall be arranged, noble sir." Magistrate Wei bowed low and withdrew, his countenance lighted by an inscrutable smile.

During the forenoon of the next day a Chinese mechanic with his kit of tools appeared before the Japanese officer charged with the care of the headquarters. "Fire sprinkler system need fix," the mechanic explained in painfully inadequate Japanese. "We drain roof-tank, fill new. Now fix inside. Honorable sir say can do?"

"Go ahead," granted the officer lazily. "But careful, no noise! The Colonel is very angry. Complains he smells too much gasoline everywhere."

The mechanic made a deprecating gesture. "This morning coolies put gasoline into tanks. Fools spill everywhere. Too bad."

"Tell the stupid ones to be more careful if they wish to live," the officer exclaimed in genuine alarm.

For a time the officer idly watched the mechanic examining the fire control sprinklers which had been installed by the American oil company. Then he wandered away to inspect other parts of the building.

When the officer had disappeared, the mechanic went to the officers' council room. There he looked about carefully to see that he was not watched and, having ascertained that this was so, he went over the fire control system with minute care and made certain adjustments on each sprinkler head.

At ten o'clock that night, Magistrate Wei was waiting in the hall outside the council chamber. Beside him was a tall fellow-countryman, dressed in the long robes of a scholar.

"It is pleasant to have this last hour with you, old friend—and to have told you what Colonel Nogaki shall presently hear," the Magistrate's companion smiled. "We have served long and happily together. And for you there are many years of service still to be performed."

"But for you, Pao-ming, my blood brother"—the Magistrate's voice was sad with emotion—"is there no other way?"

The scholar shook his head. "I can best serve China thus. It is the way I myself choose. See, the time is at hand."

Two sentries were beckoning to them from the door of the council hall. There the Magistrate and his companion were searched, but as nothing was found on their persons save cigarettes and matches, they were admitted to the council chamber.

Magistrate Wei bowed low to Colonel Nogaki and the group of officers seated at the long table. "I have the great honor, noble gentlemen, to present my friend, Dr. Hu Pao-ming."

His companion likewise bowed, but remained silent.

"Come in quickly." The Colonel's tone was irritable. "The hour is late. Be seated!"

"Other pressing duties call me," Magistrate Wei apologized. "If the honorable gentlemen will permit, I will withdraw."

"In five minutes I, too, will have finished," said Dr. Hu Pao-ming in perfect Japanese. "Meantime, with your permission, I will remain standing."

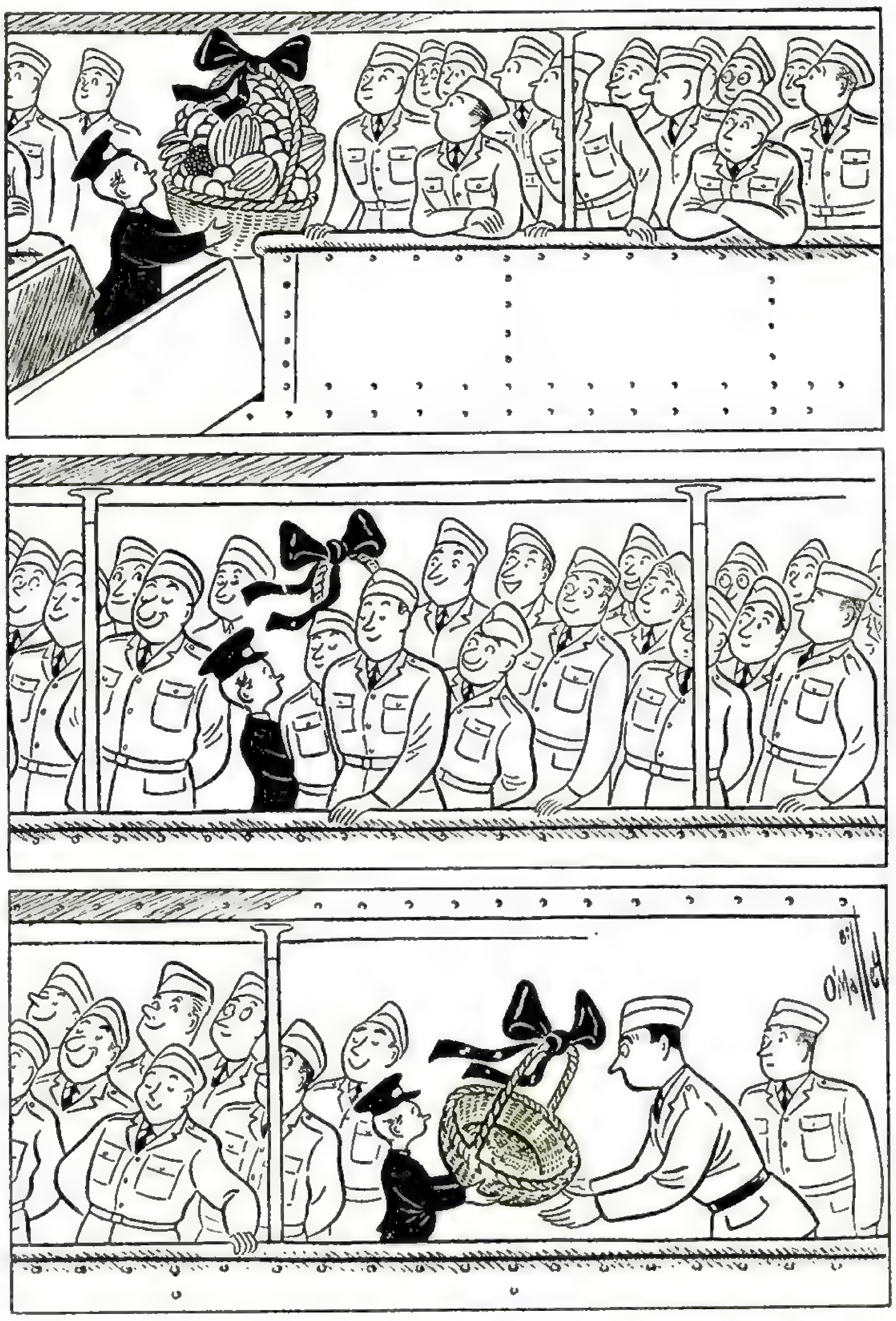
As Magistrate Wei withdrew, Colonel Nogaki stared appraisingly at the tall stranger. "I understand that you have studied in Tokyo, and are a true friend of Japan?" His words were a blunt challenge.

"That is right. I have long admired Japan, and humbly count myself a true friend of the Japanese people."

"Then tell us," Colonel Nogaki demanded harshly, "what can be done to subdue these stupid and stubborn Chinese? We have seized their ports, sent armies into the interior, bombed their cities and towns, driven their government into the hinterland—but still they will not submit. Our soldiers are waylaid, our efforts thwarted by trickery. The countryside is overrun by bandits led by outlaws such as this boastful Tiger. What will show these fools that Japan is their destined ruler?"

Dr. Hu Pao-ming listened impassively, and his eyes took in all the details of the room—the positions of the officers and the sentries, the clock on the wall, the windows sealed with metal shutters, the ceiling studded with sprinkler heads. His ears caught sounds unnoticed by the others—a scuffle in the hall, a door bolt thrust softly into its socket.

"When Duke Ai asked Confucius," he replied with scholarly deliberateness, "how he could secure the submission of his people, the sage replied, '*Advance the upright and set aside the crooked, then the people will submit. Advance the crooked and set aside the upright, then the people will rebel.*' Thus, noble sirs, it has always been with the Chinese people."



Colonel Nogaki gestured impatiently. "We did not invite you here to listen to the words of your ancient sages. If that is all you have to say, you may leave."

"I ask the noble Colonel's pardon. You spoke of him who is called the Tiger. Shall I tell you how one may best deal with him?"

"If you can," the Colonel growled, "do so quickly."

"I will be brief." He glanced at the clock. "I knew the Tiger when he was a teacher in Soochow. He was then a peaceful scholar, with only kindness in his heart. In the dead of night Japanese soldiers invaded his home, forced him to witness the murder of his son and the violation and slaying of his wife, then sought to burn him alive. That night he took a solemn oath to avenge himself on the officer who led those soldiers. Until that oath is fulfilled, he will continue to kill and destroy."

He paused. Somewhere outside a bugle note sounded, like a signal. There was a faint smile in Dr. Hu Pao-ming's eyes as he looked calmly into the officers' faces. Colonel Nogaki's face became distorted by a tumult of emotion—amazement, murderous anger.

Dr. Hu Pao-ming said calmly, "I am he whom you call the Tiger. I am a true friend of the Japanese people, but not of you bloodthirsty fools who are destroying Japan to gain selfish ends."

Into the room had suddenly come an unmistakable, stifling odor. The air was growing misty.

"Gasoline!" exclaimed Colonel Nogaki. "All day I have smelled the stuff, and now it is showering on us! What treachery is this?"

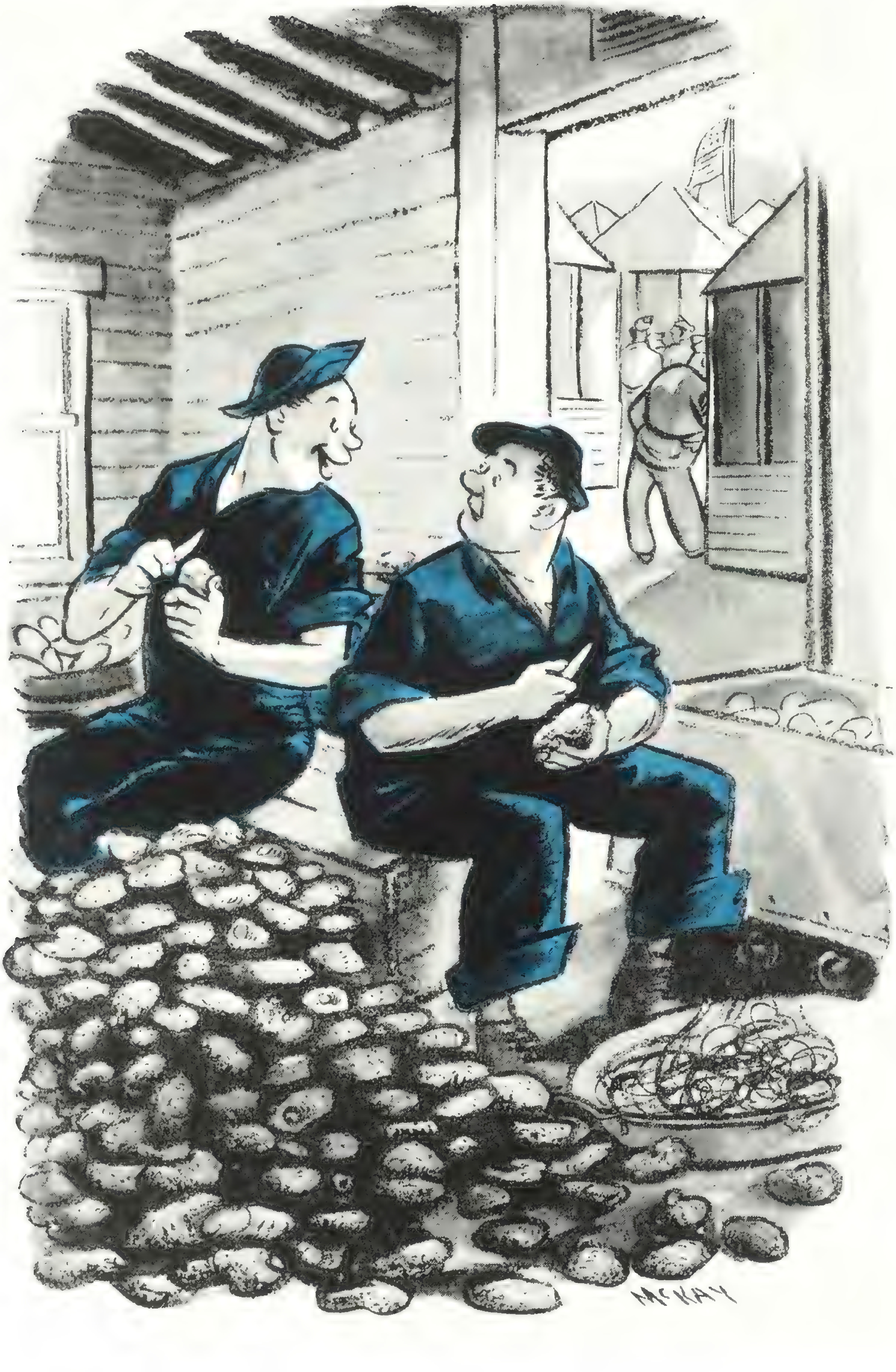
Their guest glanced toward the ceiling. From each sprinkler was coming a spray of the volatile fluid. "It is fortunate no one is smoking," he observed coolly. "At the slightest spark, as from that pistol you are holding, Colonel, the mixture in this room will explode like so much dynamite."

"Open the doors and windows, fools!" Colonel Nogaki screamed.

"Stay where you are, each of you!" The Tiger's voice was suddenly compelling. He held a match ready to strike. "The door is locked, the shutters barred. No help can come to you, for your sentries have been seized. At the signal now to be given, my men will attack your leaderless forces. Tomorrow no Japanese soldier will remain in Wanhsein, as in due time none will remain in China. I salute the conquerors!"

At the terrific explosion that lighted and shook the countryside, the guerrilla band outside the city walls joined their countrymen within to hunt down and destroy the disorganized, panic-stricken Japanese oppressors.

Before dawn broke, the victory was complete, and as the sun rose, Magistrate Wei raised the Chinese flag over the crater where Colonel Nogaki's council chamber had stood. ⧻



"Shall we surprise the sergeant and dice them?"

America's War from the Air

Continued from page 43

mercial air line personnel, the Air Corps Ferry Command has been efficiently moving combat planes, crews and supplies to the fighting fronts. Pioneering most of these routes, building bases as it moved, Ferry Command still found time to deliver 1,000 combat planes into action theatres with an amazingly good safety record. The groundwork of an efficient air transport service has been laid around the world and others will follow.

These productions—these preparations, are the fundamentals preliminary to the fact of an operating air force.

Glenn Martin, pioneer aviator, designer and manufacturer, shed light on the importance of fundamental preparation when he said, "We are just beginning to grasp what a completely modern air force means—how it must be self-contained with its own transport, air-borne base, troops and services and air-flown supply facilities. At present our fighting planes at advanced bases are actually geared to the speed of slow convoys. Let's cut loose from the deadly slow ground and sea. Let's put the whole thing in the air."

Extending a strengthened offensive air arm into the second year of our war, there is comfort in the knowledge that the fundamental job has been largely accomplished. Planes, personnel, bases and supply—all these in proportion adequate to the job are on the way. The United States Air Force can now turn attention to the grim business of flying the fight to the enemy wherever he may be found.

In order to follow the fighting progress of American wings, it is necessary to understand the functions of airpower—not what it *is*, but what it *does*.

Historically, at least, its first function is that of co-operation between land forces and sea forces.

The second is independent or "pure" airpower as indicated by Glenn Martin in his suggestion that air forces be freed of the shackles of slow ground command and transport.

Independent airpower is the purist's concept of warfare *from* the air rather than warfare *in* the air. More specifically, this theory suggests the projection of complete air-borne power from the air and directed independently upon the destruction of an enemy's production and resources—his railroads, cities and factories, his power and storage facilities—the very will of his people to continue in the fight.

A third function projects the second or independent quality and adds to the self sufficiency of a balanced air force. It concerns itself as much with supply as with actual combat. As revolutionary as the German air-borne invasion of Crete, this third function visualizes the actual *occupation* of enemy territory to complete the cycle of independent warfare *from* the air. Its application requires large fleets of transport planes for paratroops and air infantry, light tanks, artillery and occupational equipment. In addition to powered transport planes, trains of gliders carrying troops and supplies are required.

In the months since Pearl Harbor, we have done far more than meet the basic requirements of balanced airpower—under constant attack by the Jap in a theatre which he controlled, we have maintained and increased our aerial striking power in the Southwest Pacific. The extent of our recovery was graphically demonstrated at Midway, again in the Coral Sea, and again and again in the Jap defeats at Guadalcanal.

In Africa and in Europe we have held our own in the skies against the best the enemy could send against us.

Beginning in August, American airpower began to be felt offensively on an increasing number of fronts. We began to push the Jap down the chain of the Aleutians and stopped his progress considerably in the South Pacific Islands.

In Egypt our weight helped to bring Rommel's advance to a halt. Our aerial forces were a factor in his last stampede across a thousand miles of North Africa and our wings protected the Eastern invasion of French North Africa. Over Europe our Fortresses have made history in daylight raids and now a shuttle run has been added from African bases against the crumbling toe of the Italian boot. During the months of late Fall the ratio of enemy losses to ours increased to 8 to 1.

The air force climb from cellar defensive of a year ago to ceiling offensive today is marked by the consistently brilliant performance of our vaunted Flying Fortresses. In hundreds of crushing raids extending from the Solomons on one side of the world to occupied Europe and Africa on the other, the Flying Forts have established a record that is unmatched by enemy or ally. In a recent fight over Europe a flight of B-17's (Flying Fortresses) were engaged by 40 crack German fighters. Eight of the enemy craft were blown from the sky and all of the Fortresses returned. One came home safe, though riddled by 200 machine gun bullets and six cannon shells.

In a later daylight raid over the continent 115 Fortresses and Liberators (B-24's) proved their worth by fighting through to the target and returning with a score of 100 enemy planes destroyed or damaged. Four bombers were lost.

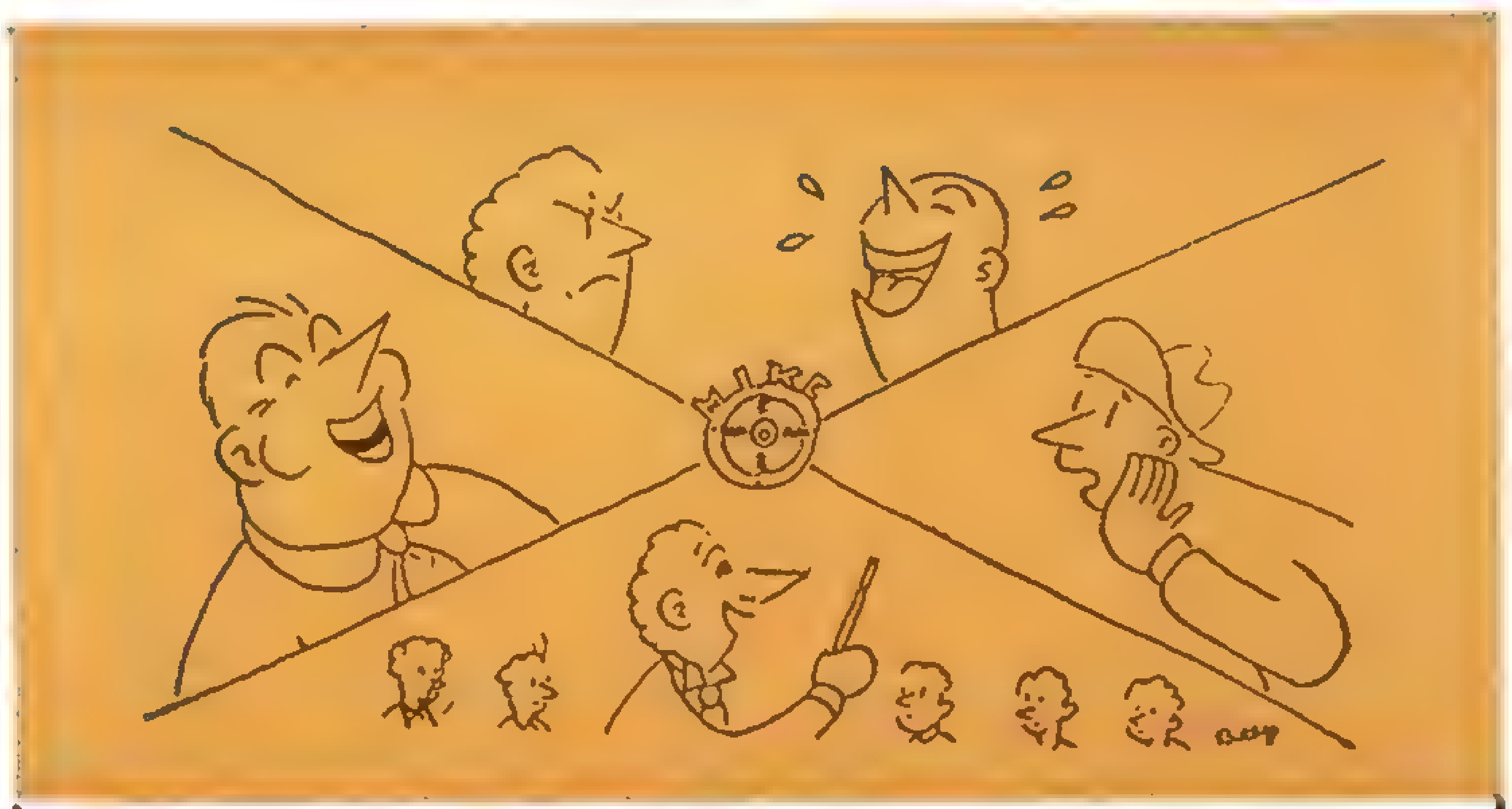
The Flying Fortress comes nearest to the perfectionist's dream of an "all-purpose" plane—the Fortress, in turn, brings nearer to realization our air force concept of independent airpower striking unsupported from the sky.

Hitler, Milch and Goering, successful though they were in introducing co-ordination between aerial and ground forces, failed to grasp the full significance of the American concept of airpower operating independently of ground forces. Hitler's plane-tank teams swept with bewildering speed through Poland, France and the Lowlands where aerial supremacy was quickly gained and held. It is fortunate, perhaps, that Hitler's first attempts at independent airpower (the saturation bombings of London) failed by reason of magnificent RAF pilot morale, coupled with superiority in speed and fire-power of the 8-gunned British Spitfires and Hurricanes over the Luftwaffe's Messerschmitts and Heinkels.

Failure of the Luftwaffe to subdue London and eliminate the RAF is further due to the inadequacy of bases that would permit a non-stop attack upon English cities and industrial installations. The Germans, experienced in ground-air coordinated teamwork, had not been thinking in terms of sustained warfare *from* the air alone. It took the English and the Americans to do that.

General Somervell summed it up recently when he said, "When Hitler took this war into the skies he rose into our own element. We'll meet him there on even terms." Through a new application of independent airpower the British and the Americans are returning to Hitler and the hapless Mussolini an aerial tornado of ever increasing violence. This application of warfare *from* the air has as its principle objective the destruction of enemy war industry and the disruption of his supply and communication lines. This may take the form of attacks on targets of immediate urgency such as the Heinkel and the Focke-Wulf aircraft factories at Rostock and Bremen, the submarine works in Hamburg, or armament plants at Essen and Cologne and deep within Italy. Another form of hampering attack, practiced upon both Germany and Italy, calls for the reduction of special industrial targets where vital parts for a fighting weapon are manufactured. This type of bombing develops shortages that may slow

Continued on page 124



Radio Miracles

"And so," concluded announcer Henry Walker, "the Problems of Dorothy Carter never seemed more trivial. A medical check-up has disclosed that everybody in her family is in perfect health, her husband is more madly in love with her than ever, and those investments he made, calculated good for a mere five per cent profit, have turned out amazingly successful and doubled their income. What will Dorothy and Joe do with all that money, and how are they going to find ways to work off all their healthy exuberance? Perhaps tomorrow we'll discover some of the answers."

* * *

Walter C. Merrow finally succeeded in getting his wife to listen to a new radio comedian whom Merrow considered tops. She listened to the program in frozen-faced silence while he rocked with laughter. "Well, honey," he snorted between guffaws, "if you don't like him tonight, you never will because this is by all odds the funniest show he's ever put on. Positively! Ha! Wheeee!"

* * *

"And now," announced Orchestra Leader Orlando "Scat" Troober, "for the first time on the air you're going to hear a number written by Whitey Yates, one of the boys in our band, and entitled *You're Too Too.* I've listened to a lot of great hits such as *Star Dust, Night and Day, Smoke Gets In Your Eyes,* and a lot of others, and right here and now I'd like to go on record that *You're Too Too* is going to be a terrific flop."

* * *

"—and in making this prediction," continued Si McFaber, commentator, whose weekly chat, *What's Behind the Inside of the Lowdown,* is heard on 108 stations, "I'd like to remind my listeners that I was the first to predict that there would be no gas rationing anywhere, that baseball would be given up in 1942, that Germany would invade England in 1940, and that the Japs would never attack us. Boy, do I muff 'em!"

—Parke Cummings

America's War from the Air

Continued from pages 43-123

down an entire industry and call for the shut-down of final assembly lines.

Although the Germans have maintained a stubborn silence under the British and American nonstop bombings of industrial targets, some measure of their success may be gleaned by consideration of Mussolini's admissions of damage resulting from recent Italian industrial bombings growing out of the North African campaign. Shocked out of a year's silence, Il Duce spoke from Rome to give valuable clues to the effectiveness of industrial bombings there and elsewhere. Among other admissions was Il Duce's revelation that Allied bombing damage was even greater than announced by the British. In Milan 30 houses were destroyed and 2,387 damaged. In Turin 161 buildings were demolished and 3,059 damaged. In Genoa 203 were demolished and 6,121 damaged. A total of 1,876 persons have been killed and 3,321 injured.

Mussolini's announcement followed Churchill's plain warning that more bombings were to follow. It is significant that Mussolini's statements include no mention of industrial losses although the attacks were made upon concentrated industrial and military installations rather than the civil population. There can be little question but what Germany has sustained equal and greater damage from the continued series of heavy bombings maintained by British and Americans over a period of months. "Saturation" bombings of the type carried out by the Allies against Germany and Italy may prove to be the factor that will win for airpower its coveted title of First Line of Offense.

Although the final story in the developing North African campaign cannot yet be told, there is ample evidence to show that airpower has played a decisive role and that all of its major functions have been brought into play in this vast co-ordinated action.

Shortly after General Brereton's arrival in Egypt, American airpower began to play an increasingly important role both in the independent bombing of Rommel's supply lines and in co-operation with ground troops. A bomber command built up of long-range Fortresses, Liberators and North American two-engine Mitchells has carried independent action to the enemy throughout the Mediterranean area and northward into the precious oil fields of Rumania.

In all, seven types of American combat planes went into action in the hands of British and American pilots in the campaign that drove the Fascist legions in headlong flight out of Egypt. They were the B-17 and B-24 four-engined heavy bombers and the two-engined B-25 medium bomber, all flown by Army Air Forces personnel. In addition were the two-engined Martin Baltimores and Marylands, medium bombers, and the Douglas Bostons, attack bombers, flown by personnel of the British Royal Air Force. Also active throughout the African campaign have been the Curtiss P-40's of various models flown by pilots of both services.

The American air attack in Africa became two-pronged with the arrival of Major General James H. Doolittle and the 12th Air Force on the eastern shores of North Africa. In this attack and successive moves toward a junction with Alexander's Eighth Army pursuing Rommel out of Egypt, the enemy has seen a new and formidable American plane in action. Although active for some time in the Pacific theatre the Lockheed P-38 had its European baptism in North Africa. In successive actions it has proved the scourge of the best planes that the Germans and Italians can send against it.

As a part of the Allied campaign that hurled the Axis out of Libya, American pilots flying Curtiss P-40 Kittyhawks performed brilliantly. Two squadrons known as the Fighting Cocks and the Black Scorpions knocked down 22 Macchis, Fiats, Messerschmitts and Stukas in five days with a loss of two. Within the next week they repeated the exploit. Total score: 45 Axis, 4 Americans.

The air-ground cooperation in the North African campaign has been superb. The drive against Rommel is a typical example of co-ordinated Allied air force action. His supply lines were kept under constant bombardment both before and during the drive across Africa. At the front proper, a terrific bomb barrage softened resistance to the advancing infantry. When the Axis line was finally breached, armored ground columns and low-flying attack bombers formed a flying wedge that split the holding Italian enemy forces in two. Meanwhile other bombers were constantly pounding at the German troops fleeing westward into Libya. Axis airfields and supply lines were battered until they collapsed and the Allies were left in complete command of the air.

The selection of North Africa as a base for the first offensive against the Axis is advantageous from many points of view. It permits the fullest possible use of Allied sea and airpower in a theatre where enemy airpower has been largely reduced. The way is being prepared for reopening of the Mediterranean as a United Nations supply line for the relief of the entire Middle East, Russia, and the India-Burma China theatre of operations.

Of equal importance to reopening of the Mediterranean is the establishment of a North African base that will, in the words of Churchill, "Expose the soft underbelly of the German Reich." The American long-range bomber of the Fortress type is admirably suited to finding the soft spots in a "shuttle" service that sees the British extending their heavy raids south from Germany into northern Italy while American forces open up new bombing runs from Northern Africa into the South of Italy. In the respite afforded Russia in the opening of a second front, she in turn may be able to bring into operation her own excellent TB-7 and ANT-6, four-engined bombers. In this manner the Nazis may ultimately be subjected to an air encirclement. The chief objective of such encirclement will be to reduce their industrial munitions and raw materials sources to a point where they can no longer supply the far flung armies of Hitler's legions.

Elsewhere in the world American airpower grows in numbers, experience and effectiveness. No one can question that the balance of our aerial battle score is steadily improving. The disadvantage of a late start is now turning in our favor. The enemy's numerical superiority at the time of our entry into the war was achieved at the cost of freezing his plane designs. Plant re-tooling was kept to a minimum and experimental craft were restricted. Arriving late, we began where the enemy left off. Ours is the advantage of his experience. Today the United States is producing more planes than all of its enemies combined. With our peak of production still in the future American planes are matching the enemy, plane for plane, in every major theatre of the war while assuming the offensive on a majority of fronts.

Starting on the defensive and weighed down by obsolete planes designed for continental action, there has, nevertheless, been a continuous improvement in the quality, quantity and performance of our combat aircraft. A brief comparison of types in operation indicates this progress:

On December 7, 1941, the following types of combat planes actually were in the combat theatres: Bombers, B-17; Fighters, P-26, P-36, P-39 and the P-40; Attack, A-20 and A-24.

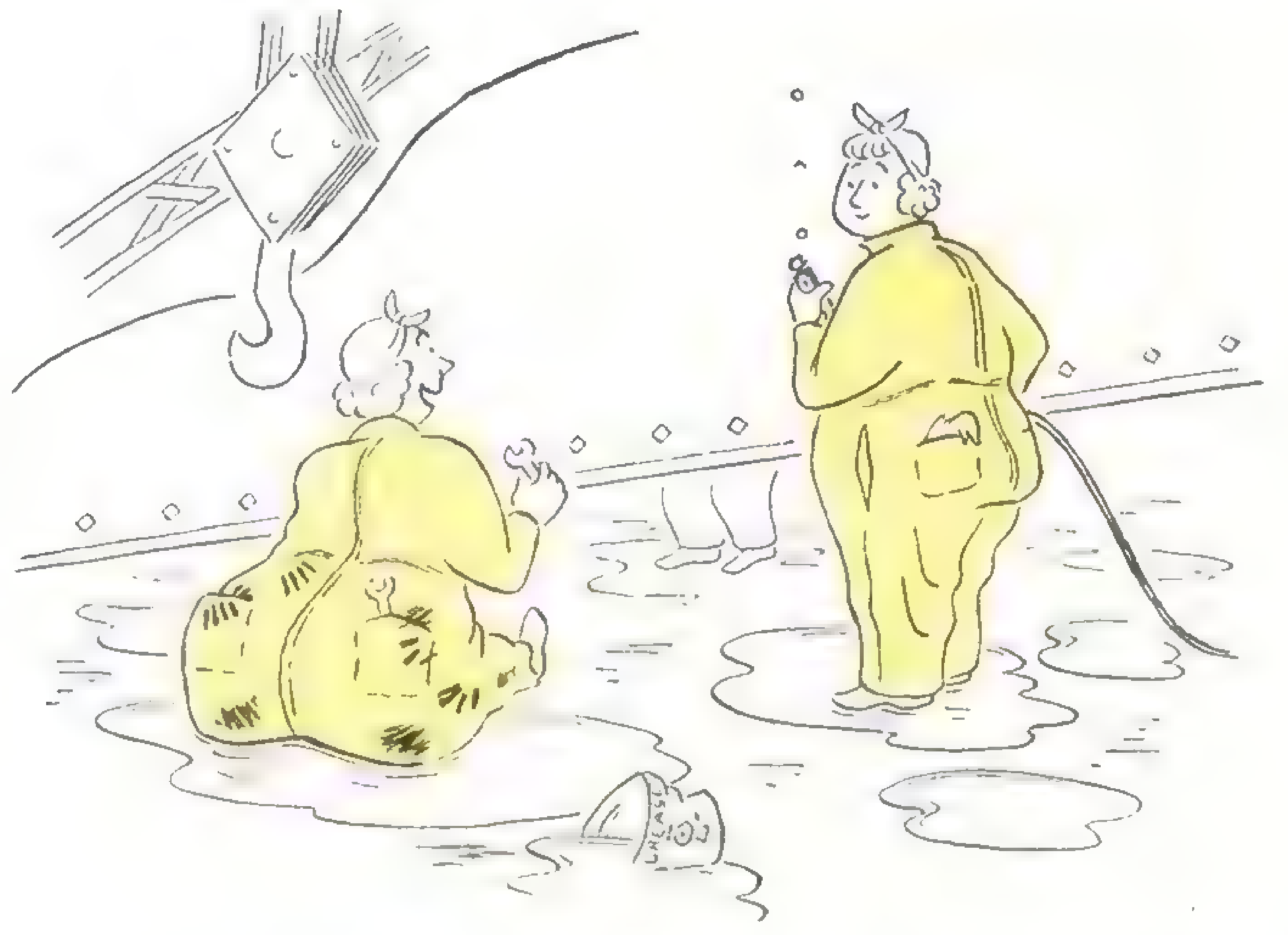
Since that time improved types of those listed above and the following additional ones have reached the various combat theatres and are now in action: Bombers, B-17, B-24, B-25 and B-26; Fighters, P-38, P-39, and P-40; Attack, A-20.

Types which have reached production since the start of the war and are beginning to see action include: Bombers, B-17 (in pooled production), B-24 (in pooled production) and a redesigned version of the B-26; Fighters, P-40 Warhawk, P-43, the P-51 (Mustang) and the P-47.

We have come a long way since Pearl Harbor. We have come a long way since those days of unrestricted wishful thinking when armchair designers projected super-planes that leaped from design board to battle action without loss of a single ounce of horse or firepower. Those were the days before we remembered that miracle planes, like automobiles, are the result of practical design, productive sweat, and proved battle action.

We need no longer fear that this great nation will die in its soft bed. Aroused little more than a year ago from the slumber of our peaceful years, we groped for a time in search of miracles that would banish the bloody nightmare of defensive war.

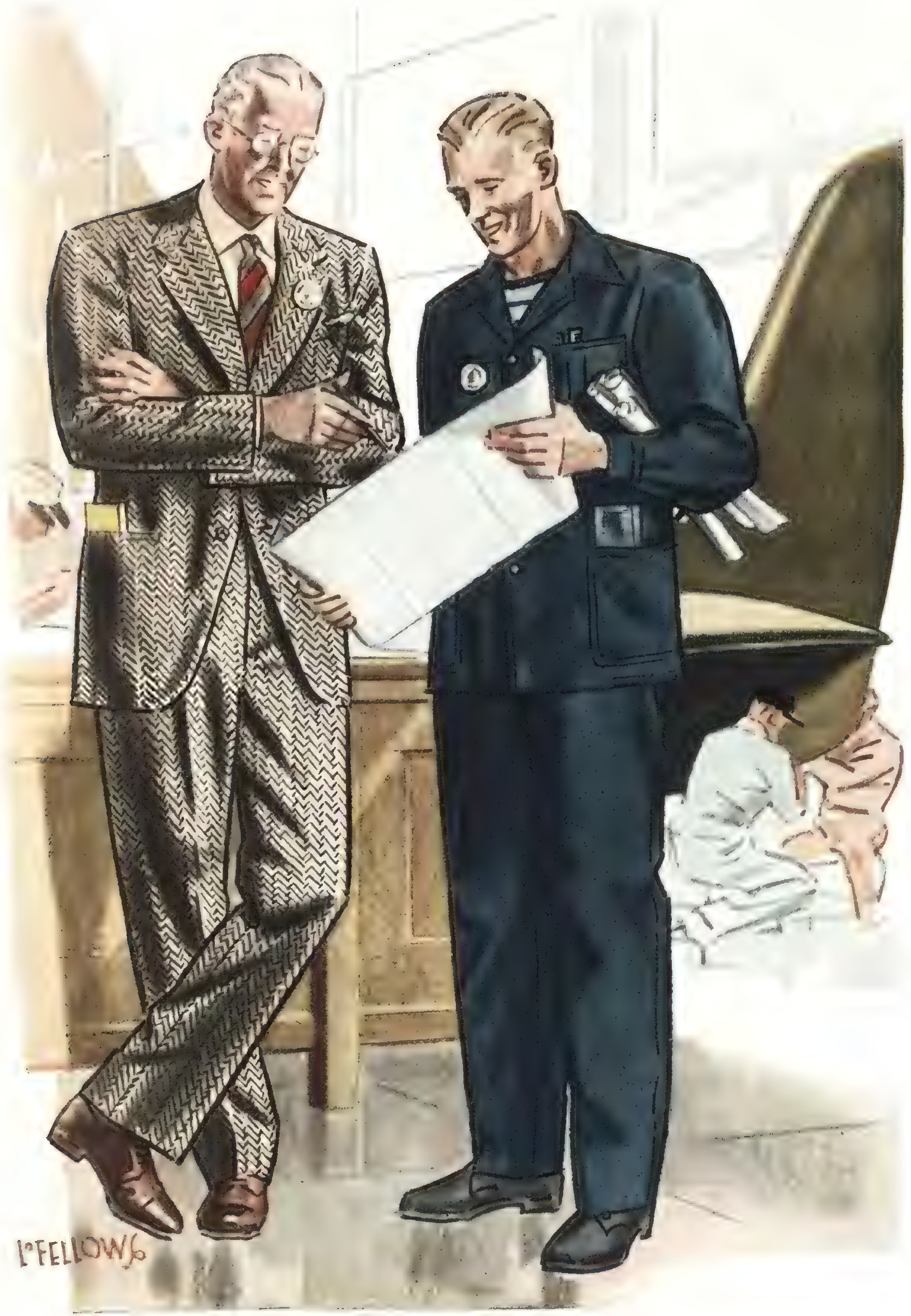
Now we are awake! We have discarded the easy symbols of victory and have cast out our dreams of super-men and miracle planes. Today, we accept the grim realities of wakefulness in terms of work, fight and sacrifice. The growth of our airpower is a symbol of the new, fighting, united nation. America has found her wings! ⌗



"Remember the old days, Clara, when we worried about dishpan hands?"

BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed by age. There is nothing better in the market.
THIS WHISKY IS FIVE YEARS OLD
DISTILLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO. INC.,
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
100 PROOF
BROWN-FORMAN-KE
There is nothing better in the market —

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY



"blueboy" custom built

The gentleman in tweed is the big gun who fires the blueprints to the worker in blue denim, so while they're discussing the cross section of a PBY, we can get the inside track on defense plant fashions. The boss knows that tweed can stand up and take it, so he's sold on his broken herringbone combination, the weave of which is accented by the combination of dark brown and tan threads. The shirt is an Oxford twill, and the sturdy repp tie completes his working outfit. Our twentieth century "blueboy" has cast off the old, traditional "monkey suit," and now wears a two-piece blue denim job which has plenty of pocket space as well as two eyelets to hold the identification button. Notice that the sleeves hug the wrists so as not to jam up machinery, and the partly visible neckwear is a two-toned cross striped knitted cotton shirt. His shoes are the plain toe type with no perforations to pick up grease or dirt. Never expected to find fashions in a factory, did you?

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Learning Good Golf by Sense

Continued from page 61

pupils I have supervised, is simply a method of buckling two belts; one around the pupil's arms just above the elbows, and the other around the pupil's legs just above the knees.

When the belt is looped around the elbows the arms should be straight—but not stiff—from the shoulders to the grip of the club. Just to make sure that the pupil has the correct grip, which is really a simple, natural and smooth working union between the player and the club, I'll check into that later, but now we'll keep to the arms.

Buckle the belt so the loop keeps the arms comfortably together. It would be better to have a device that would keep the belt from sliding out off the arms onto the club as the swing develops centrifugal force, and I'll probably get to that someday, but for the present the belt will do.

Take a natural stance, with the toes pointed outward slightly and the feet just a bit farther apart than the width of one's hips; then have the belt buckled just above the knees.

Bend your knees slightly, so they're loosened and you're sort of sitting down or crouching. This does away with any tendency toward tensity. It unlocks your knees.

Now swing the club. You don't have to think of a thing, except not starting the swing by lifting the club with your hands. Swing the club so it'll go as far back as your body will twist, with the ball of your left foot being kept in firm contact with the ground.

After not many trials your arms, body and hands will be smoothly coordinated. You can hit balls with these belts around your arms and legs. Don't try to hit them hard. You'll be surprised how far they'll go when they're hit squarely.

Now you know how your muscles should feel when you're making a correct golf swing.

Without being told "don't" you are avoiding the two most common errors of the high-handicap golfer. These are the faults of spreading the elbows and of dipping the left knee toward the ground instead of moving it in toward the right knee.

You now know the feeling of firm balance essential to good golf. With that belt holding your knees in proper position you have to swing in good balance or come close to falling forward or backward, according to the error you have made.

One thing that will surprise you about the job done by the belt above the elbows is that the wrist joints will perform properly in hinging—so the club gets far back over the shoulders—, straighten out without conscious effort as the clubhead comes into the ball, and complete their function in an extended, high follow-through.

That belt around the elbows will educate the muscles to the feeling that they should have when the ball is being smartly smacked. Generally, due to the collapse of the left elbow and the failure to turn the body freely and fully, the high-handicap golfer doesn't get the club far enough back to hit the ball nearly so far as he is capable of hitting it.

An illustration of what happens when a ball is hit to travel and when it is merely given a sloppy jolt off the tee can be provided by a rubber band. When the band isn't extended it won't shoot a paper clip very far, but when it is stretched out so there is tension to it, it will snap back to a relaxed position with speed and stored-up power that shoot the clip fast and far. The muscles, when they're working in the manner directed by the two-belt arrangement, work through the club shaft and head to the ball in a similar manner.

But note—and it's very important to get this clear—there's a difference between tension and tensity in your golf swing. When there is tension properly worked up so there is a sensation of being crouched or coiled to spring, you have tension that, when released over the wide arc of the swing which this method makes easy for the average golfer, generates speed that means distance to the shot. Tensity is a stiff, joint-locked feeling that completely prevents full application of force to the ball.

Tension is the winding-up for the swing. When your elbows and knees move in the proper paths you get a spring-like coiling that is released through the left arm, the left shoulder and back, and through the left leg when you make your swing at the ball.

With this elbow and knee harness, your muscles find it almost impossible to get conditioned to any sensation but that of the correct pivot, arm, and wrist action of a complete swing. You don't have to deliberately try to remember to pause when you are at the top of the swing. Your muscles are directed by these belts to perform until the body and arms reach the top of the backswing—the moment of ultimate tension, or the limit of the rubberband stretch—and a change of direction must take place.

When the backswing is correctly made by this coordinated functioning of the key joints of the swing, there will be no trouble about getting to and through the ball. The ineffective slug at the ball and the failure to keep the club moving through the ball are the result of earlier movements improperly made.

It will be noticed quickly that any tendency to lunge at the ball or to sway away from it in the backswing are eliminated by the forced action of the knees compelled by the clasped belt. The player must swing around on his hips and keep his feet in solid contact with the ground. There need be no straining to apply what one so often hears and reads about the weight being mainly on the right foot in the backswing, and on the left foot in swinging at and through the ball. By means of the belt, the player's muscles and his balancing organization work subconsciously in keeping the player from tottering.

It is obvious that these elbow and knee belts assure a compact swing. By a compact swing is meant merely a swing in which all elements work with a minimum of waste motion. It's the waste motion that accounts for the high-handicap player's inconsistency and his being more fatigued by his round of 90 to 115 than the expert is by his round below par. Every time you make an unnecessary motion you are straining needlessly.

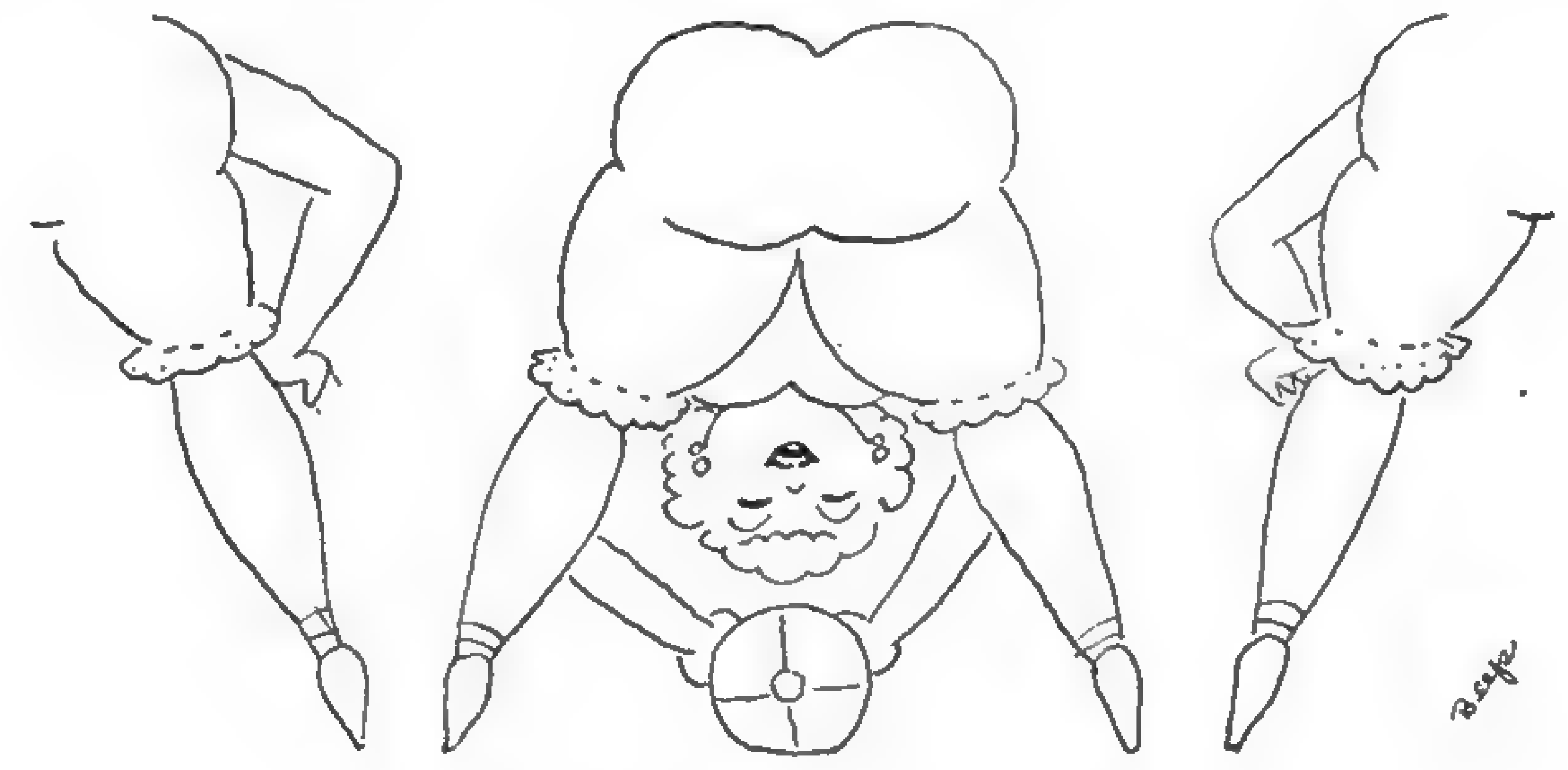
With the belts around your elbows and knees your muscles get acquainted with the feeling of making your legs and your arms, which are in effect lengthened by the clubshaft, parts of a tripod. Your muscles get the sensation of firmly setting you to hit the ball with freedom, speed, force and smoothness.

Now about the grip. To get the right grip, bring your hands to the club grip with the palms squarely facing each other. Move the right hand down the grip. This automatically brings the right shoulder down a bit. Now the club, if its sole is flat on the ground as it should be, is diagonally across your left hand, with the left forefinger's middle section at the bottom of the grip and the butt of the left hand coming across the top of the club. The left thumb is a bit to the right side of the grip. That's as the left hand grip should be.

Now put the right little finger over the left forefinger, get your left thumb in the hollow of your right hand, put your right thumb on the side of your right forefinger, and you have the grip that keeps the club in firm but not tense control, and supplies the right sort of union between the player and the club. The hands should be close together with a feeling that when they work they work as a unit.

With those belts around your elbows and knees and the club joined up as a close-connected unit of the swinging machinery, you can let your muscles teach

Continued on page 128



Ready, Girls?

(With the draft age lowered to eighteen many authorities believe there will be no intercollegiate football next fall)

"Good-afternoon, ladies and gentlemen, here we are at the Yankee Stadium for *the* game of the year in the East, the field hockey game between Smith and Vassar! Both of them are undefeated, folks, and it's a cinch that the winner of this encounter will go to the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day to face the Southern California Co-eds, Pacific Coast champs.

"The Vassar Tigresses have won six straight and—ah! Here comes the Smith band! Those girls sure do look snappy in their uniforms and—oh! Oh my, what a sensation! They have a *man* drum major! Now he's parading in front of the Vassar stands and is he getting a hand! They're standing up and cheering him and whistling and yelling: 'Yoo hoo, dearie!' at him. You know how girls are when they see a handsome man with good-looking legs. I wouldn't mind a date with him myself!

"Hear that cheer, folks? The Vassar team has just come on the field, and do they look formidable!—Yes, there's Doris 'Bonecrusher' Jenkins down there, and all eyes are on her! She's a sure thing for All-American, folks. Leading scorer in the country, a flash in a broken field, and just as good when the going's tough! She ought to be because after all she weighs a hundred and—er, well we're not allowed to give out weights, but she is plenty husky. Already she's had three or four pro offers for next year, and she'll probably go with either the New York Giantesses or the Chicago Blondes.

"Well, the game is about to start now, and I just want to remind you that this is Florence Barber bringing you a play-by-play description over the Green Network. And don't forget, folks, this broadcast is sponsored by Cupid Lipstick, the lipstick that stands up in the stands and on the playing field, the favorite of over three-quarters of the nation's leading field hockey players, soft ball players, archers, swimmers and wrestlers—the choice of champions!"

—Parke Cummings

Learning Good Golf by Sense

Continued from pages 61-127

themselves how they should feel when they are doing their best work at golf.

When your muscles learn that lesson they won't be interfered with by your trying to think of various, confusing, disconnected actions. You can concentrate on getting the ball into the hole.

It took me years of playing and practice until I finally worked out the muscle memory system that keeps swing details from becoming a conscious worry to the player and allows them to be mainly the habit of the muscles. In this way the muscles are acquainted with what their business is in the golf swing and get into the habit of performing their routine duties.

You can get rhythm in your swing only when the muscles have been trained to feel their proper performance.

Rhythm is what the higher-handicap player hasn't got. He doesn't know how to begin getting it because he hasn't a clear idea of how he should feel when he comes up to swing, hence he is tense—tightened up—and thinks of many different kinds of swings, and hazards.

From the time I take the club from the caddie I am in rhythm. I have decided what kind of club is required for the shot and visualize the flight of the ball as I get the club from the caddie. I am feeling that club instead of only having it in my hand as a dead weight. The clubhead is felt as a weight put at the end of a shaft for the purpose of connecting squarely with the ball. The club is being felt not as so much steel, leather, and in some cases, wood, but as an instrument for doing a delicate but powerful job.

Instinctively, because of this basing of my game on feeling, I take the grip for the required shot as a matter of habit rather than as an additional job of conscious performance. My grip is always at the end of the driver, and at the end of the other clubs for shots of the full length of whatever clubs I've selected. The grip is lower down on the leather for the punch shots.

The club is waggled not merely as a habit but as a starting impulse to the series of feelings that should continue without my conscious effort to excite them, throughout the swing. Therefore, I can think of where I want that ball to go, and the feeling of the club, of the leg, body, arm and wrist action follows as any acquired habit. Sometimes there are mysterious little things that prevent the orderly performance of these muscle habits. With me, playing golf as a serious business against highly competent competitors, these little disorders are serious. But if you'll be content to get yourself on greens so you have a good chance of scoring close to par, these variations from the correct muscular habits and feeling can generally be eliminated by a return to the belt practice that made you a good golfer.

You may have noticed that I haven't told you anything about keeping the head down. With your body and arms feeling the sensation of a properly made swing you won't be inclined to move your head. It will stay steady where it belongs at the apex of the tripod I've mentioned.

Possibly you also have noticed that I haven't told you anything about the right elbow being held comfortably close to the body and kept down instead of getting into the curious positions in which it frequently is placed by the player who does not get power or direction into his shots. The belt around the elbows makes certain that the right elbow will keep in the positions it should be in at various stages of the swing. You'll feel the plain sign of its departure from the correct position should you return to original sin when you make some bad shots minus the elbow belt.

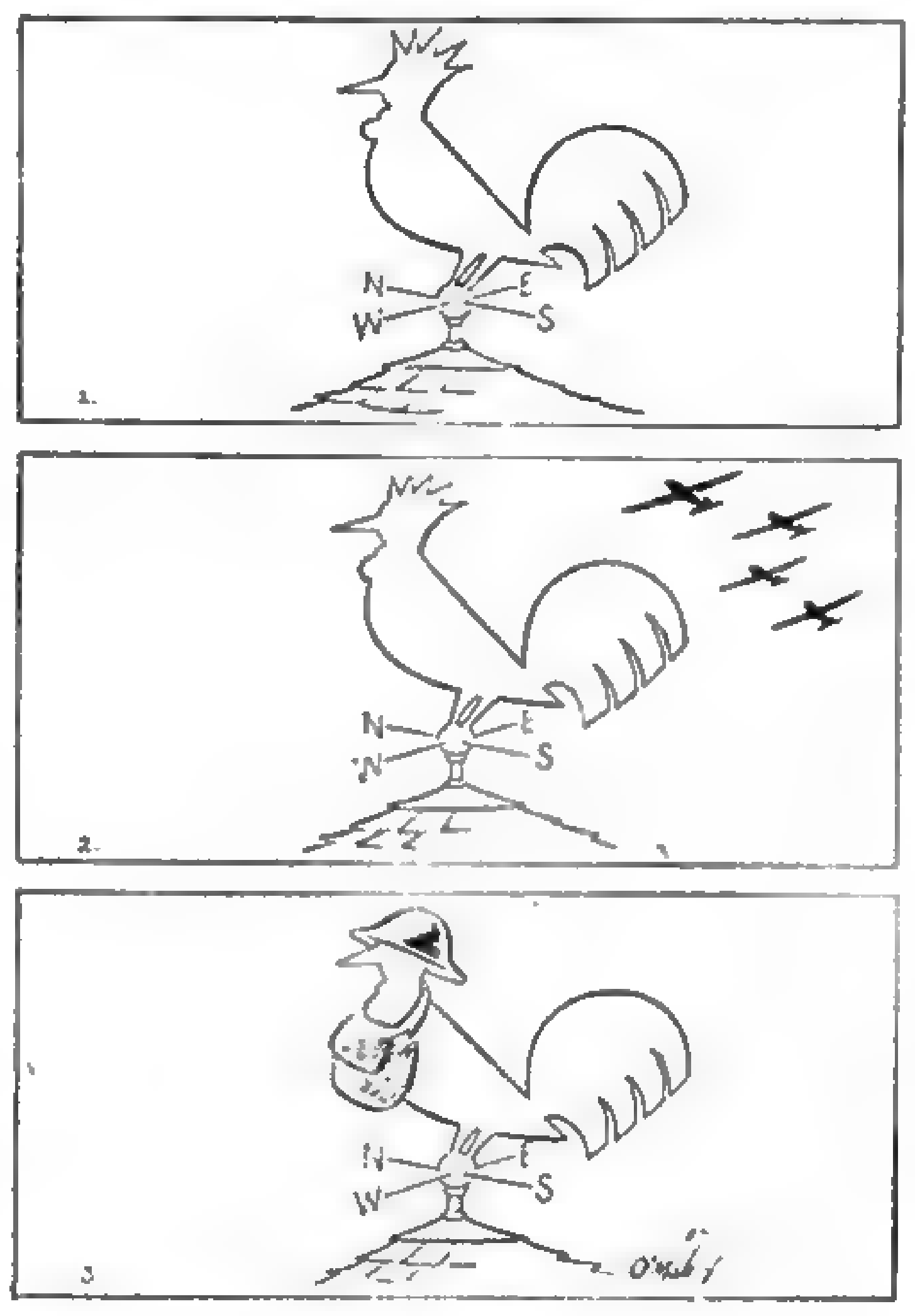
Other points that are common "don'ts" in printed golf instruction haven't been mentioned here for the simple reason that the belts automatically adjust movements to the proper groove.

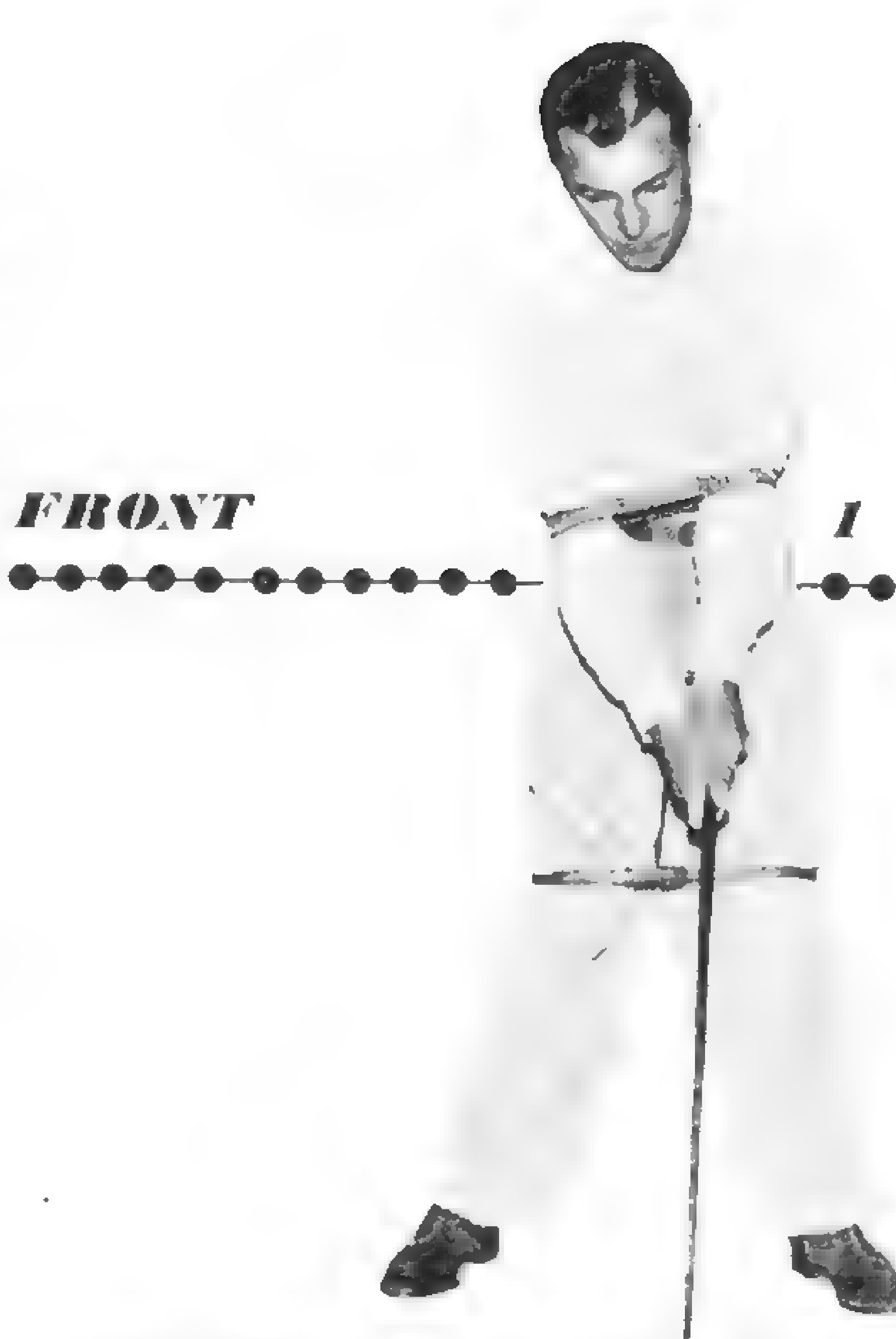
You can try this belt method indoors without a ball until your muscles develop the right habit and the feeling of a good swing, or you can try it outdoors with a ball after you've had a few sessions to overcome the early feeling of awkwardness that's bound to be felt when you're weeding out your bad habits and teaching your muscles how they should feel.

The two-belts system will work for you. It's never missed on the hundreds of cases in which it has been employed.

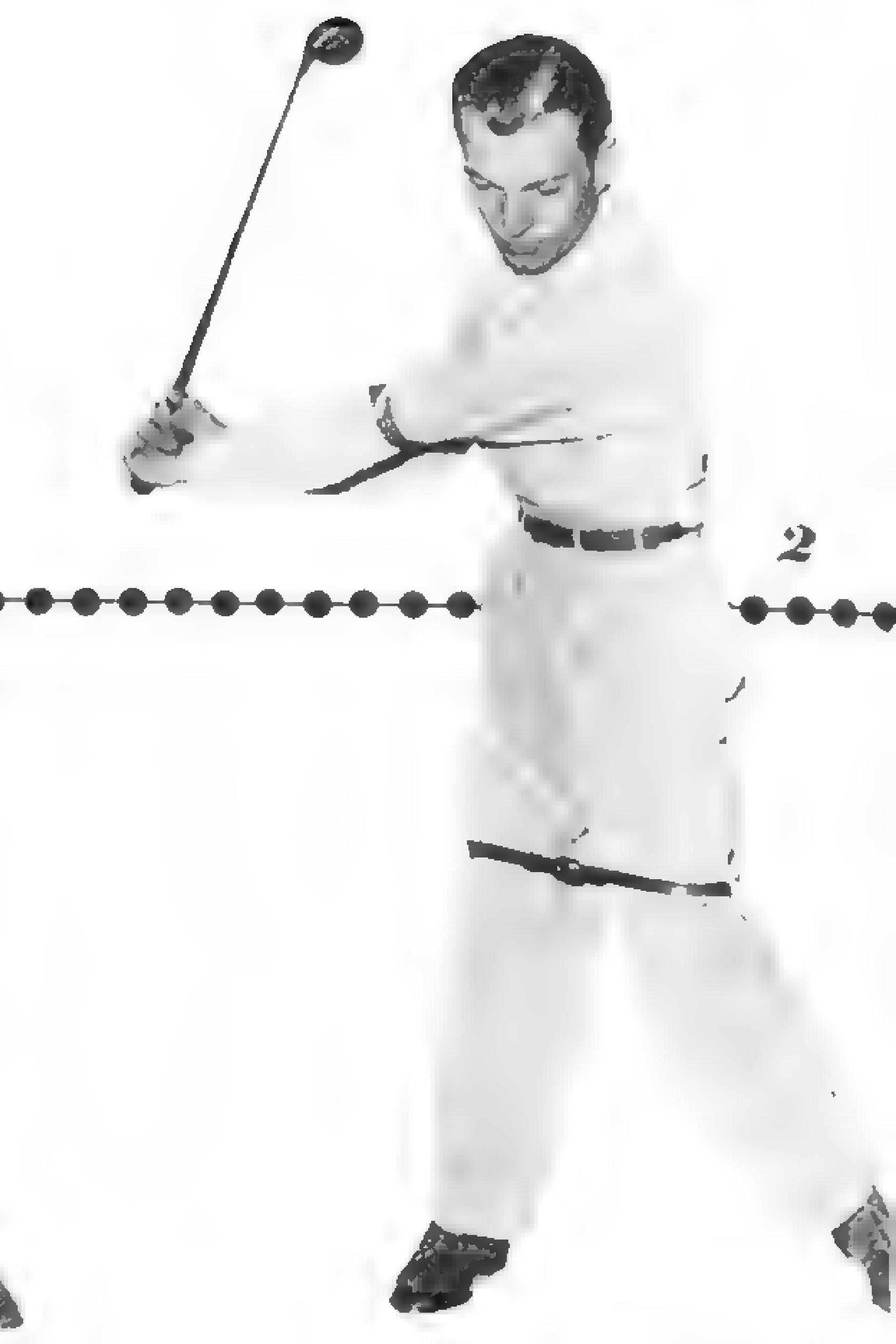
Use it until your nerves become keen to the feel of your muscles and joints working as they should in swinging a golf club. It won't take so very long, but you should keep at it a little while every day until the habit of swinging by good feeling is adapted.

Then, all you'll have to do to scorch the scorecard is learn to putt well enough to hole a few of the long ones now and then, and seldom miss the short ones. #

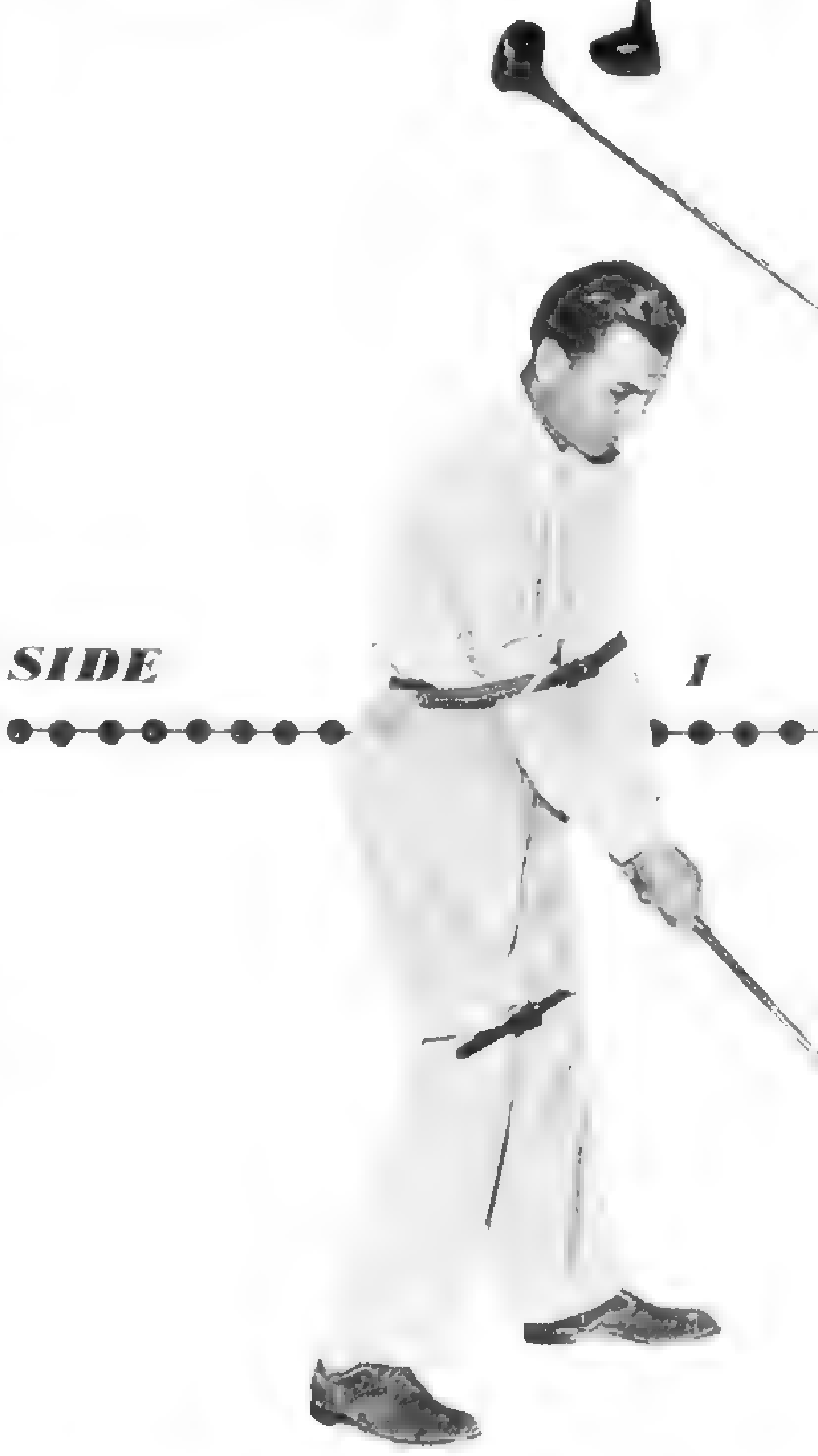




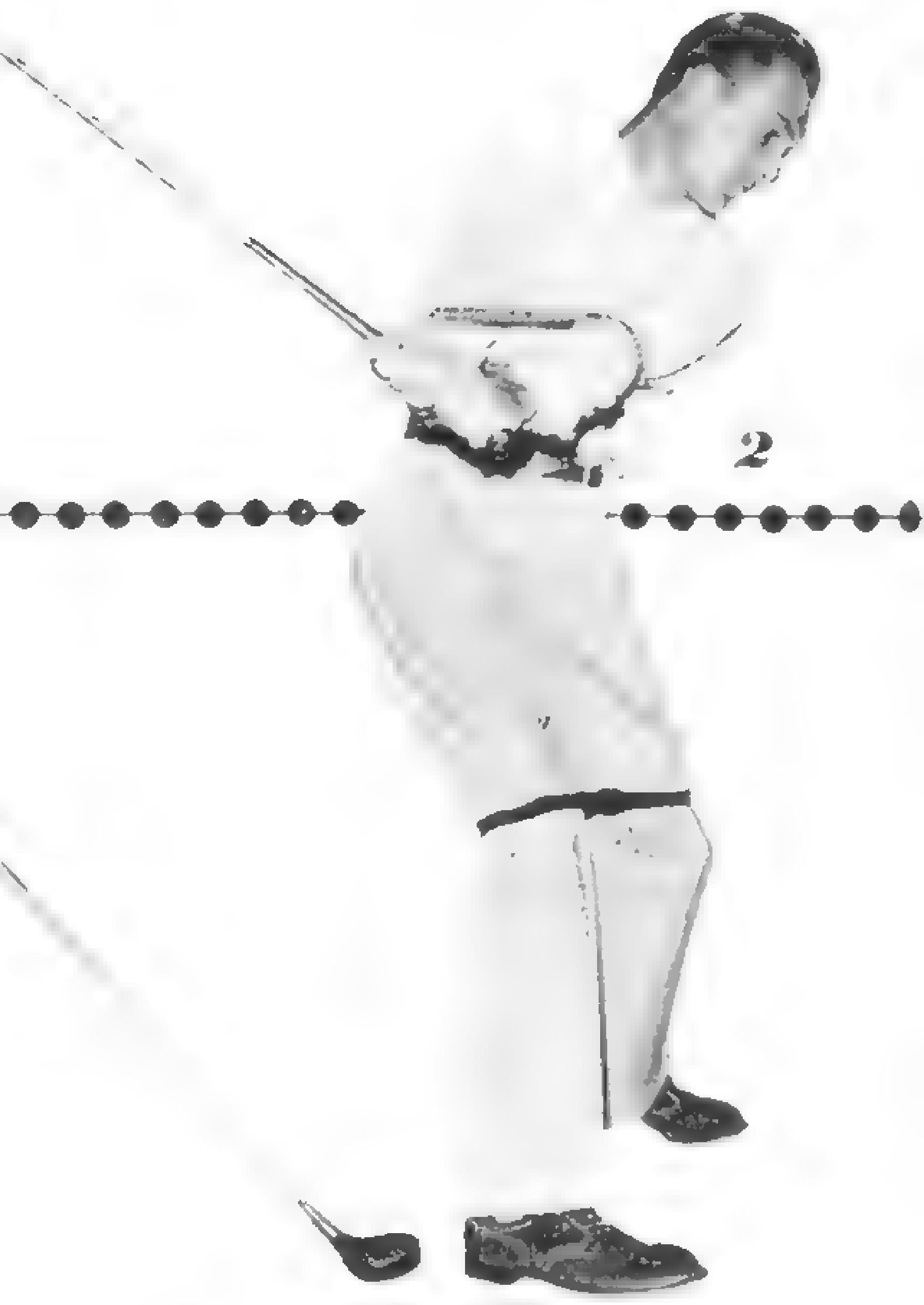
Your stance is close-coupled. You eliminate the risk of waste motion.



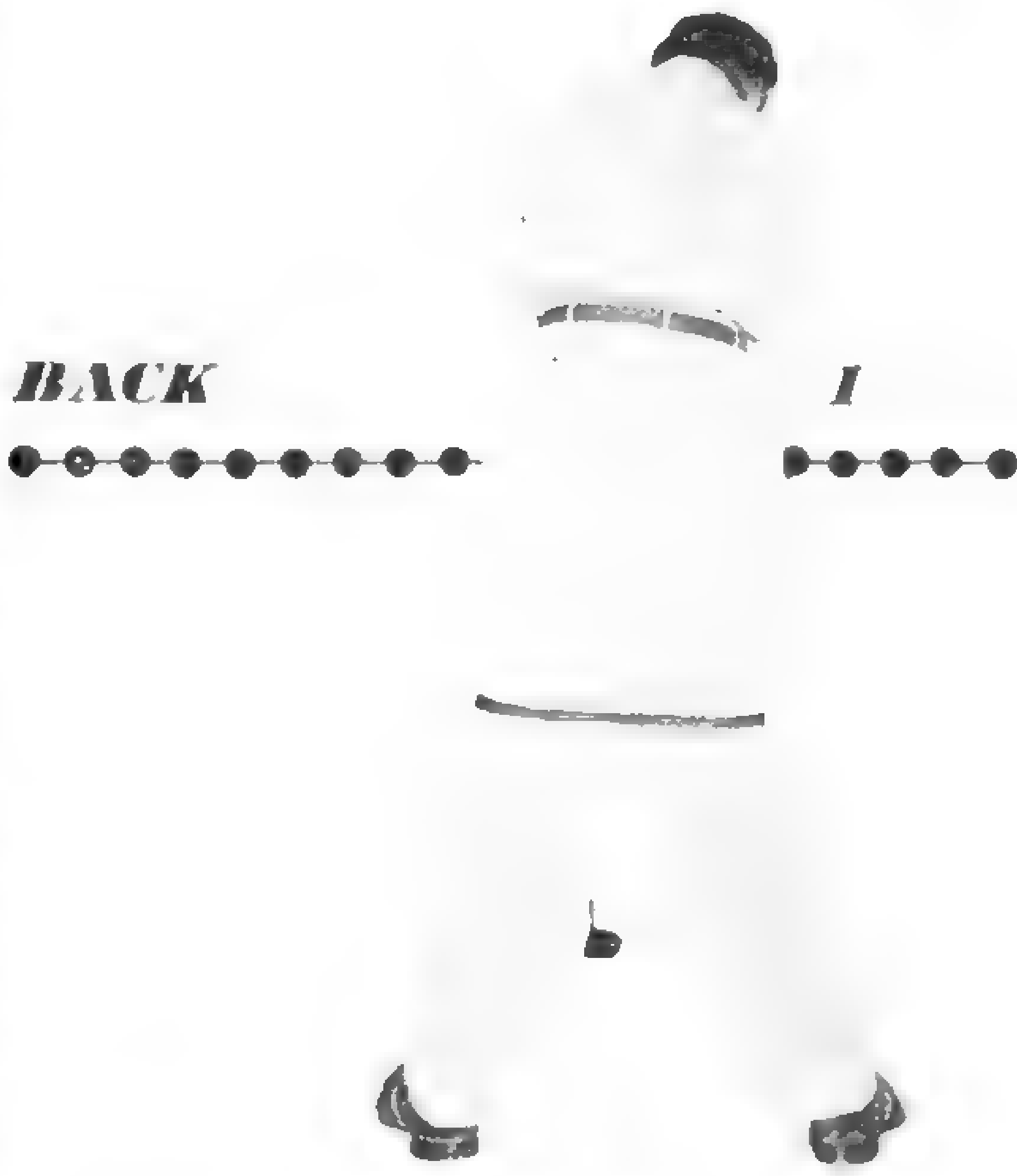
Harness prevents swaying of the legs and spreading of the elbows.



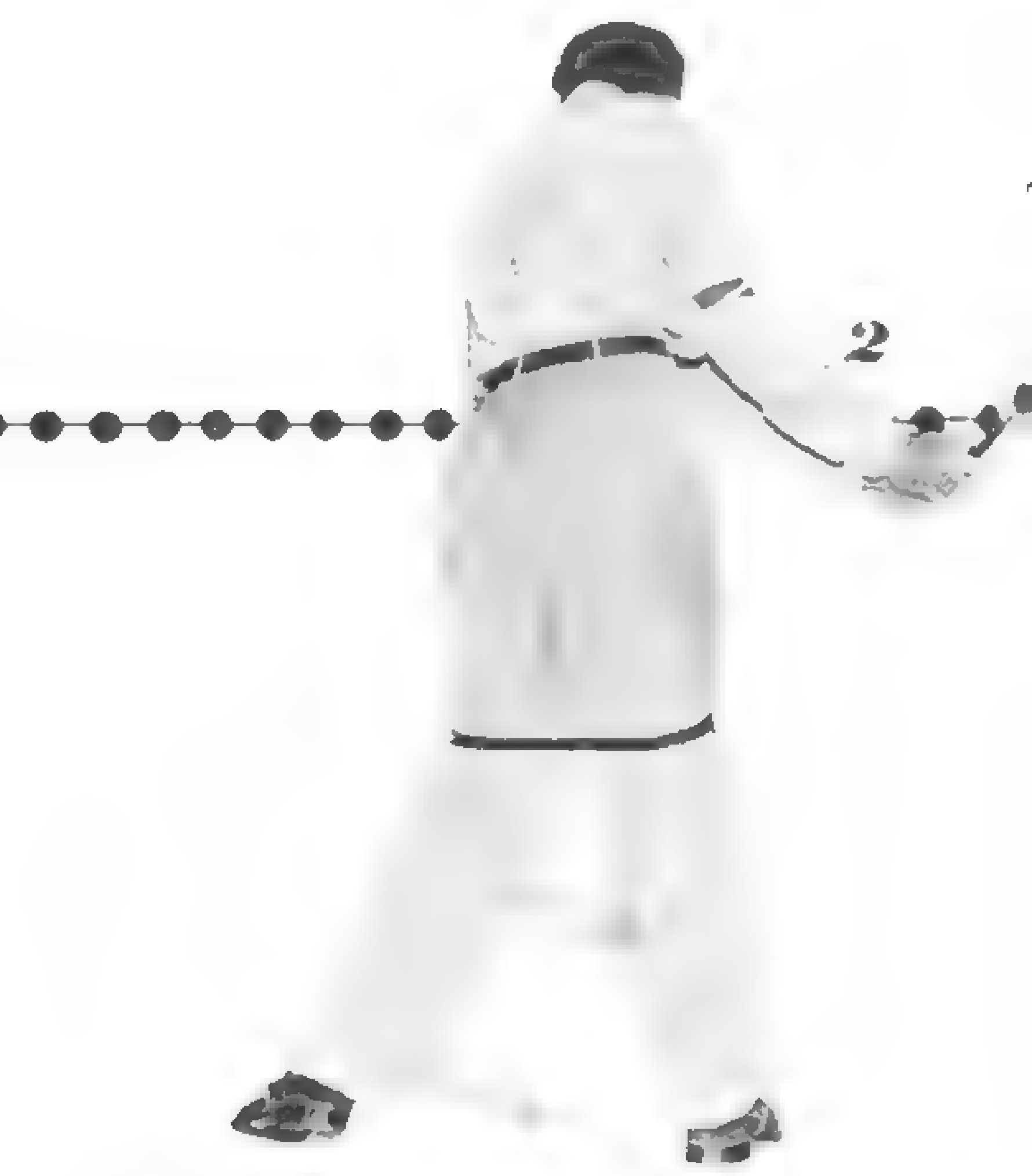
No stretching; no cramping. You're compelled to address ball correctly.



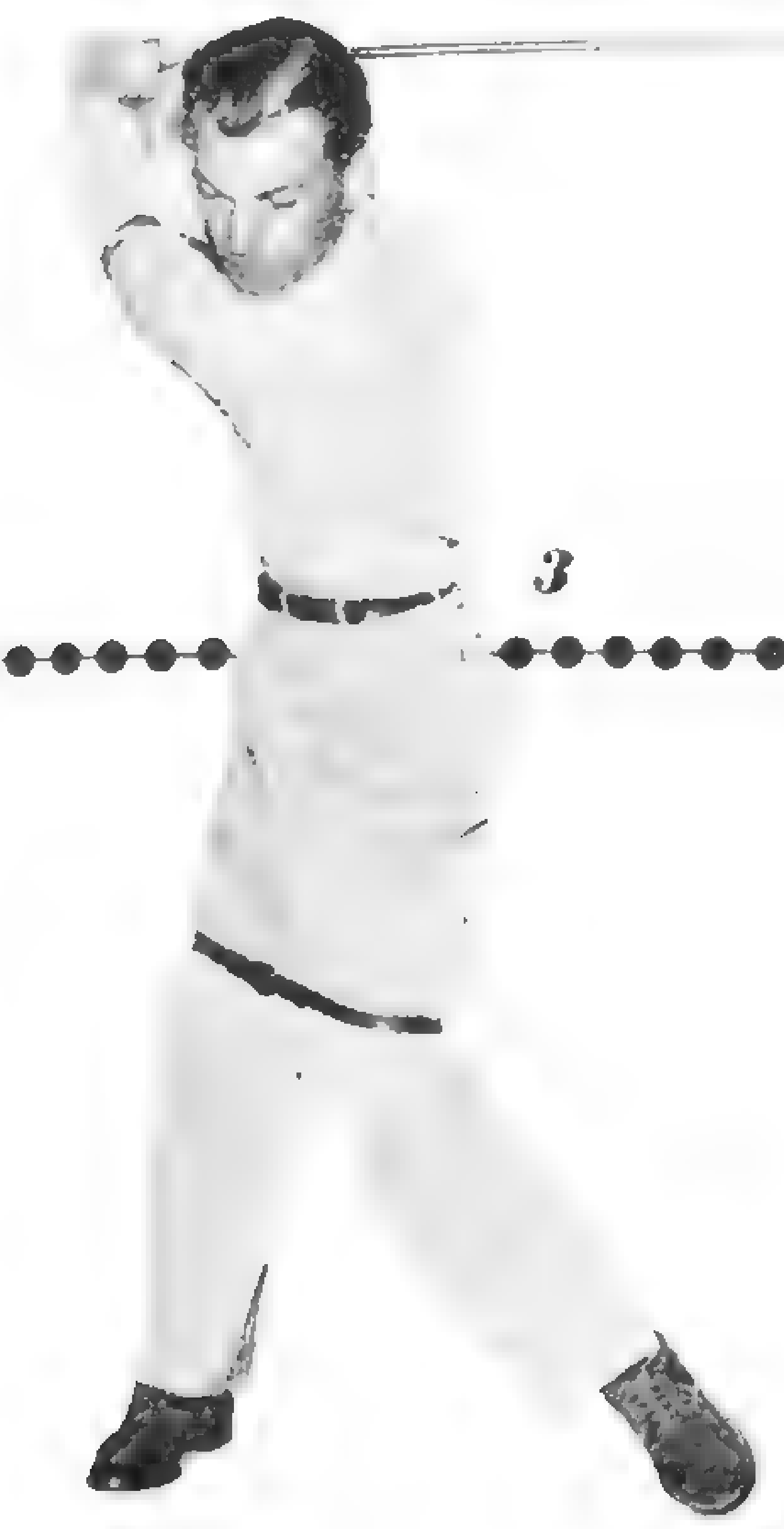
Knees, arms, elbows kept in their proper planes. Left knee won't dip.



This indicates how belt hook-ups make you feel firmly balanced.

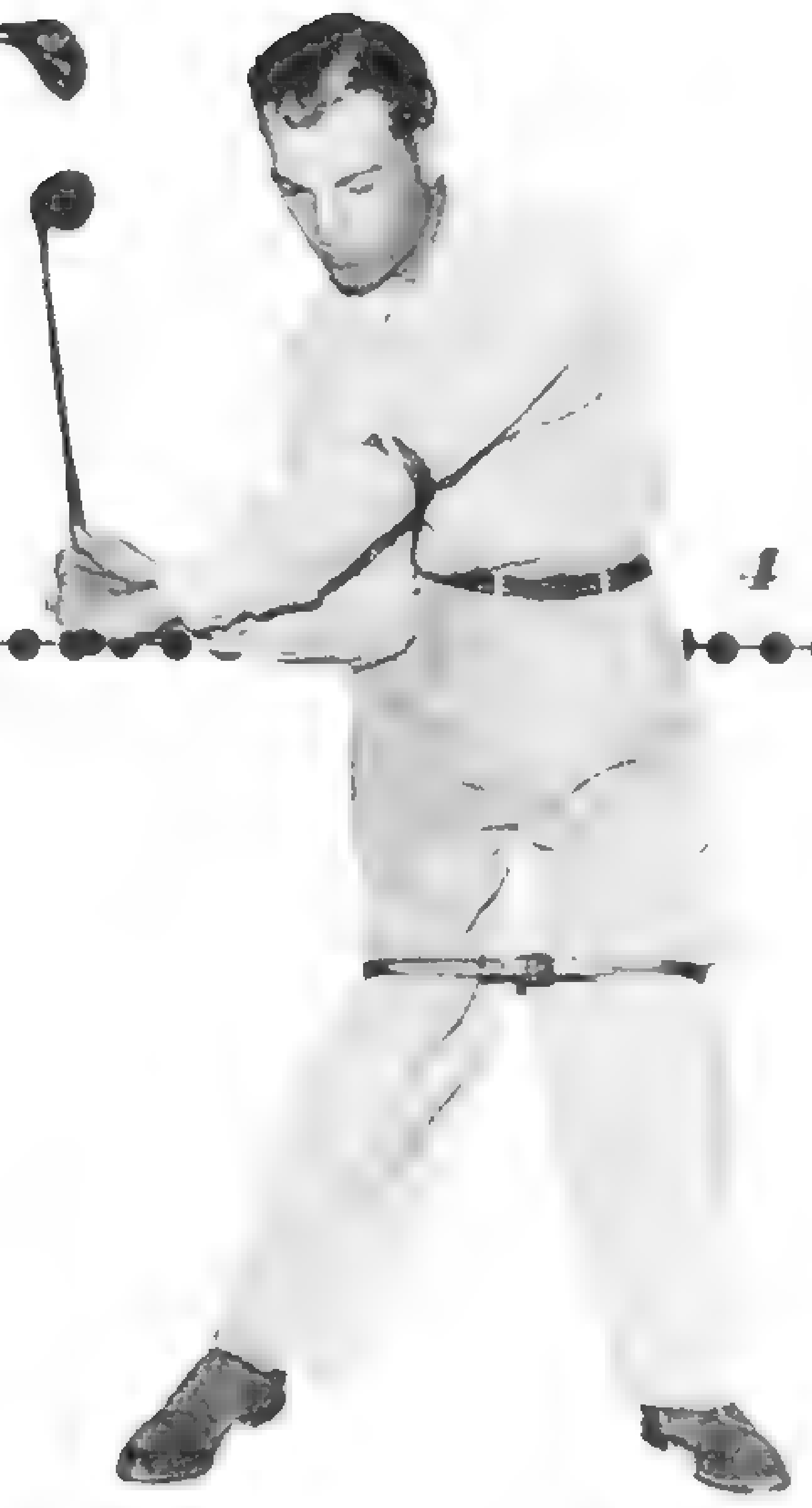


This is how the coordinated movements result in correct hand action.



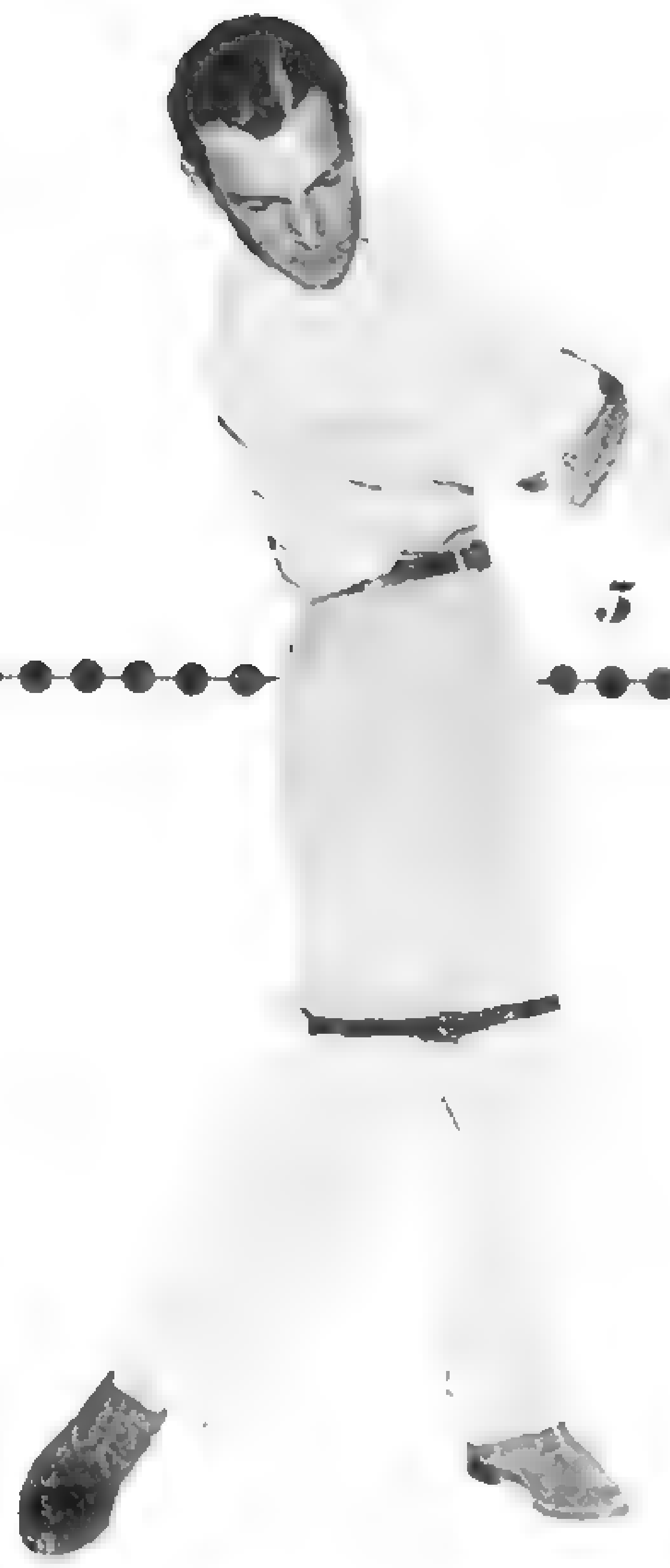
3

Knee-action right. Proper left arm extension creates correct hand-action.



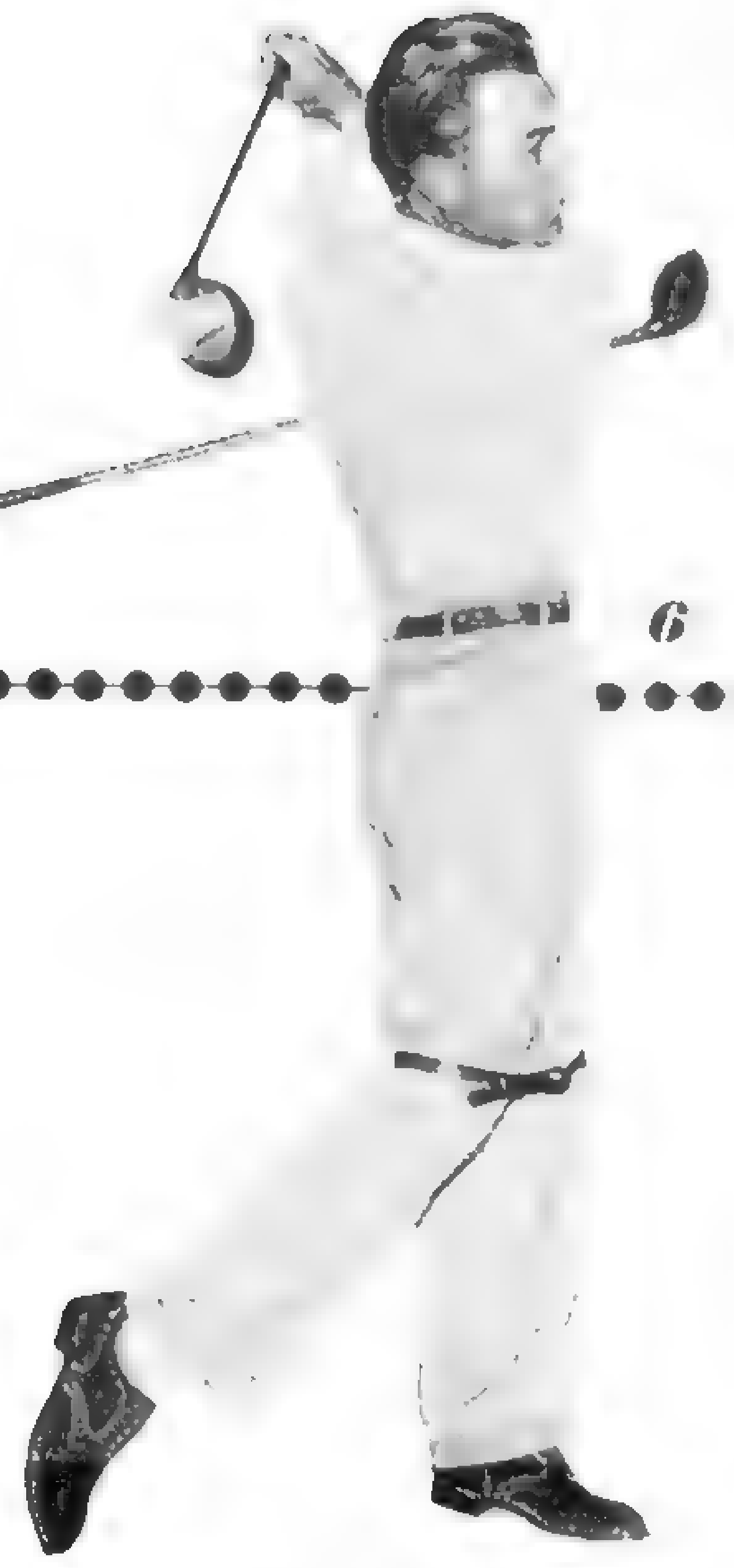
4

Maximum speed being developed as the clubhead approaches the ball.



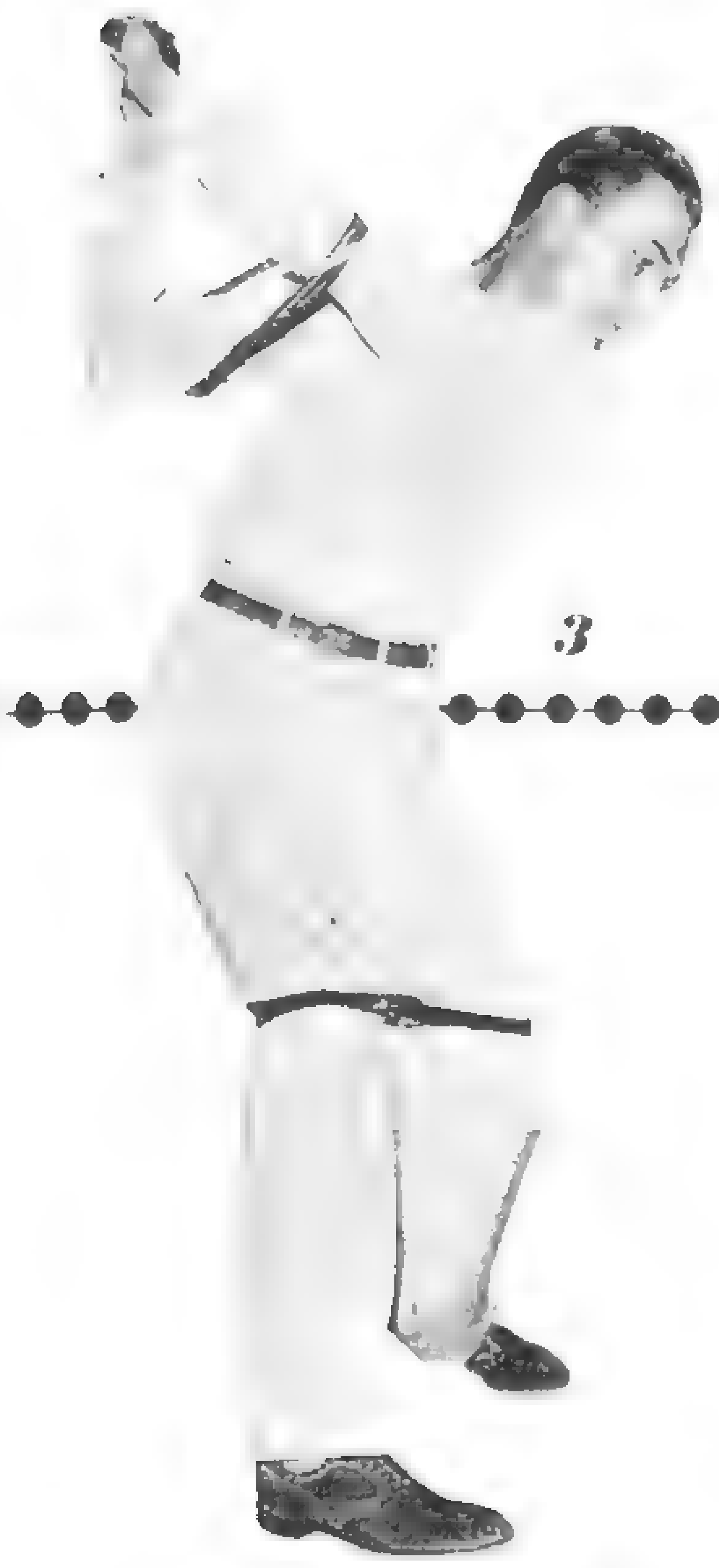
5

Belts hold you in groove; tendency for arms or hands to fight averted.



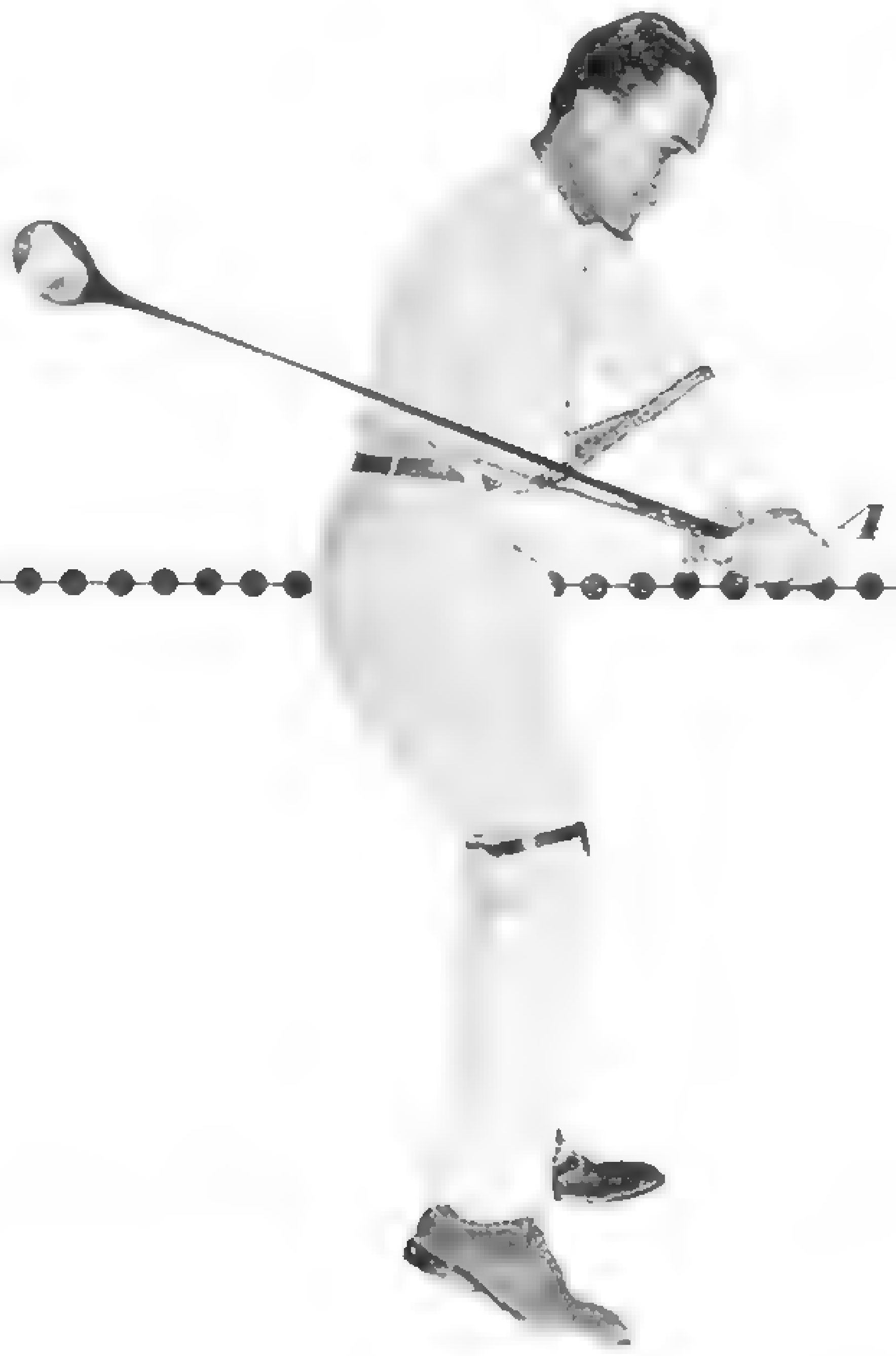
6

Momentum of swing kept channeled by the belts for this finish.



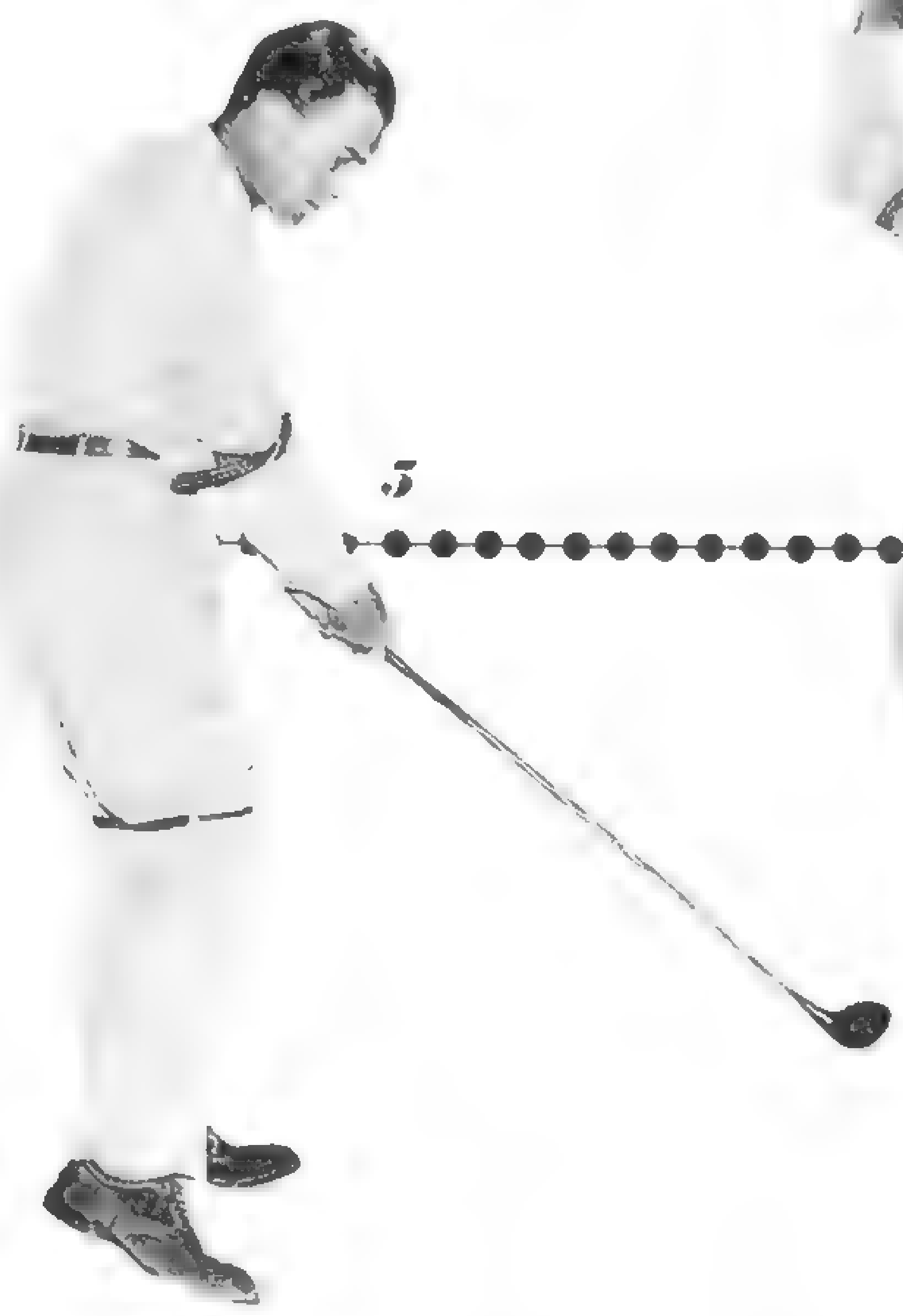
3

Belt on elbows induces proper hand action, resulting in full backswing.



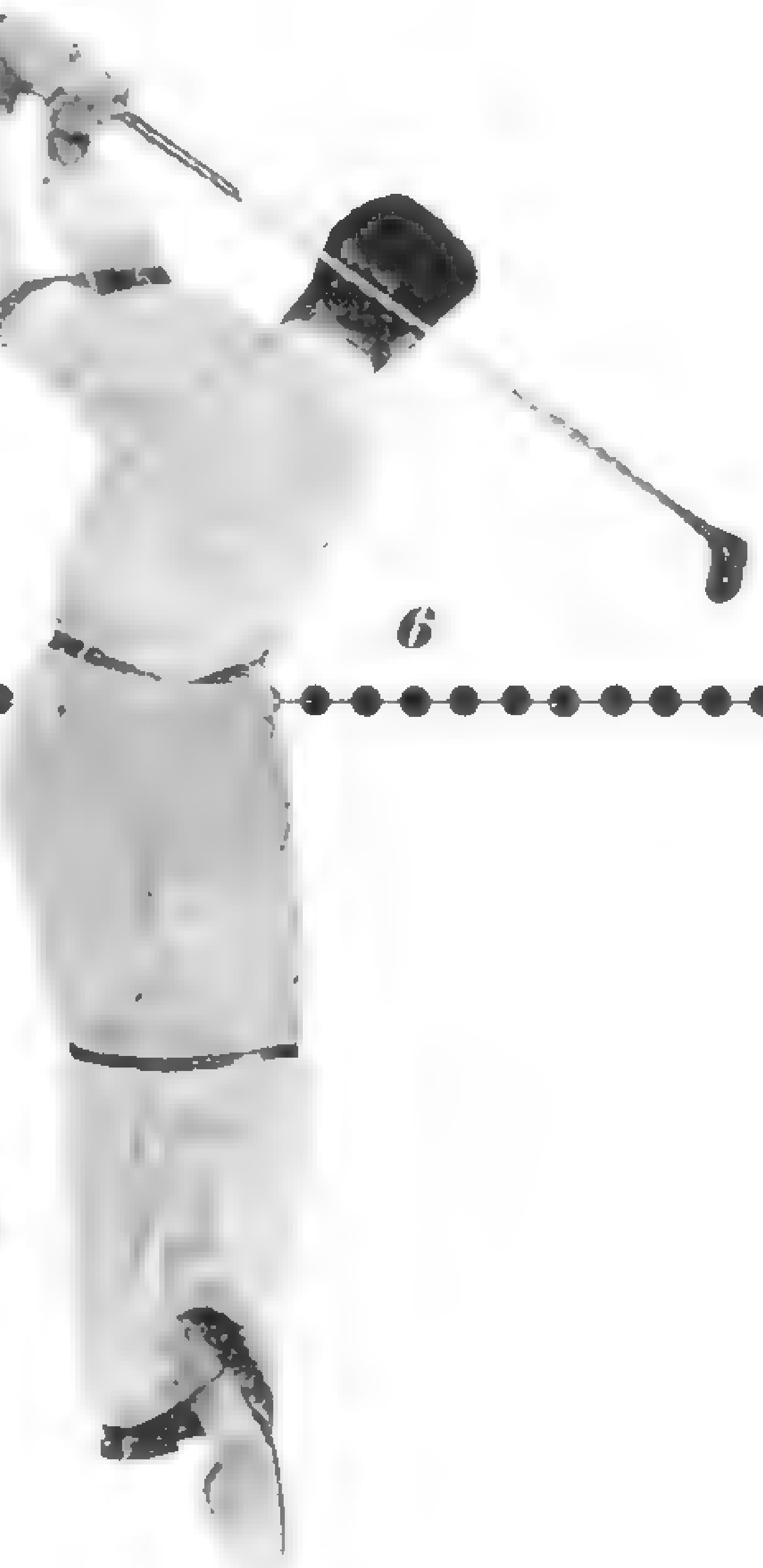
4

Belts insure unified action, preventing wrong shoulder or body action.



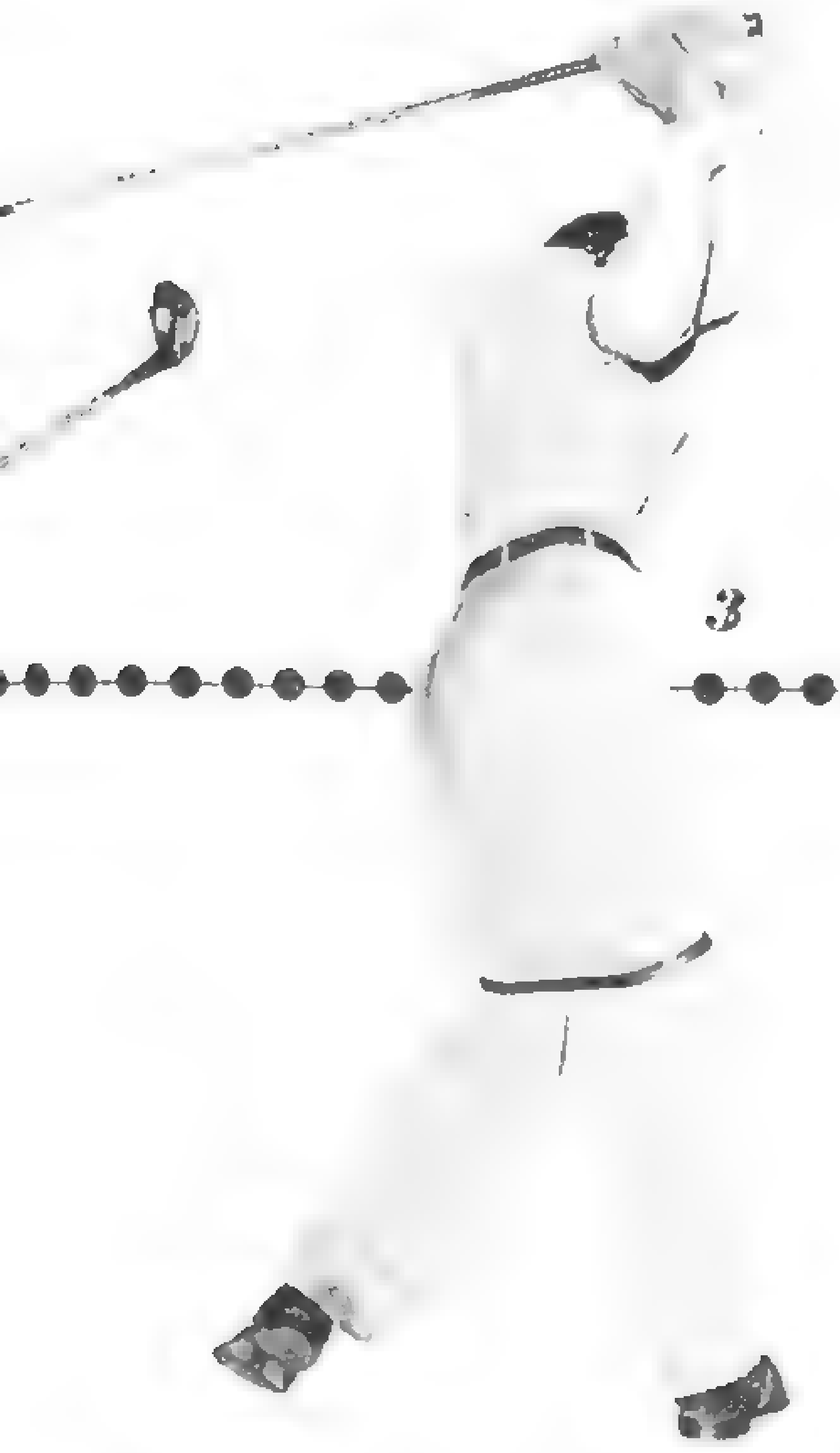
5

Harness insures return to the ball in the same position as at address.



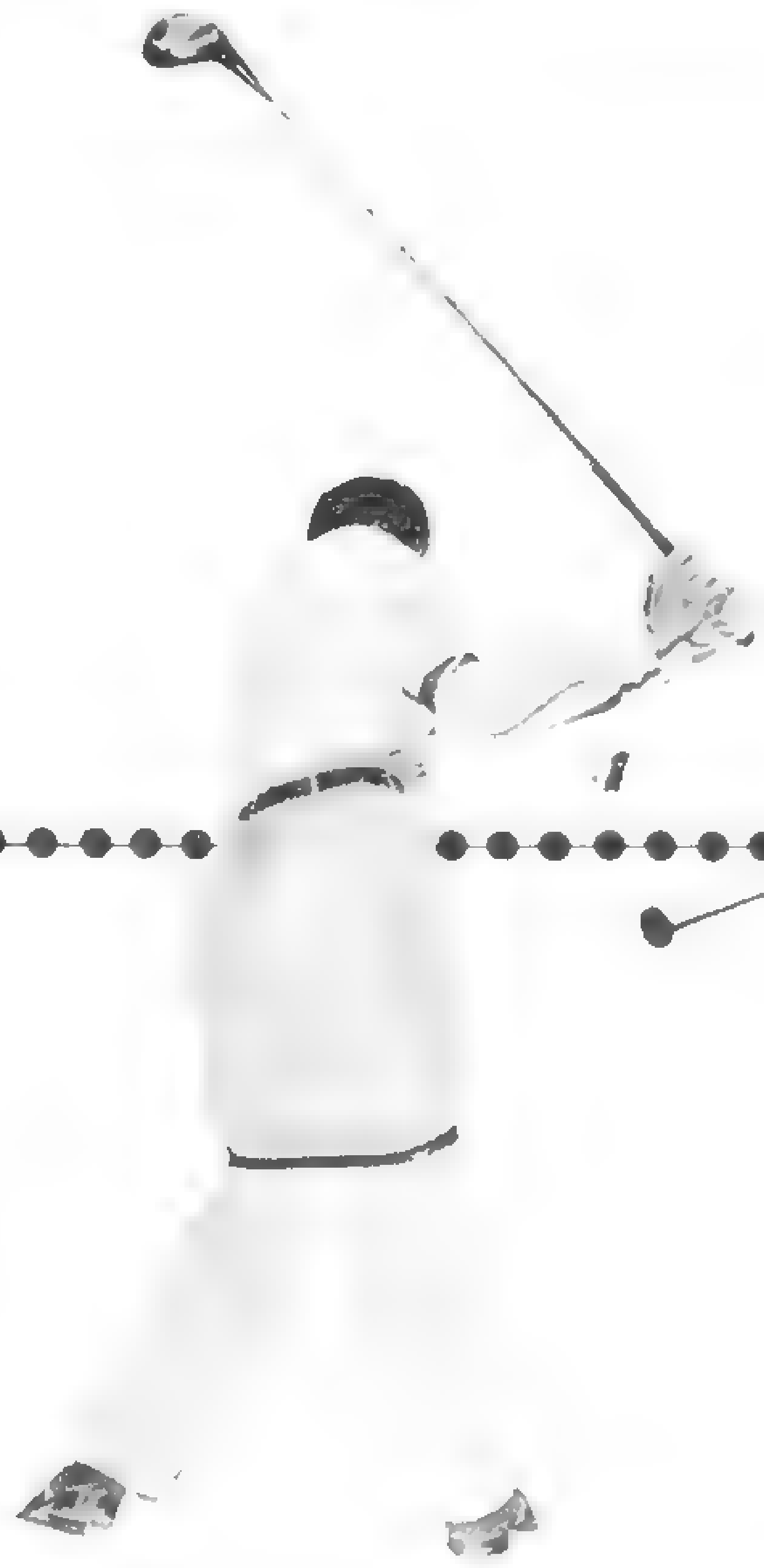
6

With belts keeping elbows and knees close, you finish swing properly.



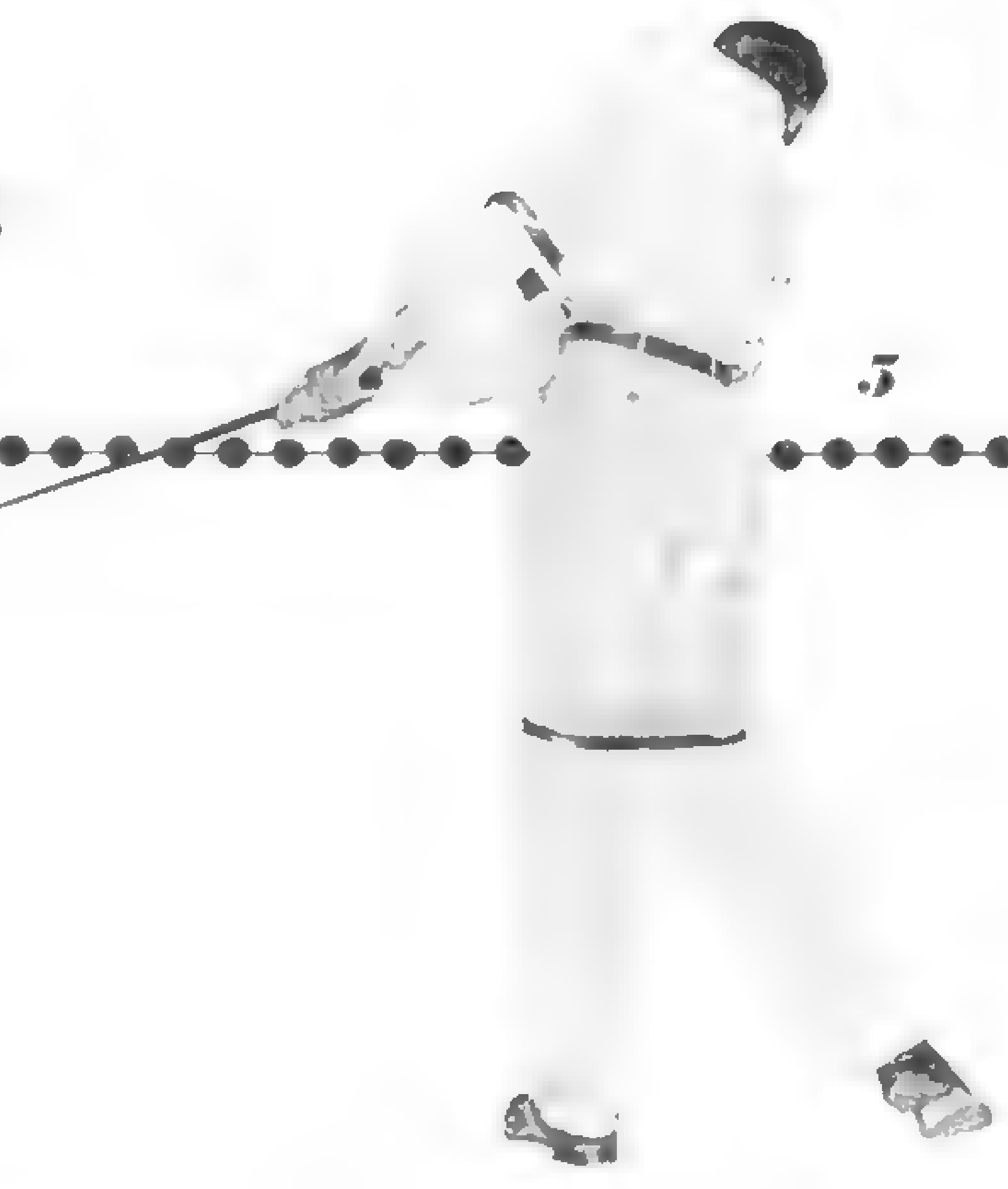
3

You can almost feel the tremendous generation of power at this point.



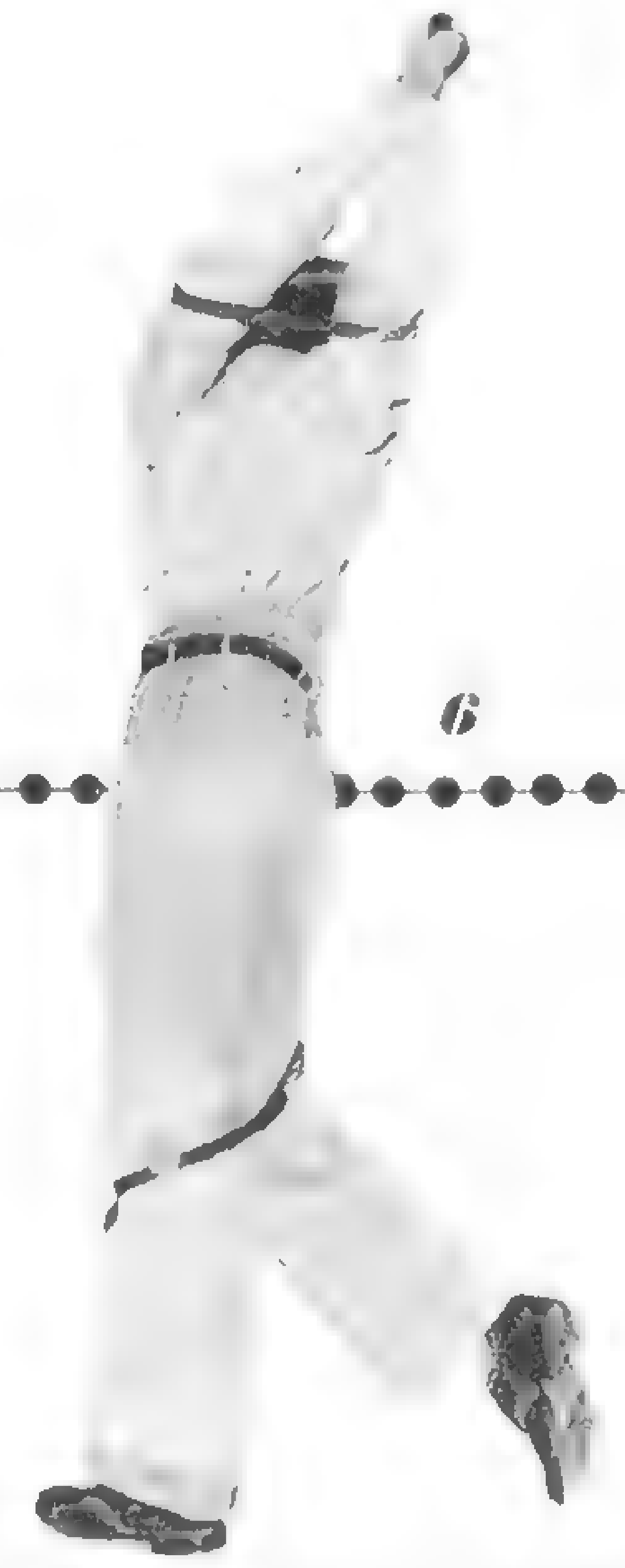
4

Belts keep all coordinated parts in proper planes for compact power.



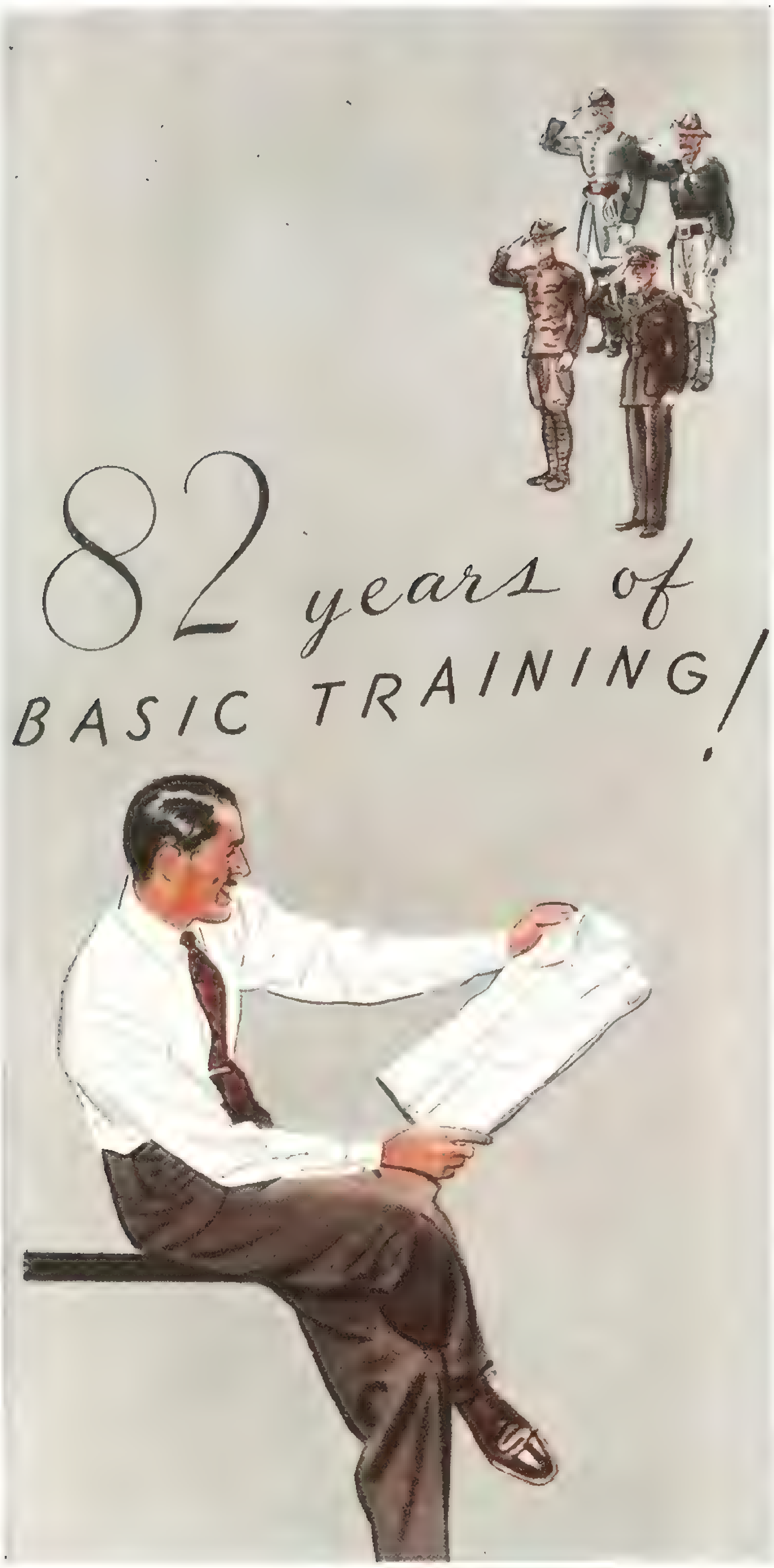
5

Arms must swing through; belt at knees controls foot and hip action.



6

High finish result of coordinated foot, knee, hip, arm and head action.



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SHIRTS

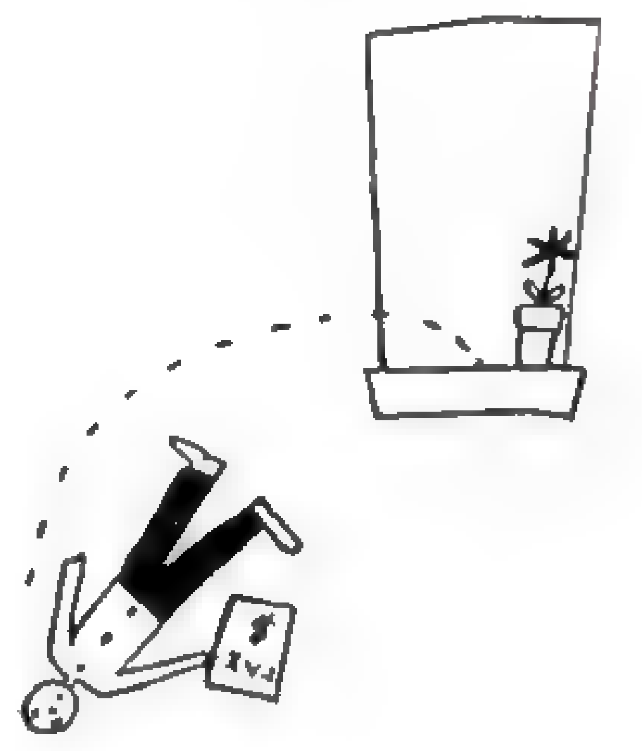
THE SIZE-FIXT SHIRT FOR THE MAN-SIZED JOB

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 79

extant world. The tanned complexion, that amorphous crag-like face; the dull black eyes under their precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces, needing only to be *blown;* the mastiff-mouth, accurately closed:—I have not traced as much of silent Bersikir-rage, that I remember of, in any other man."

Partly because Mrs. Webster was without literary talent, the Diary is particularly valuable, for it gives the reader an intimate view of the little daily events that are life itself; the Websters met kings and queens and lords and ladies, but we know when and where they ate their meals, what clothes they wore—not only all the Emily Posties but the Dorothy Dixies.



All those thuds you hear nowadays are just common citizens hitting the ground after they look over the new tax schedules.

The prodigious and prolonged success of *The Song of Bernadette*, by Franz Werfel, is interesting. For month after month it headed the list of best-sellers. The author is an expert and well-known writer; but why this steady best-selling? I suppose it is partly because every individual case of mental or spiritual healing exacts attention; and Lourdes is one of the central healing plants of the world. In *Facts*, a concise encyclopedia in four volumes (1934) I find "Lourdes: pop. 9,000; Catholic place of pilgrimage to healing springs in the Grotto, on site of apparition of Virgin to Bernadette Soubirous, 1858." Out of this Mr. Werfel has made a novel, with a large variety of characters sharply individualized; it is written, as it ought to be, with profound reverence. Yet his prefatory remarks, while adding to the excitement of the readers, leave at least one of them unsatisfied. *Does the author himself definitely believe that the Blessed Virgin herself made an actual personal appearance to Bernadette?* You can see how the doubt (does he or doesn't he?) is a valuable contribution to the success of the story. Browning, in his *Bishop Blougram's Apology*, in which the Bishop completely demolishes the agnostic (that particular agnostic who faced him), makes the Bishop with a smile suggest that his own religious attitude arouses in the public something of the curiosity with which we regard a man on a tightrope—will he fall off? The beliefs of some ignorant persons arouse no interest and produce no conviction. But a highly educated man, whose published work in other fields commands universal respect, when he declares his belief in matters that to many others seem incredible, *that* attracts both attention and reflection. Nothing is better known to a sane neurologist than people with hallucinations; but how about certain historical cases? Bernard Shaw, in his great preface to his great play, *Saint Joan*, ridicules "scientific" people who try to explain her physiologically—"which is better, the mystical mind or the monkey-gland mind?" And Lady V. Sackville West, in her biography of Joan, says that perhaps the most rational way to explain her is to believe that the Supreme Force in the Universe, whatever It is, has occasionally made communications to certain individuals.

One of the members of the Metaphysical Society, founded in 1869 by Tennyson and a few others, to bring together men as different in their views as Huxley and Catholic prelates, in order to have open and free discussion, said he was deeply impressed by the fact that nearly all the philosophers and scientists who had no religious belief looked not only thoughtful but anxious; whereas Roman Catholics like W. G. Ward always seemed absolutely calm and serene.

Not long ago appeared the novel *Escape* by Ethel Vance. It was unimportant from a literary point of view, but was exciting from beginning to end. Her new novel, *Reprisal*, is very dull. I sometimes think authors who make a conspicuous success with one book ought to wait awhile before publishing another.

British tolerance is shown by this item in the British *Who's Who* (1942):

> Hitler, Adolf, Head of the German State since 1934, and Chancellor of the German Reich since 1933; Commander-in-Chief of the German Fighting Forces since 1938; *b.* Braunau on the Inn, Upper Danube, 20 Apr. 1889, of an old Upper Austrian peasant and artisan family; Religion, Catholic. *Educ.:* Secondary schools in Linz and Graz; studied painting and architecture in Vienna; settled at Munich in 1912 to study painting, supporting himself as artisan in building trade. Volunteer in German Army, 1914; wounded, 1916; gassed and temporarily blinded, 1918; Iron Cross, 1st Cl. and 2nd Cl., Western Front; after Revolution of 1918-19 devoted himself to politics, becoming President and Leader of the National Socialist German Workers' Party; took part in rising of 9 Nov. 1923 and was sentenced to fortress detention until Dec. 1924; re-founded National Socialist Movement, 27 Feb. 1925; appointed Chancellor of the German Reich by President von Hindenburg, 30 Jan. 1933; member of the Reichstag from 5 March 1933; became Head of the German State by law of 1 Aug. 1934, confirmed by Referendum of 19 Aug. 1934. *Publication:* Mein Kampf, vol. I, 1925, vol. II, 1927. *Address:* Wilhelmstr. 77, Berlin, W. 8. *T.:* 11 6191; Ober-Salzberg Berchtesgaden, Bavaria.

This item may well be followed by calling attention to a new book of more than 800 pages, *A Treas-*

ury of British Humor. It is edited, with an Introduction by Morris Bishop, who has the right training, taste, and knowledge. He is Professor of Romance Languages at Cornell and the author of a good mystery novel, *The Widening Stain*. His Introduction is admirable and contains a good definition of humor: "humor is what makes people laugh, or experience a muscular quake premonitory of laughter. This is philosophically and psychologically unsatisfactory, but so are the conclusions of the philosophers and psychologists. Man has been defined as the laughing animal, because he is the only animal that laughs, except the hyena." Now what I add to this is unimportant, but there is a bird called the Laughing Jackass; he is not a jackass, but he laughs. When I arrived at a hotel in Amiens with my wife and two nieces, the moment this bird saw us in the garden he let out a hearty laugh, as if we had just arrived from the sticks. Dogs do not laugh, but they smile; every one who owns dogs will have observed that they smile; my Irish setter, whenever I came into the house, always greeted me with a sweet smile, and Turgenev, whose chief recreation was shooting, says in one of his stories that when the bird dog was lifted into the wagon he wore a "forced smile." I have often seen that.

Well, this anthology was worth doing, if only to convince a large number of uneducated Americans that the British have a sense of humor. The editor's Introduction partially destroys some things widely believed, *some* of them, for I am not wholly convinced. He will have it there is little difference between England and America in what is thought funny, or between ancient and modern writers. He has the courage to include only what has made *him* laugh; really the best test for the anthologist. Explaining why certain famous writers are omitted, he says, "I read Sterne without a smile." "I dislike Charles Lamb personally."

Of course Thackeray's parody on *The Sorrows of Werther* is included, but it was not original. It was really a translation from a German parody, which I have seen and read, and cannot at this moment find. I am glad to see Hilaire Belloc well represented, and I wish he had included the poem by Belloc and Maurice Baring on "their hide is covered with hair."

I think there is this difference between British and American humor; the British is more mature and addressed to a more mature audience. It correctly assumes that its readers have more background.

Our age, which has a passion for biography, should greet with delight *The Fabulous Life of Sarah Bernhardt*, by Louis Verneuil, translated from the French by Ernest Boyd. M. Verneuil knew her in her later years better than any other man; he saw her almost every day, he wrote plays which she acted, he married her granddaughter, and accompanied her whithersoever she went. He has the right attitude for such a book—adoration. He fell under her spell. In 1915 her right leg was amputated and she never walked another step. Thus she could appear only in pieces where she remained sitting or lying down; and after one-act plays and taking her turn in variety shows, she was grateful to M. Verneuil for writing full-length plays suited to her art and to her physical limitations. I fully share the author's unbounded admiration for her genius. She was the greatest professional actor I ever saw; she affected me far more than Duse, or anyone else, man or woman. I first saw her as *La Tosca* in 1892; later I saw her in both Paris and America. In 1903 I was present on the first night of her appearance in Paris in a translation of a German play by Felix Philippi, *The Way of Thorns*. It was clear she had made a mistake in her choice; she had taken the part of an aged mother! So in a very few weeks this play was taken off to make way for her triumph in Sardou's new play, *La Sorcière*. Therefore what is said about *La Sorcière* in this biography is of particular interest to me. In 1906, when she was over sixty, she came to New Haven and played *La Dame aux Camélias*, and I was permitted after the final curtain to take twenty or thirty students and professors backstage, where I presented her as the greatest actress of two centuries. She shook

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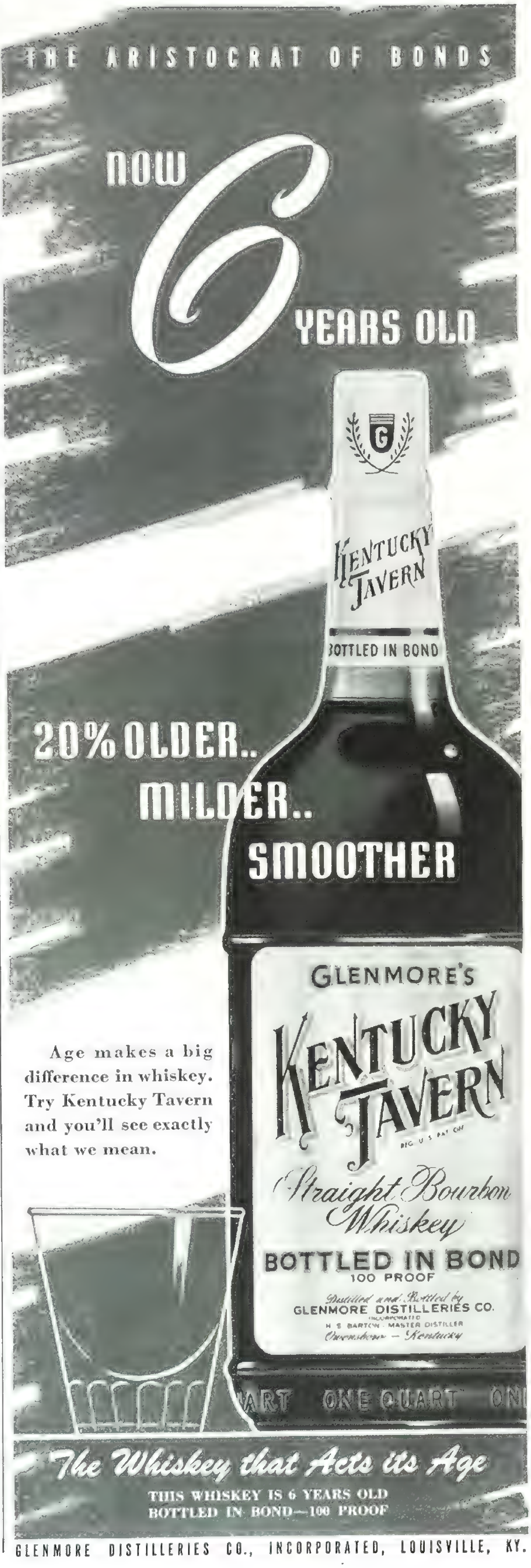
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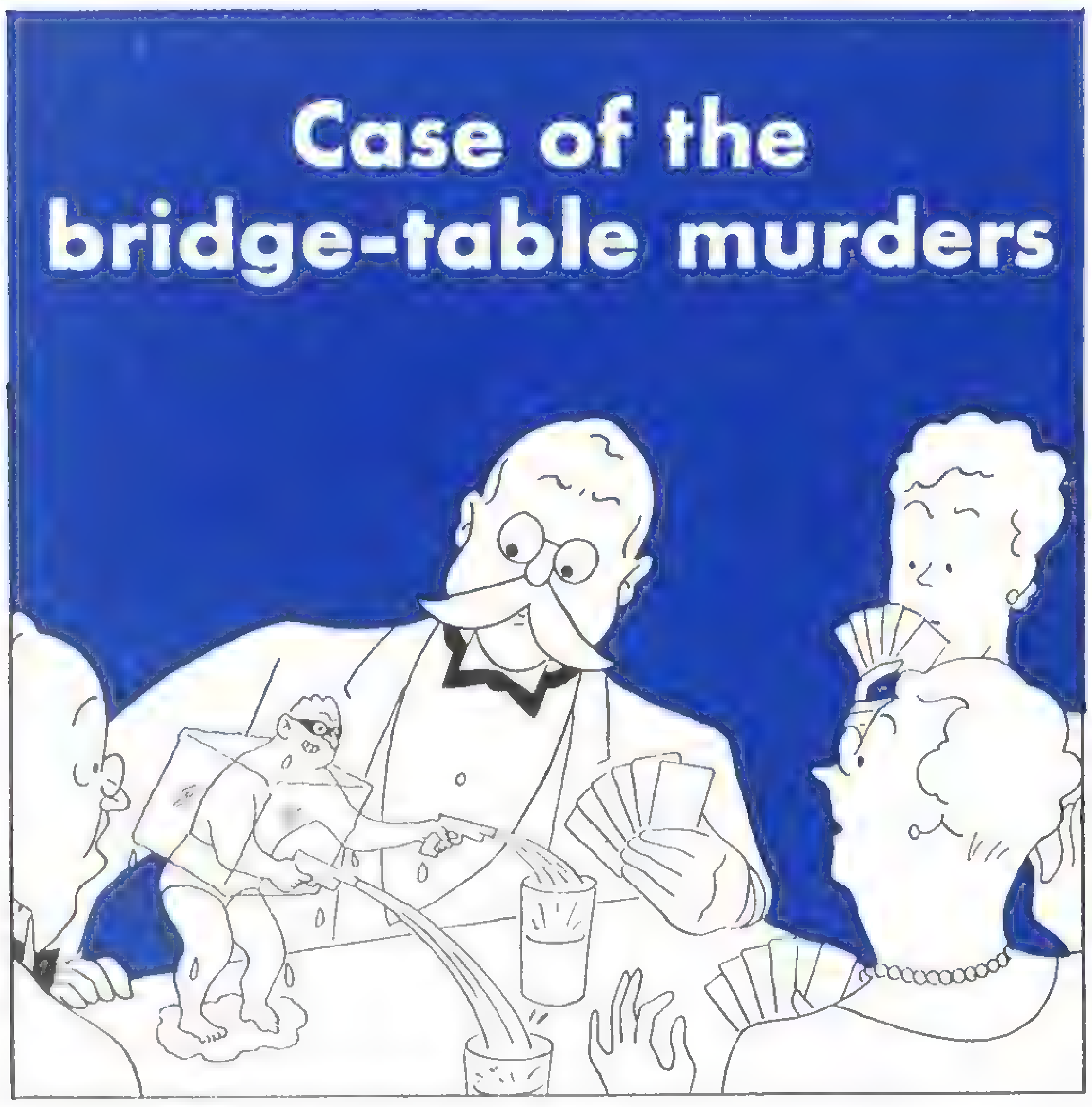
Case of the bridge-table murders

An assassin lurks in drinks made with ordinary club soda. Melting Ice. His air bubbles take your drink's bubbles for a ride—right out of your drink. Ice water drowns what's left. Sparkle's murdered.

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 79-131

hands with each one, and then we gave her the Yale cheer while she laughed and beat time. On that day she wrote a charming note to an undergraduate, Chauncey McCormick, and on her stationery was engraved her motto, *Quand Même!* which may be translated as "in spite of everything" or "even if" or "no matter what" or any particular sign of contempt to whatever obstacles there might be.

This biography is a brilliant addition to the record of a great personality, and to the best biographies of our time.

Everyone ought to read Edna St. Vincent Millay's new poem, printed in pamphlet form (sixty cents) called *The Murder of Lidice*, and for two reasons. It is one of the most passionately tragic poems dealing with the war, and it will help every reader to remember and never to forget that our foe is wholly without pity or sympathy or civilized human feelings. We *know* what defeat would mean.

One of the finest new volumes of serious original poems that appeared in 1942 is *Selected Poems Old and New*, by Danford Barney, with an admirable Introduction by Francis Hyde Bangs. These poems by Mr. Barney, some of which have been printed before, are for the discriminating, the completely mature reader. Therefore the Introduction, which prepares him for the contents, is extremely important. The poems are deeply interesting. I read the book the wrong way simply because I could not help it; I opened it, began at the first page and did not leave my chair till I had read the last. That is not the correct way to read poems like these which arouse so much thought. ##

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 90

Turin. There are also various coffee substitutes on the market today, such as fig and barley "coffee," but I'll take hot milk, thanks, if I can't get coffee, in preference to almost anything else.

Freshly roasted and freshly ground coffee makes the best cup, for coffee begins to lose both flavor and aroma as soon as it is roasted, and pre-grinding speeds up the process. So don't let coffee get stale, and therefore useless, on the shelf of your kitchenette; if you buy it in cans, make sure to put the lid on securely after use, and quickly put it in the refrigerator. It is even wiser to empty the contents of the can into a glass jar and screw the cover on tightly. If you leave ground coffee exposed for eight days, it becomes unusable.

In Europe they bought coffee from the grocers every day, along with the meats and the vegetables, to last for just twenty-four hours. In this way the freshness of the coffee was insured, for the grocer who didn't keep the freshest coffee might as well have moved from the neighborhood. By fresh coffee, I mean freshly roasted coffee. Because, naturally, the beans arrived in Europe in their green state from the tropical countries where coffee is grown, and lay in warehouses for years sometimes. Green coffee, like wine, mellows with judicious storing.

Here you can do the same thing; the grocer's supplies are fresh (he gets them each day from the wholesaler) and he will grind the fresh roasted beans for you if you don't happen to have a coffee grinder at home.

There are many good methods of brewing coffee. First of all, however, you have to keep your coffee pot immaculately clean, scrubbed with soap and hot water after each use. Coffee contains certains oils that cling to the pot's walls, and fairly ruin the next brew if you leave any of it. To insure the greatest possible economy in making coffee, you have to measure it accurately; no more blind lavishness, heaping tablespoonsful, and careless waste. The Office of Price Administration advises us to use finely pulverized coffee and a cloth filter, and I am gloating over this—two years ago I wrote in these pages that the best coffee is made by putting pulverized coffee in a little cloth bag, submerging it in a pot, and pouring boiled water over it, and at the time I almost got into trouble with coffee moguls. Or rather, coffee pot manufacturing moguls.

So did the President and the Mayor of New York, for that matter. Both made public statements—I hope after reading this department in the July, 1942 issue—that adding a little fresh coffee to used and dried grounds makes a good second brew. You should have heard the manufacturers of patented coffee-making machines! They even bought space in the daily papers to chide Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. La Guardia. Nevertheless, the method the President and the Mayor advocated is quite sound. In Europe coffee grounds were never thrown out after use, but after drying the seeds in the sun or in an oven, some new coffee was added and a fresh pot, nearly as aromatic as the first one, was made.

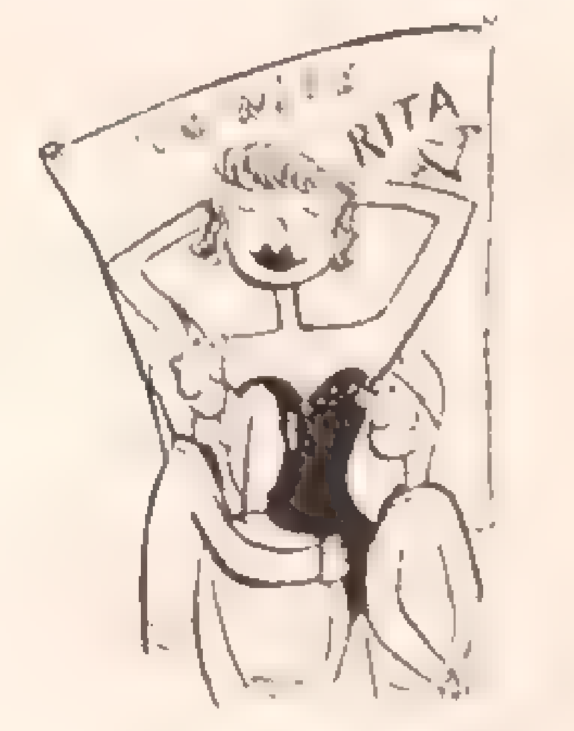
In the case of drip coffee, use about half the amount to which you had been accustomed before rationing, and instead of pouring all the boiling water in at one time, pour in small quantities and let this drip through, repeating the operation until all the desired boiling water has been added. Drip coffee pots are the most uneconomical, percolators being a close second. Coffee made in a simple pot is the most economical.

The special drip machines made of brass, featured in fine restaurants, were big wasters, according to Gene Cavallero of the Colony Restaurant in New York. He tells me that many of the best places have put theirs away for the duration. At home, allow your women to make your coffee. They are, as a rule, stingy with the coffee, which is not their drink, anyhow. It's ours.

When coffee was introduced to Europe in the sixteenth century, people thought that it rendered women frigid and even barren, and a law was promptly passed in Constantinople that gave the right to husbands to prevent the use of coffee by their wives. Later, when it was ascertained that this popular belief had no foundation, another law was passed stating if a husband forbade his wife her cup of coffee, she could sue for divorce.

There are many versions of the origin of coffee. There is the tale of the Abyssinian goatherd who one day saw his flock eating berries from some shrubs and then gamboling about merrily. He tasted some of the berries and promptly broke into a joyous dance himself. He passed on his discovery to monks in a nearby monastery, who dried and boiled the herder's fruit, and drinking the concoction, were able to stay up late and study the Koran. This is supposed to have happened in the ninth century; and it is a coincidence that Mohammed forbade the use of alcoholic beverages to his followers in the same century. Evidently, they simply had to discover a beverage in liquor's place.

I also like a little-known and ancient Arab anecdote to the effect that an old man, Gemal Eddin, who lived in Aden on the Red Sea, made a voyage to Abyssinia, where he first saw coffee. He wouldn't taste it for the world, but carried some back with him just to show off to the people at home. One day he fell ill, the imams gave him up, and allowed him to eat or drink anything he liked. The old fellow started to chew the coffee beans that reminded him of a pleasant voyage in happier days, and in a little while astonished the onlookers by getting out of his deathbed perfectly cured. Coffee was thus launched in Aden. It is also said in this ancient story that the law makers took it as it enabled them to study more, the artisans, so that they could work harder, and the travelers, in order to continue through nights without fatigue.



Fairy Story

"Rita Hayworth won't be able to appear tonight," stated the commander to the soldiers, "but instead I'll give you boys a lecture on infiltration tactics,"—and the assembly broke into loud cheers.

From Aden, coffee was introduced to Mecca, according to this tale, from there to Egypt, from Egypt to Syria, and then finally to Turkey, where it really came into its own. Turkey, one of the great powers of the world in the seventeenth century, popularized it. Pope Clement VIII, who had the gout, and had to observe the strictest regimen, was allowed to take coffee, which reached Rome from the Turks when he was about sixty-five. When His Holiness first tasted it, he exclaimed: "This Satan's drink is marvelous! But we won't let those infidel Turks use it exclusively. We shall fool Satan by baptizing it and making it a truly Christian beverage."

Two men were responsible for popularizing coffee in the Court of Louis XIV—Suleiman Aga, Turkish Ambassador, and a Captain Merveille who led a company of French adventurers to Arabia, and dealt chiefly with the inhabitants in the town of Mocca, where the best coffee grew at that time. This is one explanation for the sobriquet of mocca, or mocha for coffee, which also had the names in Arabia of caffa, kahwa, coffa, cauphe, chaube, and chaoua. Whatever it was called, it spread quickly, and the pattern of Turkish coffee houses was soon followed in most European countries, and it is worthy to note that most revolutions originated in these temples erected to the worship of caffa. The first coffee house on record was established in Marseilles, in 1654, and it was the only one in Western Europe until eighteen years later when the second one came into being founded in Paris by two Armenians, Procope and Gregoire. The Café Procope, or its successor, was still flourishing in Paris when I was there last.

Voltaire was a frequent visitor. It was fashionable to go and sit in coffee houses then, and the great man was a fabulous coffee drinker. He took sometimes as many as sixteen *demitasse* each evening! Once, when he was very sick, his doctor told him that he must give up coffee, for coffee is slow poison. "Doctor," answered Voltaire who was then over eighty, "I agree with you. Coffee is slow poison. But very slow—I've been poisoning myself with it for seventy years!"

Napoleon was also a patron at Procope's. But as history has it, not a very good one—once he had to leave his three-cornered artillery officer's hat in payment for a small check. Balzac also went there whenever he wasn't work-

Continued on page 134

An Ersatz
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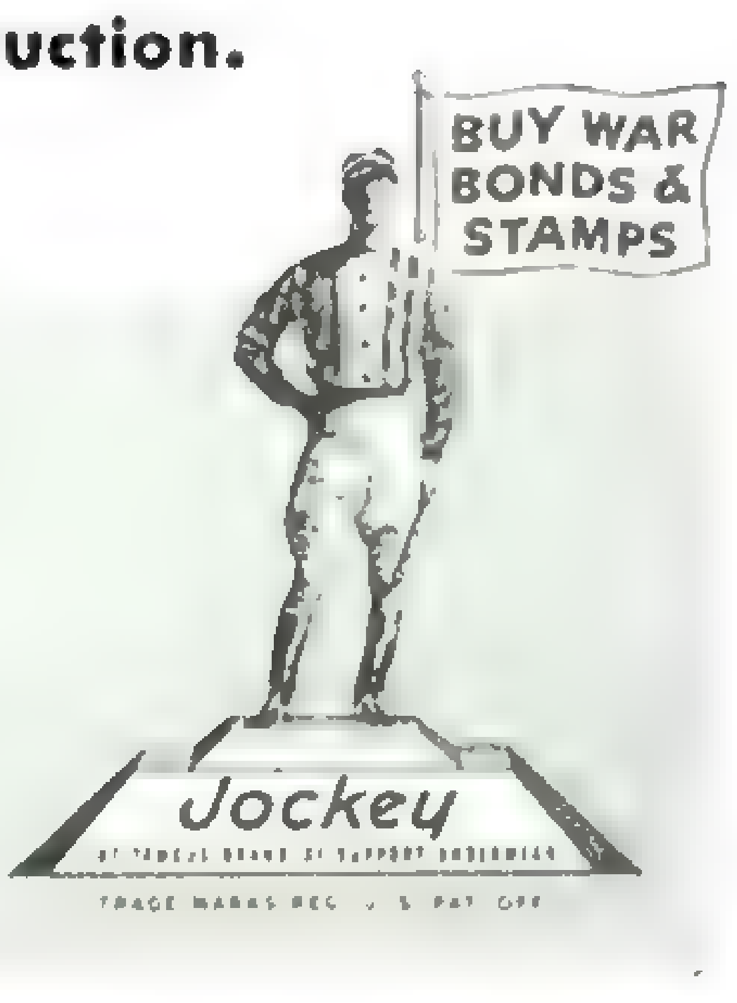

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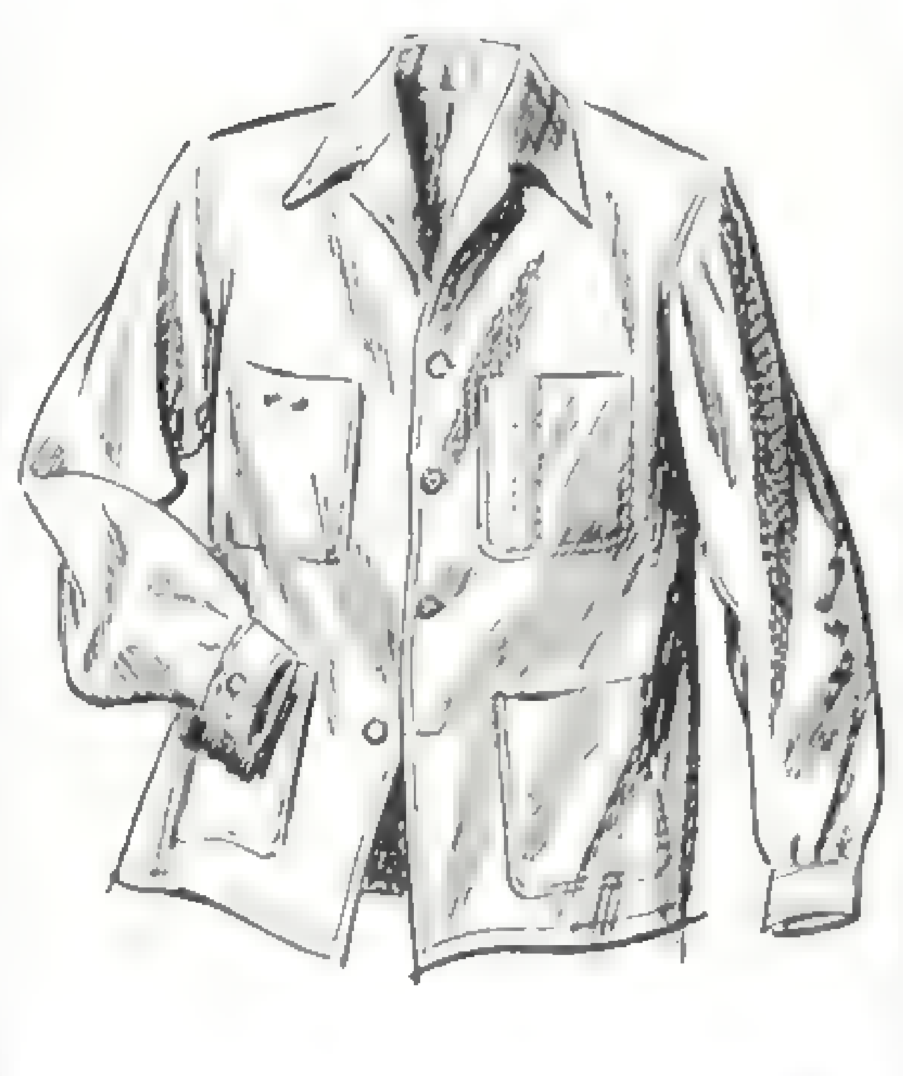
IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS—BEAUTY TIPS (red).

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from pages 90-133

ing on his gigantic *Comédie Humaine*, but this greatest of French novelists brewed his own at home, to keep awake, work, and satisfy his creditors. He drank immense quantities of very strong coffee, and in his *Treatise of Modern Stimulants* he wrote: "As soon as coffee is in your stomach, there is a general commotion. Ideas begin to move . . . Similes arise, the paper is covered . . . The struggle of writing begun and coffee is your ally." Balzac's death was attributed to the unrestrained use of coffee, but then how does one account for Voltaire, or for Dr. Gueniot, President of the French Academy of Medicine, who drank innumerable cups a day, and died only a few years ago—at the age of 103!

It is accepted that coffee increases mental capacity, and is a gastric stimulant. This doesn't mean that an imbecile becomes a genius just by drinking lots of coffee, nor that a weak-stomached man acquires the alimentary canal of a Gargantua. But neither do we have to be worried about giving up coffee either entirely or partially, for coffee is only mildly habit forming. However, the famous Gustav von Bungen, Professor at Basle University, considered that the longing for caffeine arose from the fact that this substance is akin to a highly nitrogenous substance known as xanthin, small quantities of which are found in all tissues of the body, and consequently, the caffeine craving of human beings is a subconscious longing to increase their store of xanthin of which the tissues are built. Whether this theory is true or not, I don't know. But I do know that coffee tops the drinks that cheer but don't inebriate; it is a valuable restorative, and though it has no food value, it stifles the sense of hunger.


Blue denim shirt for defense worker shows sportswear influence. Two eyelets at upper left pocket for identification button.

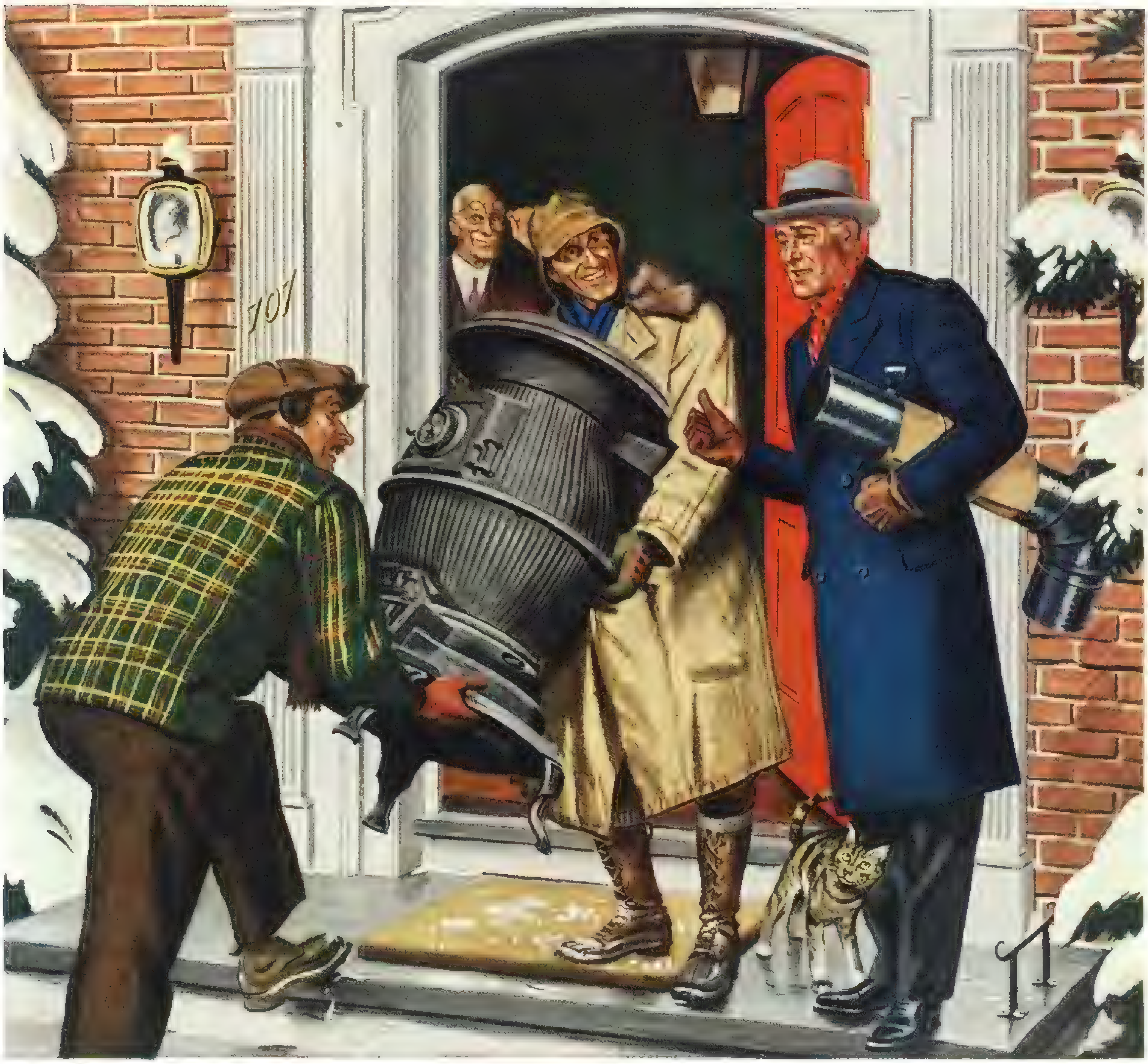
You see plainly, I hope, why coffee is a soldier's drink. And as such, we have to give up some of ours. The other reason why we have to cut down on our consumption is that coffee must be imported, and the ships that carried it are now needed for more important jobs. Most of the coffee in the United States used to come from Brazil—58 per cent of the 1,700,000,000 pounds that was imported yearly, to be exact. Next in importance as coffee exporter to the United States was Colombia. And there are coffee plantations on the islands of Hawaii and Puerto Rico, too. The best coffee in Europe was considered to be the very expensive Old Brown Government Java. Coffee is also grown in Kenya, Guiana, Mauritius, Guadeloupe, and Martinique, Jamaica, Costa Rica, El Salvador, Venezuela, the Indian state of Mysore, the Island of Reunion, the Philippines and Mexico.

It is most interesting how coffee, a native of Abyssinia, was transplanted to the Western Hemisphere. Captain Gabriel Mathieu de Clieu, a Martiniquian, was visiting Paris, and obtained a tiny plant from the botanical gardens of Louis XIV, where the rare flora was guarded with Argus eyes. De Clieu embarked at Nantes in 1723 with his precious plant in a box covered with glass to allow it to absorb the rays of the sun. The cutter underwent ghastly adventures: corsairs nearly captured it at Tunis, it almost sank, then there were many weeks of calm, and drinking water had to be rationed. De Clieu gave most of his to the plant. Finally they arrived at Martinique, and the little shrub rapidly multiplied after it was set out, and the seeds of this insignificant plant are responsible for the coffee in the New World that now produces eight-ninths of the world's coffee!

The coffee shrub, large and fragrant, grows best on the slopes of mountains. It demands extreme care, and it takes three to five years to nurture the sensitive coffee plant before it bears two or three pounds. Twenty-four separate steps involve the process from planting to your palate, one of the most important being the proper roasting. And, of course, the brewing, which is the twenty-fifth.

Ben Jonson said: "As he brews, so shall he drink." If you wish to drink well of the precious coffee that is left to us, brew it carefully. And even if you don't, you'll still have a cup each day, at least for the time being. That's more than the poor, downtrodden people of Belgium, France or Denmark have. The sons of these nations used to drink enormous quantities of the stimulating beverage. Now they haven't seen even a thimbleful of it for several years, unless the cup, three-quarters of it *ersatz*, was in the murderous hand of some Nazi invader.

To end with a frivolous but useful note—there is only one known sure remedy for an alcoholic breath: two or three roasted coffee berries chewed slowly. ##



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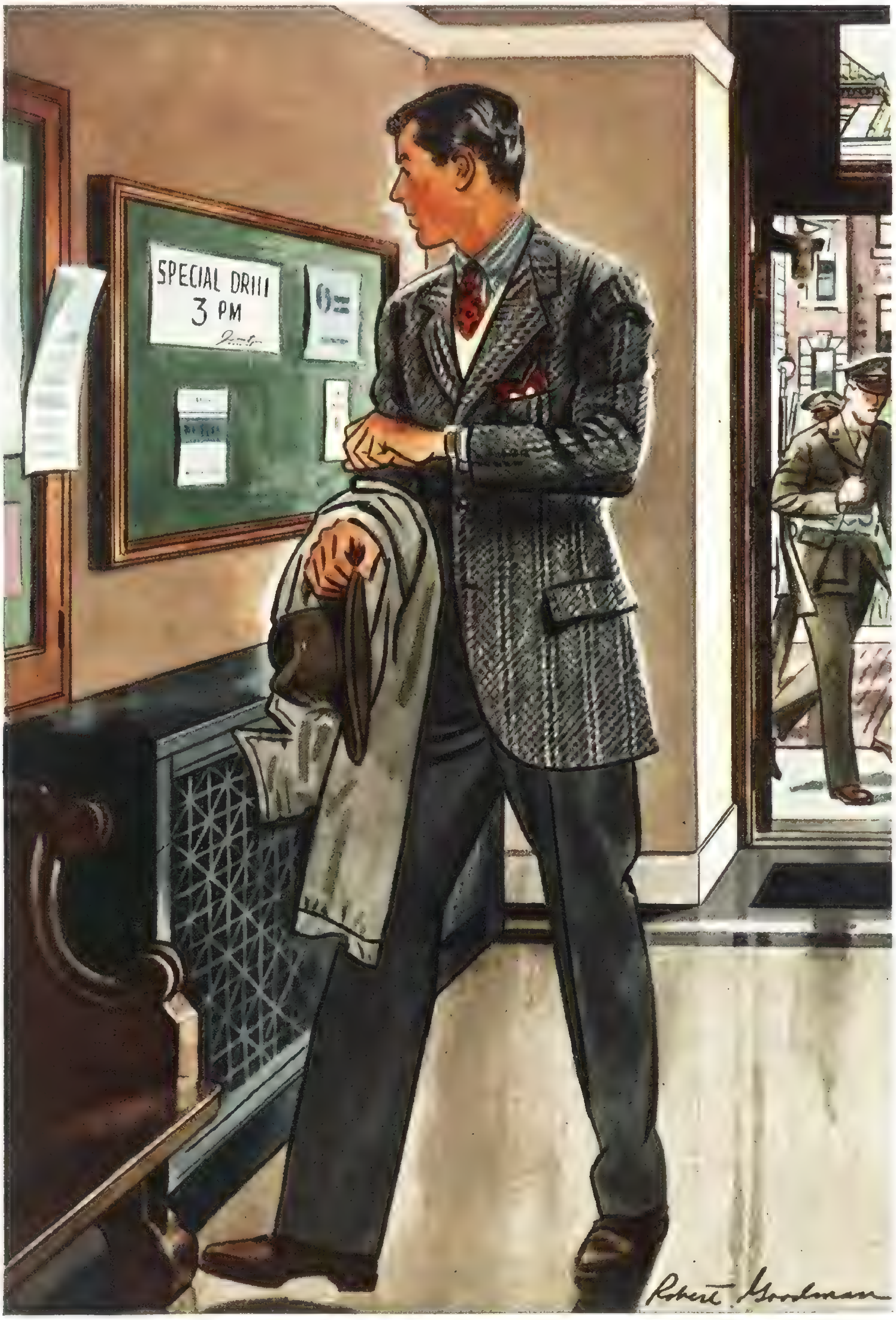

hep with the one-two at 3 p. m.

The campus dope schedule slates this beanie for a three o'clock workout, so he double-times it to his room to make the quick change. So before he whips into the Olive Drab number, let's make with the orbs on his solid set of threads, for those uniform desires don't bar him from one last fling at the tweed and gabardine garb. Groovy as a Hitchcock movie is the short tri-button striped Shetland jacket which is woven in a brand new combination of colors. The greyish tan Oxford shirt with a button-down collar forms a neutral background for the red and blue tie, and the V-necked natural tan sweater teams up neatly with the whole outfit. His slacks are good grey flannel, *sans* cuffs, and the sport shoes are plain toe bluchers with leather soles. Slung over his arm is a tan worsted gabardine raincoat, and in his hand he clutches a brown snap brim felt hat. O.K. Man! Get the old show on the road now!

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

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right: Tackle Twill Commando . . . 21.00 officer's storm coat made from famous Skinner's Tackle Twill REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. Other Officers' Trench Coats in fine Piedmont Gabardines and Army Twills 14.50 to 26.50. All showerproofed by Cravenette.

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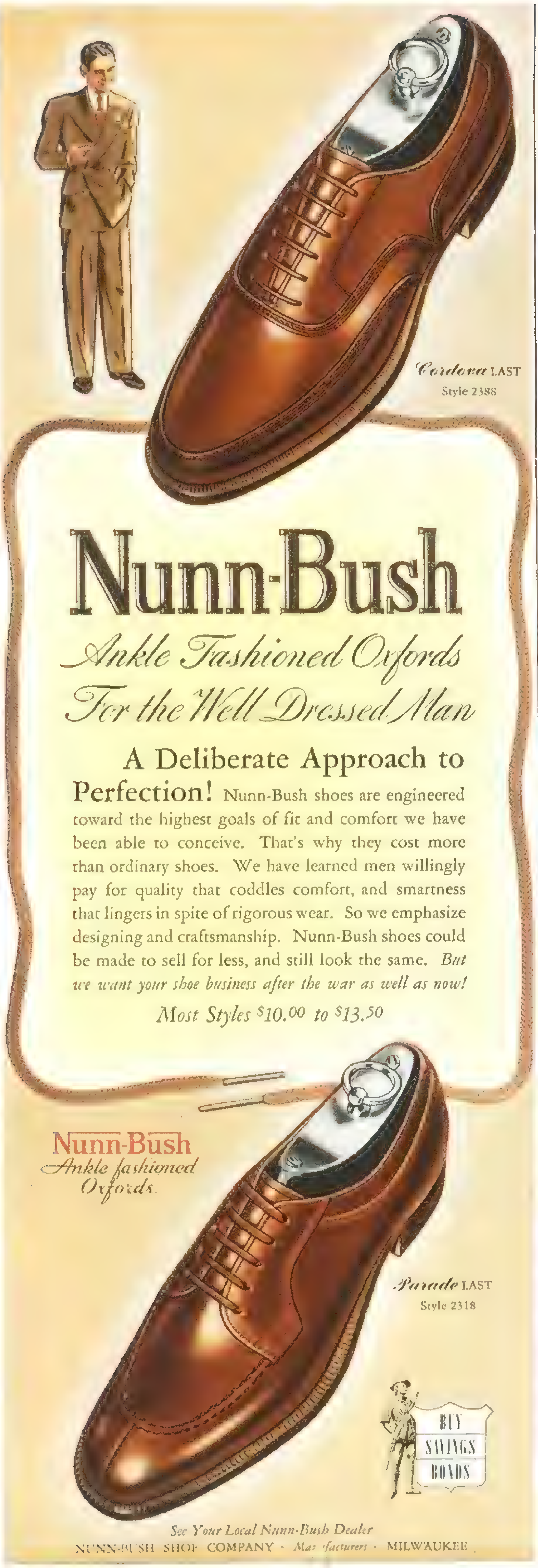

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Is There a Doctor in the House

Hoosier hysteria would replace buffalo on Indiana state seal with basketball

by ROBERT A. COOK

SPORTS

After thirty-nine minutes of horse racing with Purdue's boundless Boilermakers, Indiana's basket-mad team led by a single point. Branch McCracken, perspiring pilot of the Hoosier team, clinched one outstretched fist and covered his eyes in agony as one of the Hoosier shots went wild. Fifty feet away, Ward Lambert was a human Jack-in-the-box on the Boilermaker bench. Seven thousand necks had see-sawed to the point-a-minute pace-making to the point of lubrication.

Frosty Sprowl, Purdue's fanciest flipper of field goals, connected on a shot from midfloor. But he had taken too many steps! Andy Zimmer, Indiana captain and guard, then grabbed the out-of-bounds ball, rifled it to Ed Denton, his center, who scored from close range. It was 40-37, Indiana, and Bob Riley's final Purdue basket only teased the exhausted glassy-eyed fans whose hearts had Krupa beats.

The final gun lost its voice in the bedlam, but the loud-speaker announcer begged for attention: "Is there a doctor in the house? Go to section five. A woman has collapsed! Is there a doctor . . .!"

An Indianapolis sports editor craned his neck and yelled at his statistician separated from him in the Indiana press box by a telegrapher. "What do you think of that one?" he wanted to know.

Still glued to his record book, the statistician shot back absent-mindedly: "How the hell do I know? I didn't see it!"

It's one of the classic stories of Indiana basketball. By the time hilarious students had carried little Irv Swanson, whose six long-range baskets had kept Indiana in the game, to the dressing room, doctors had revived the woman, and an elderly gentleman at the other end of the floor who had dreamed out the last minute. Reviving stricken basketball fans is an item of internship in Indiana medicine.

From December to March basketball wears the pants in Hoosierland. The basketball floor is the hearthstone of every Hoosier; the high school gym the night club of every town. A basketball victory usually brings the firemen out of retirement. A lost decision puts more hirdum-dirdum in a Hoosier than a quart of Jasper hootch.

Basketball in Indiana thrives on community spirit. Otherwise, why have fans in such hotbeds as Muncie and Kokomo for years stood up nights in a ticket line? If a state championship isn't the pinnacle of community pride, why did the 1942 state champion Washington Hatchets get a police escort from Indianapolis to Washington, a distance of some 130 miles, last March. The Hatchets had won their second straight title; they were the Prides of March, and all southern Indiana turned out along the highway to hail the champs.

What inspired Uncle Billy Brown of Washington to achieve a 20-year perfect home-floor attendance record at high school basketball games until he died last February after his ninety-fourth birthday? To Uncle Billy, getting to the ball games regularly was just like going to church. Why did an Elwood high school basketball upset over an undefeated rival produce the biggest celebration since Wendell L. Willkie, its native son, was nominated for the White House job? Why do students go on sitdown strikes and picket school superintendents when the firing or hiring of a basketball coach does not react to public favor? Why was the Governor of Indiana still looking for a ticket the morning the 1942 state tournament started?

Several years ago when the Ohio river went on a rampage in southern Indiana, Tell City, in the heart of the high-water, played a Saturday matinee game with Petersburg because the town was out of electricity with which to illuminate the gym.

About 18,000 high school college basketball games are played in Indiana every year. For every two high schools, there's a natural rivalry. Life is worth living to most of the citizens only when the home-town team wins.

After Branch McCracken came back to Indiana as coach, one of the officials came to him after the first Indiana-Purdue game and said: "This league ain't big enough for two of your kind. It's tough enough trying to satisfy Lambert."

Both McCracken and Lambert have displayed antics and pantics until it has come to the place where the folks can't see the games for McCracken and Lambert. When Lambert got one look at McCracken in big-time action, he rushed into the Indiana dressing room after the game and said to his young rival: "You're too young to jump around like that. It ain't worth it."

After the 1942 game, McCracken made a trip to the Purdue quarters, ran down the peppery Piggy, patted his back and advised: "You're too old for that kind of stuff. It ain't worth it."

They're the Barnum and Bailey of Indiana basketball.

It's no wonder that several years ago in the Indiana General Assembly a legislator offered an amendment that would have lifted the buffalo from the state seal in favor of a basketball! ##

Salute to Tom Trapnell, D.S.C.

West Point grid star who wanted to be preacher, became instead hero of the bridge at Rosario

by A. PAUL MENTON

▪ SPORTS ▪

On January 22, 1942, from his field headquarters in the Philippines, General Douglas MacArthur announced the award of the Distinguished Service Cross to Major T. J. Hall Trapnell, Cavalry. The communique from General MacArthur stated:

> Major Trapnell, who is a former football hero of the United States Military Academy, matched his brilliant gridiron career with outstanding exploits on the battlefield. The action for which Major Trapnell was decorated took place at Rosario in La Union province on December 22, 1941, while his cavalry unit was engaged in rear-guard operations. During concentrated enemy fire from tanks and infantry, Major Trapnell remained between the hostile force and his own troops and set fire to a truck on a bridge. He waited under fire until the bridge was in flames before leaving the scene in a scout car. He then retired slowly with the rear elements of his organization, picked up wounded soldiers and rallied his men. With complete disregard for his personal safety, Major Trapnell delayed the hostile advance and set an inspiring example to his entire regiment.

We have only to go back to his family antecedents for the elements that produced Major Trapnell, D.S.C. His grandfathers, on both paternal and distaff sides were rebel troopers in the Civil War, one of them in General Ashby's cavalry. His grandmother's brother, Thomas White, was on Stonewall Jackson's staff. Of the present generation of the family that includes twenty-nine men, seventeen are in the United States armed forces, ranging in rank from Colonel Trapnell himself to a corporal. The eldest brother, Joseph Trapnell, 3rd, served in the United States Navy during the World War on the transport *Zuiderdijk* and was wounded in action. Another brother, Commander Walter Scott Trapnell, was graduated from Annapolis in 1920 and is now port captain in Balboa, Panama. A cousin, Lieutenant Commander Frederick M. Trapnell, a Navy flyer and crack pilot, took part in the flight of 18 bombers from San Diego to Honolulu in 1938.

Called Hall by his family, Tom Trapnell was born in Yonkers in 1902 and began making football history in the Mount Hebron Grammar School in Upper Montclair, N. J. where he early learned to go up against odds without flinching. A game had been booked with the jayvee team of a neighboring school. When the opposing team came on the field, Hebron's coach spotted a player of the first team in the jayvee lineup. The coach protested, but young Trapnell said: "Aw, let him play. We don't care." Then on the first play after the kick-off, the ringer, carrying the ball, came around end. Tom, playing halfback, made a flying tackle. The ringer was out!

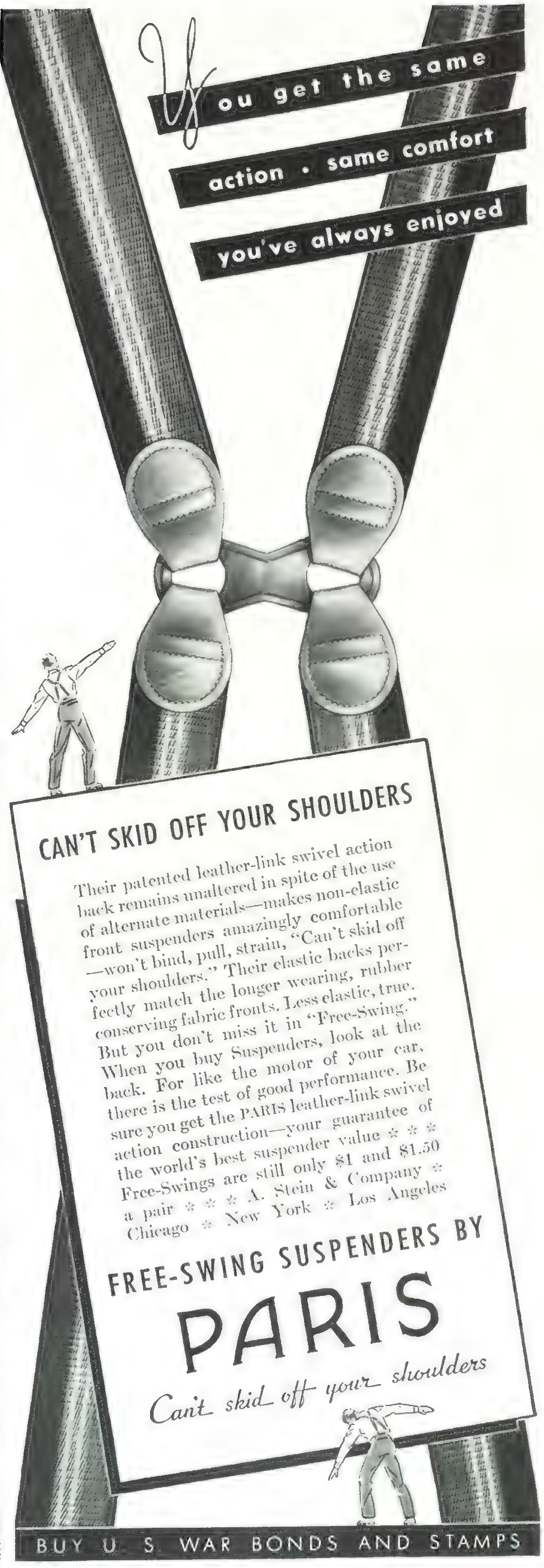
When Tom was ready for high school, his grandfather, Joseph Trapnell, a trustee of Episcopal High School, Alexandria, Virginia, got him a partial scholarship. He went in for track, basketball, lacrosse and football, and his third year he was captain of the eleven. It was during the years at Episcopal High that the influence of his ministerial relatives induced him to plan to become an Episcopal minister. A great-grandfather, grandfather and two uncles were Episcopal ministers.

However, Major C. D. Daly, football coach at West Point, sold him on the idea of trying for an appointment to the Academy. He succeeded in getting an alternate appointment, and during the interim, Tom and some of his high school friends served as a temporary pickup crew for his brother Joe, who was port steward and purchasing agent for the Baltimore Steamship Company, sailing to Caribbean ports on the *S. S. Coelleda* and the *S. S. Lake Fauquier* as ordinary seamen.

Subsequently he took the competitive examination and won the appointment to West Point, entering the Academy from New Jersey in 1923. A two-letter man, outstanding in both football and lacrosse, he was also Phi Beta Kappa, president of his class for three years, teacher in the Sunday school to which the children of the post were sent, and president of the Y. M. C. A. The West Point year book of 1927 said of him: "For the class and for the Academy, he has been a zealous worker, but toward his own advancement he has taken a nonchalant attitude—the attitude of the truly unselfish comrade-in-arms. He is one who thinks first, acts quickly and wisely, and of whom it can never be said that he boasts."

At the end of his leave after he was graduated in 1927, Tom was sent to Monterey, California, with the calvary. There he took up polo and became a star. In 1929, he married Miss Alyse Snow in Fresno. She is now living with a sister in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, having been evacuated from the Philippines in May, 1942.

In 1939 Trapnell was sent to the Philippines at the request of General MacArthur, who likes the football type of officer. With the fall of Bataan he was reported captured by the Japs. From a passenger returning on the *Gripsholm*, the family heard that "The Kid", as he was known to them, was a prisoner in Tarlac prison—emaciated and drawn with prison pallor and malnutrition. Neither his mother, Mrs. Laura Trapnell who lives in Baltimore, nor any other member of his family has heard from him since the war started. #



CAN'T SKID OFF YOUR SHOULDERS

Their patented leather-link swivel action back remains unaltered in spite of the use of alternate materials—makes non-elastic front suspenders amazingly comfortable—won't bind, pull, strain, "Can't skid off your shoulders." Their elastic backs perfectly match the longer wearing, rubber conserving fabric fronts. Less elastic, true. But you don't miss it in "Free-Swing." When you buy Suspenders, look at the back. For like the motor of your car, there is the test of good performance. Be sure you get the PARIS leather-link swivel action construction—your guarantee of the world's best suspender value ☆ ☆ ☆ Free-Swings are still only $1 and $1.50 a pair ☆ ☆ ☆ A. Stein & Company ☆ Chicago ☆ New York ☆ Los Angeles

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PARIS

Can't skid off your shoulders

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STEP ALONG WITH JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

...ISN'T IT TIME you tried something really *different?* Try Johnnie Walker...the richest, roundest, smoothest Scotch that ever came over from Scotland. Try it today!

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Johnnie Walker Red Label
Johnnie Walker Red Label
OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
JOHN WALKER & SONS LTD.

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from page 87

conflicting, although the voters by a considerable leeway voted in favor of selective rating of sports events.

Of course, the "top attractions" may not be of a character to compare with the "top attractions" of peacetime, but such as they will be, the public seems to be in favor of being thrifty with that part of its mileage it may allot to sports event attendance.

Several commented that millions might go to sports events simply because they were in the mood to seek some relaxation and relief from their burdens of toil and trouble, and even if the game would stink itself out by pre-war standards, they'd be glad to be sitting in.

Obviously, from comments by the voters, the American sports public is fully reconciled to a deterioration in the quality of exhibition sports, except among high school students. War fighting and labor demands for the physically superior specimens, and the impulses of those athletes themselves, have been draining sports talent to the extent that one authority has remarked that the only sort of player a baseball club owner can be sure of having on his team next season is a one-armed guy with fifteen dependent children.

Henry Kinney, Beckley, West Virginia, *Post-Herald*, thought "Transportation difficulties will make people less selective of the contests they go to. They will have to take the one easiest to reach, and they can't be too particular. Location, therefore, and not the importance of the participants, will be the deciding factor. Besides, I'm afraid that 'top attractions' as we have known them are out for the duration. All events will be more or less secondary if we judge them by pre-1942 standards. There will be a great levelling off of the quality of sports events."

"Rationing will make persons more selective of sports events only in those localities large enough to support major events," said **Lynn Callaway,** *Moline Dispatch*. "Men who used to drive 300 to 400 miles on a weekend to attend a big game will have to be content with the local high school games." **Henry G. King,** Huntington, West Virginia, *Advertiser*, also thought: "Rather than making fans more selective, rationing will give the fan little choice in his sport entertainment, distance to the contest being the governing factor." **Ed Scannell,** *Worcester Gazette*, pointed out that: "Increased interest in high school football last fall indicates that restricted travel will help schoolboy sports at home."

In view of the bowling bloc in this Poll it was certain that this fifth question would be strongly one way.

Bowling's boom in the past ten years has been one of sport's most phenomenal performances. A decade ago the bowling alley and pool hall were condemned as sin's cradle by earnest evangelists.

Starting from comparatively few, exceedingly proper, neat and well appointed establishments, bowling made a magic transformation so now the bowling establishment generally is a palatial place that stops just short of being gaudy. From a pastime of the lusty lower classes, bowling has spread its range to include the whole category of American humanity old enough to toss a big hard ball down planed planks.

And having the bowling rooms handy to the residences of the patrons has accelerated the game's growth, even though bucking the winter gales for a few blocks to the bowling alleys may not be quite the prospect to enrapture the descendents of sturdy pioneer ancestors.

Notwithstanding the bright forecast for bowling in wartime made in this Poll:

"Alleys are being closed because of shortage of employees," revealed **Miss Billy Lindelof,** Des Moines. "It is heart-breaking to see bowling change when it was being built so splendidly. Many things were being splendidly built, and now it is those things we are defending. If for a while we do not travel to tournaments, if for a while we cease to grow in our bowling activities, it is because we are proud of that which we have, and want to keep it. Bowling at home, in little planned affairs, unheard of before, is helping us to become acquainted with our neighbors. Many are bowling who never bowled before. And many 'old-timers' are not bowling. That is why I say, when the present circumstances are ended, when the old-timers are back in the game again, when the new ones become interested enough to join leagues, watch bowling! But until we have won the war, the women bowlers of Iowa have voted to stay at home, to give their all for the defense of our country."

"De luxe bowling alleys equipped with all the innovations such as masking units, decorative shields, electric foul lines and electric telescores," wrote **John W. Bauer,** Detroit, "are housed in spacious, well-appointed and air-conditioned buildings in accessible locations of practically every community center, servicing each small town and the various neighborhoods in the cities. Thus, the inviting, wholesome atmosphere and conveniences offered by the modernized bowling recreations, plus the features bowling affords in the way of good fellowship, sociability, friendly competition, relaxation and healthful exercise, together with its nation-wide popularity for participation by both sexes of all ages, all evidence an anticipated increase in the grandest and most patronized American

Continued on page 142

BOOKETTE—THE SELF-BETRAYED by Curt Riess. Here for the first time the shadows behind Hitler's war machine emerge as flesh and blood. For a true understanding of the German war-mind, you'll find nothing more complete, nothing more thorough than this Coronet Bookette.

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your best bet is

CORONET

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from pages 87-140

participant's game—bowling."

Abe Krash, *Cheyenne Eagle*, reported that: "Cheyenne bowling proprietors reveal that the sport has jumped 150 per cent in the last six months." But **Dick Hudson,** Charleston, West Virginia, *Mail*, said: "Rolling a ball isn't something to watch. It won't keep non-participants interested. Action sports outclass individual participation more in wartime than otherwise."

"Bowling has been hard hit in this community," reported **Duane Wilson,** Savanna, Illinois, "because of the 'swing' shifts and uncertain hours of call."

Mrs. Jean Knepprath, Milwaukee, said:

> Every good American citizen must have some sort of sport or recreation in order to give vent to their accumulated energy. Bowling, especially among women, has in recent years developed a great deal of sportsmanship and good fellowship, and league and tournament play has grown in popularity. Rationing in no way will hinder bowling, as the women will find their neighborhood establishments and get their relaxation, if it need be open play. League play may suffer for a few weeks, but interchange of places on teams will be made and the grand sport of bowling will continue on the same course it did in the last war.

Leo M. Faetz, the star bowler from Chicago, wrote:

> Bowling, America's finest indoor sport, which has been accepted by man, woman and child, should benefit as a result of gas rationing. The American people are great lovers of sports and as bowling can be enjoyed by young and old, it is my opinion that more time will be spent in their own community recreation centers. Now that the automobile has ceased taking them to and from big spectacles, I contend that the neighborhood bowling palaces will offer the excitement sports lovers crave. Statistics show that there are more bowlers than any other participant sport can show.

Other sports, however, had their favorites. **Fred Digby,** *New Orleans Item*, said: "I think softball, played by men, women, boys and girls with less equipment than is required in bowling, will gain the most in popularity." **Paul M. Grezelle,** Buffalo personnel director, reported: "Basketball has come into its own again at our Bell Aircraft Plant. We have quite a number of teams which have been organized, and similar teams are being formed in almost all war industries."

Lieutenant James R. Smith, water polo coach at St. Mary's Pre-Flight School, spoke for his favorite sport as follows:

> This is where swimming and water polo come in. All the frills of swimming instruction should be discarded for good hard work on fundamental strokes and conditioning that will fit men for swimming under war conditions. The aviation physical fitness program under the direction of Commander Tom Hamilton is the first to realize the advantages of this water sport.
>
> The founder of the game of football in the water, now known as water polo, was William Wilson of England in the year 1870. About ten years later it was introduced into this country. At first it was a rough and tumble scramble with sketchy rules and all kinds of tackles and holds permitted. The game gradually changed in character as a hard soccer ball or hard rubber ball was substituted for the partly inflated rubber ball. The game is still rugged, but can be played well by high school freshmen, or even women, if their swimming ability enables them to stay up in the water.
>
> One thing can be surely said. A water polo player will never succumb to the hazards of rough and mountainous seas if it is possible for a man to live in the conditions encountered. As Captain Roy J. Miller of the Long Beach, California, Life Guards used to say: "If he has played much water polo, he'll be able to handle himself in any rescue conditions he may encounter."

Ensign Angelo (Hank) Luisetti of St. Mary's, All-American basketball star, spoke for his game as follows:

> Basketball is one of the best "quickeners" given to Naval Aviation cadets. We don't teach it to make the cadets star field goal shooters, but we give them the type of basketball drill that improves their reactions and gives them the ability to see movement almost in all directions at once. We use the 2-and-1 drills a lot and the alertness and quick reaction developed by such practice is sure to prove valuable some day in a tough spot.

The flying cadets turned down bowling, and specified seventeen other sports in this question with badminton, softball and tennis in the lead. **Lieutenant (j. g.) H. L. Bash** of St. Mary's said: "Bowling is of comparatively little value as a physical fitness sport."

The break-down on the percentages on the five questions was as follows:

	I. **"Blessing"**	**"Harmful"**
The Public	50.94%	
Sportscasters	60.09%	
Sports Editors	55.74%	
Bowlers	58.52%	
St. Mary's Pre-Flight		51.32%
	II. **Yes**	**No**
The Public	56.36%	
Sportscasters	66.57%	
Sports Editors	81.06%	
Bowlers	68.46%	
St. Mary's Pre-Flight	83.47%	
	III. **Yes**	**No**
The Public		53.01%
Sportscasters	67.69%	
Sports Editors		55.68%
Bowlers	50.41%	
St. Mary's Pre-Flight	51.69%	
	IV. **Yes**	**No**
The Public	77.14%	
Sportscasters	55.24%	
Sports Editors	74.40%	
Bowlers	68.25%	
St. Mary's Pre-Flight	87.29%	
	V. **Yes**	**No**
The Public	79.21%	
Sportscasters	78.46%	
Sports Editors	76.78%	
Bowlers	85.95%	
St. Mary's Pre-Flight		56.30%

ⵌ

AMERICA IS SMOKING *MORE**

* Government figures show all-time peak in smoking

And far more Americans are wisely smoking PHILIP MORRIS!

Doctors report, in medical journals, that:

EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT DUE TO SMOKING, CLEARED UP COMPLETELY—OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED . . . WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS!

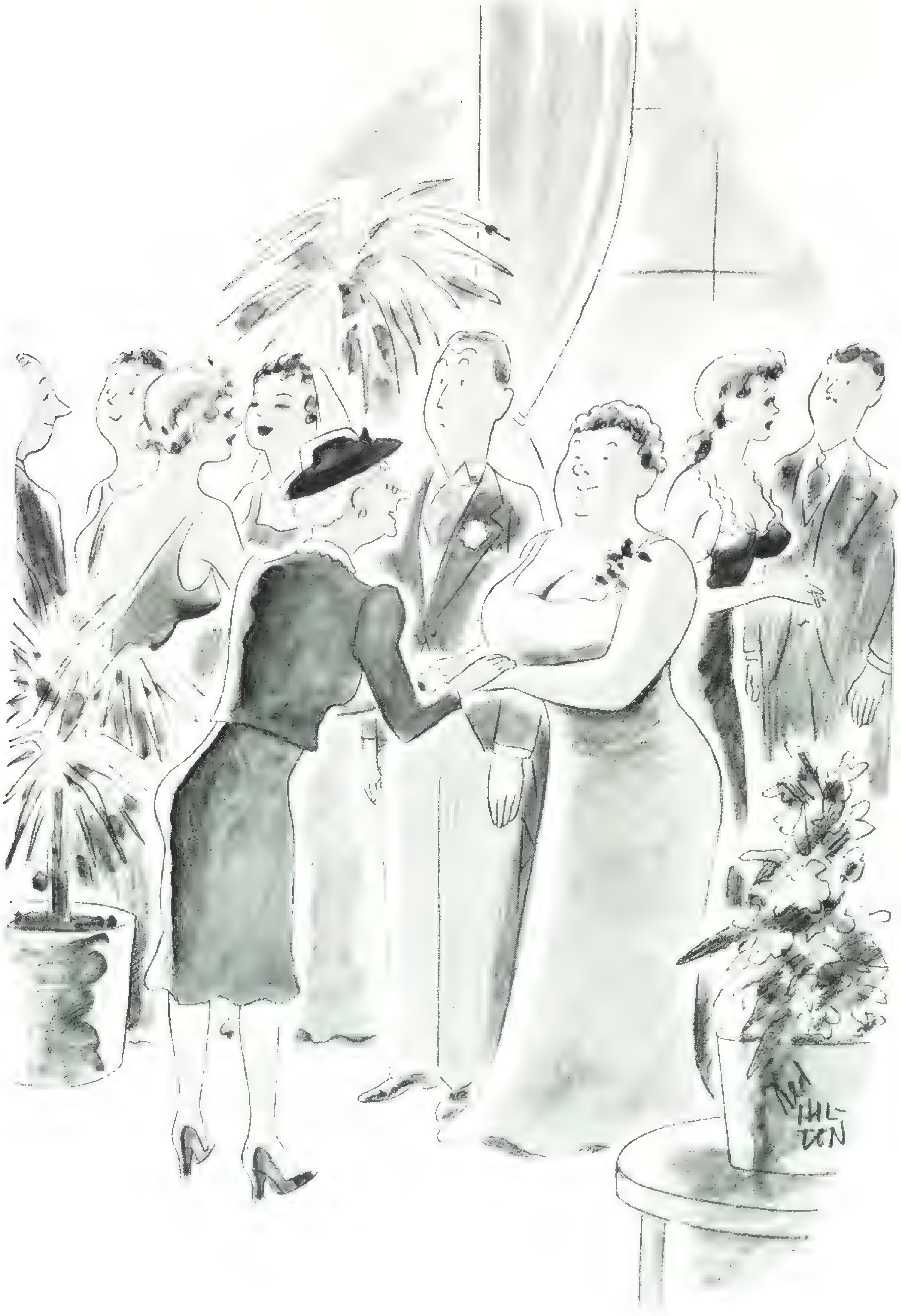
No claim is made of any curative power in PHILIP MORRIS. *BUT*—this evidence clearly proves PHILIP MORRIS far less irritating for nose and throat—therefore better *for* you. Try them!

And do they taste GOOD!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's FINEST Cigarette

SKY-PASSENGERS *on Pan American Clippers are served with America's FINEST Cigarette!*
PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS SYSTEM



"Your daughter has married a wonderful man, Mrs. Wilmott—and I do hope you three will be very happy together!"

WALKING MORE

than ever before?

WEAR AN ALLIGATOR

and let it pour!

Today — more outdoor walking for all of us! But Alligator owners needn't worry. Your wisdom in selecting the most dependable of raincoats pays real dividends! You'll stay smart, dry, healthy in all kinds of weather. If you haven't an Alligator Raincoat, see your dealer today, as limited stocks *are* available.

Featured At Better Dealers Everywhere

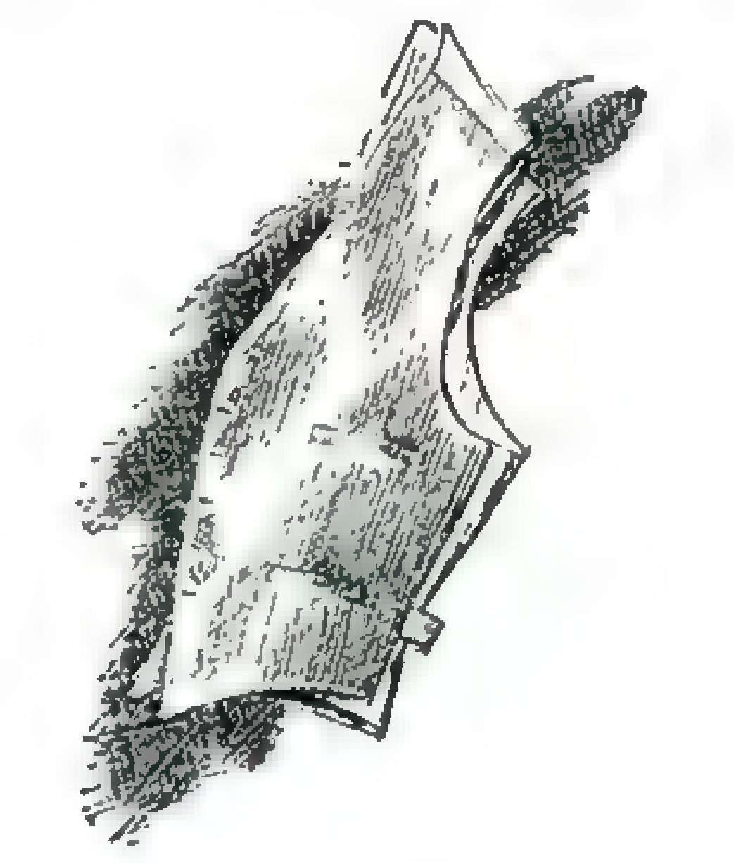
ALLIGATOR
RAINWEAR
because... IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles

The American Hatchway

Continued from page 84

builders was even fiercer than what he had been up against in New York. Only a man who "had gone through a course of Irish seasoning and graduated from a six-bottle college" could compete in their league. So our abashed Beefsteaker (Varlet, one Mickey Finn and make it snappy!) felt easier as he slipped southward into Virginia where things were calm.



The corduroy waistcoat is a companion for odd sport jackets.

Very calm. The typical Virginia planter rose at nine and strolled out to the stables for a look at his stud. Horse-racing was his supreme interest, with hunting next. At ten he sat down to coffee, eggs, hoe cake, concluding with a stiff Mint Sling (Julep's sire) as commencement of the day's potations. Somewhere around noon his throat would require another emulsion and he would sip half a pint of Bumbo (Rum, water, sugar, nutmeg), Apple Toddy (containing crushed pulp of baked apple to team up with flavor of Apple Brandy), or Pumpkin Flip (whatever *that* was). At three he dined, using Brandy, Claret, Cider, Madeira, Punch, and Sangarees to assist deglutition. The old throat trouble would recur about dusk, and distress calls were sent out to roadside inns where traveling ladies and gentlemen might be stopping. Massa was lonesome and would like the pleasure of their company.

That was why those old Southern mansions had to be so large. They were free hotels with no curfew. If you gave a dance, you put up thirty or forty people, not counting that jolly gang of six who, by wonderful luck, were driving past the gate.

And that was how we seaboard-scattered Americans got to know each other. The house by the roadside, whether private home or inn or rude log tavern, had a welcome for the traveler. He meant *news;* he could tell you the latest from wherever *he* came from, and that news was worth the drinks, for there were no radios, no newsreels, and no newspapers except quaint little weekly sheets which reported hardly any events outside their immediate neighborhoods because they lacked communications.

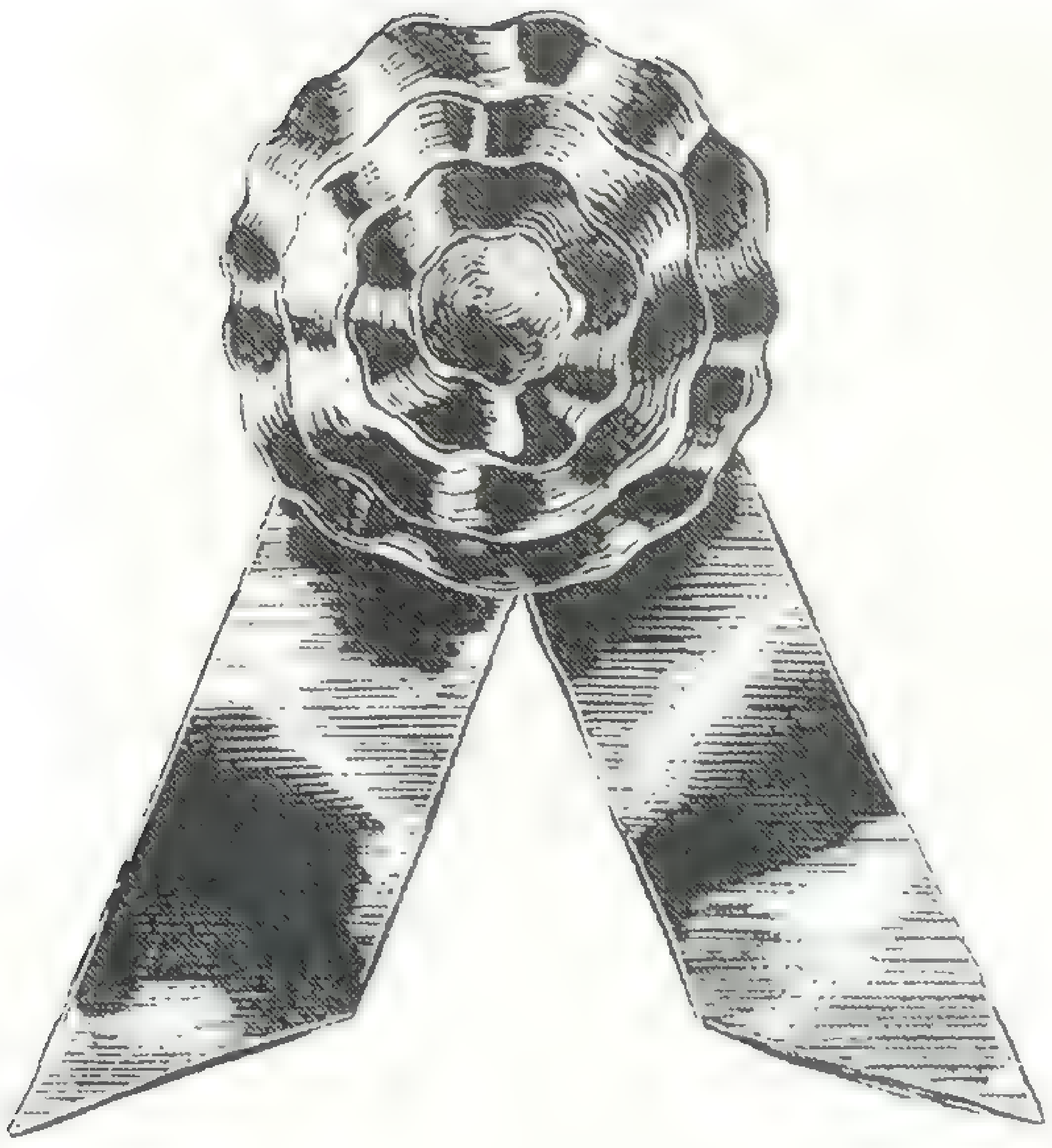
Remember, the American colonies had been started as rival enterprises and the populations they acquired disapproved of each other most heartily. Each had the only true religion, the only acceptable set of morals and manners, and produced, or had got hold of, the best liquor a man could drink. So when a Massachusetts man stopped at a quench cabin in the Carolinas and heard talk about the price of New England Rum, he discovered that even these abysmal Southerners were interested in things that mattered. And as he thawed out under convivial influences, opinion in regard to "those bigots up yonder" was revised: maybe it wasn't *their* fault, it was just the climate. All that ice and snow and probably not enough liquor to keep very human on, they were shipping it out so fast.

If *everybody* had journeyed about, making the glad discovery that underneath drawl or twang the other fellow's thirst spoke his language, no sectionalism could have survived to give Mr. Pullman his idea. But travel in those trackless days was a bump-tossed tedium (horses were changed every so often, but passengers were expected to last if properly fortified) which tempted few. Men who might have gone far as mistrust busters preferred to lavish their talents locally; anytime they got fidgety at their firesides, there was escape to independence and clay-piped discussion over mugs and glasses at that patriots' club, the nearby tavern.

Today we occasionally see the honored name of tavern worn by a mighty crummy dump. It burns me; as a drinker I feel insulted. When *I* take over the universe, *every* tavern is going to be a *tavern* —one of the pleasantest, proudest institutions in the community. (As it happens, beverage interests are even more vexed. Through the Brewing Industry Foundation, the Allied Liquor Industries, the Conference of the Alcoholic Beverage Industries, and the local authorities, they are smiting down on the undesirable operators, with the result that the American social scene is quietly being relieved of such offenders. But should Prohibition ever be re-bestowed upon us, the unworthies would bob up again as that era's aristocrats, some of them rising to redoubtable power as Rajahs of Rotgut.)

A typical hatchery of true Americanism was the Raleigh Tavern of Colonial Williamsburg, restored as a museum of memories. George Washington supped here; he was a good judge of whiskey, being a distiller himself. Here for one mammoth bowl of mine host's famous punch, the father of Thomas Jefferson bought from William Randolph a tract of 200 acres on which the author of the Declaration of Independence was born. Phi Beta Kappa was launched here at a party of William and Mary collegians in 1776;

Continued on page 146



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In 1942

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*Source: Media Records. For fair comparison, liquor linage has been omitted since The Chicago Daily News does not accept advertising for alcoholic beverages.

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ARE *YOU* buying enough war bonds? Buy *another*—then treat yourself to one of these new Cheney Tussah silks as a special salute to the men who bring fresh glory to our fighting traditions on "the shores of Tripoli." Mediterranean-brilliant colors—6 combinations in *each* pattern! The Algerian motif, illustrated; also Barbary Coast, Moroccan, Tunisian, Berber and Dakar designs.

$1.50 *each*

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STYLES FOR ALL OCCASIONS · TIE WELL · WEAR WELL
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CHENEY BROTHERS, *manufacturers of luxurious fabrics since 1838,* 1412 Broadway, N. Y. C.

The American Hatchway

Continued from pages 84-144

so when academic midnight oil-burners flaunt those gold keys at you in token of cerebral superiority, don't be fooled as to the kind of oil the whole thing started with.

Snob-ocracy and mob-ocracy were alike impossible in such places. All present were entitled to join in the weighing of questions of the day. Natural leaders, which the flow of moisture seemed to bring out, were listened to with respect and enthusiasm, but rubber stamp collecting wasn't much gone in for. Nor moron herding. The psychopathic joy-baiter with his pitcher of water hadn't yet appeared. Our air was much too full of Freedom, in which *his* kind can't breathe comfortably.

It was discovered that gusto generally goes with guts, whereas a sourness of puss, featuring a mealiness of mouth, is the sign of a sneak.

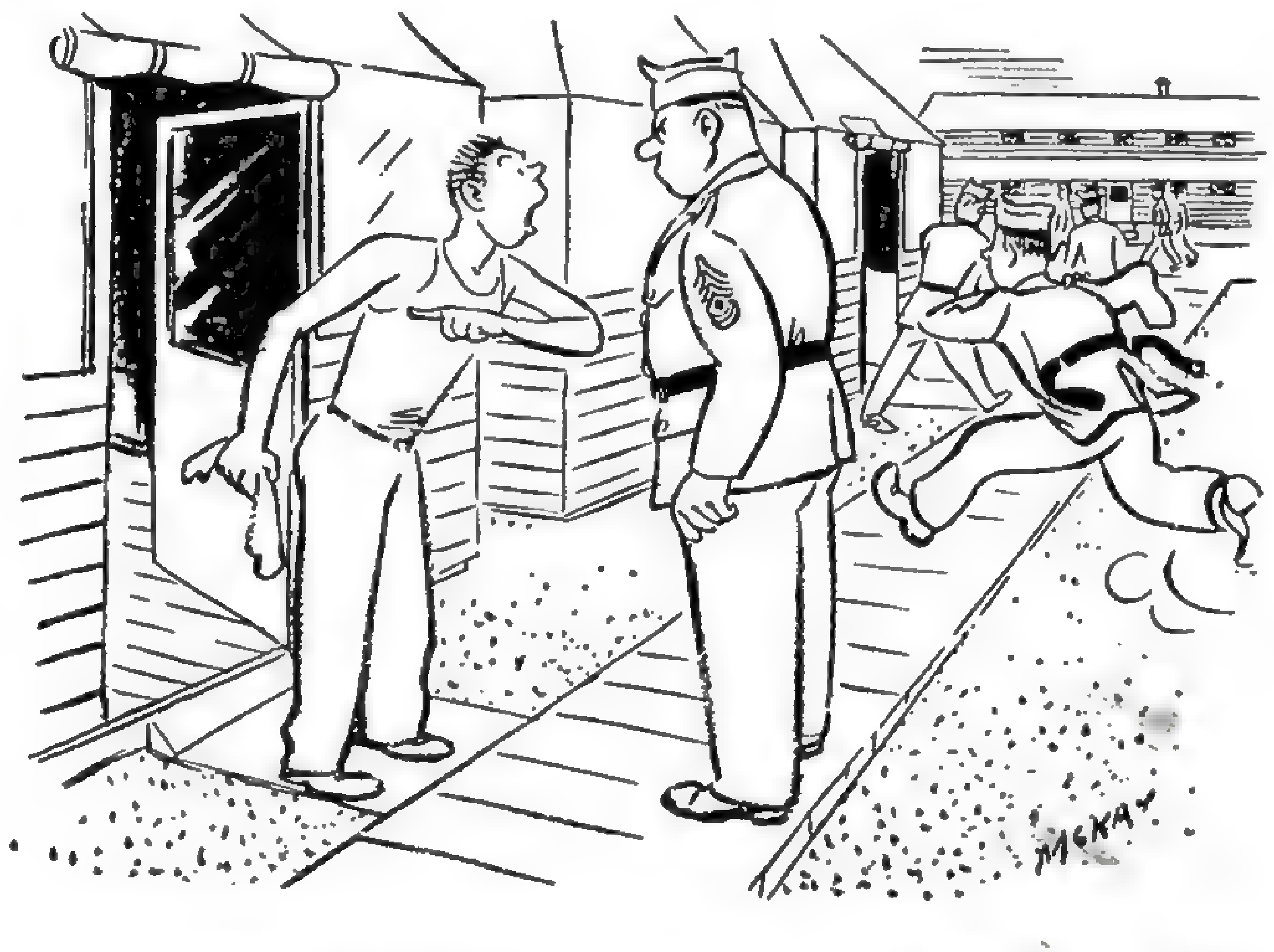
Therefore we admired the quiet courage shown by people in old countries of the world, such as the Chinese, but we were a new nation and for our part were very willing to be a little noisy in our fearlessness, jigging to the gay music of the fife with pauses for jug-tapping. Granted that the Charlestonians had swell fields of rice, the farmer in Vermont wasn't detained by the idea of dining on a couple of bowls of *that* stuff; no, he reached on past to the Virgin Islands for some of that famous Rum, a tumbler of which made just a nice chaser for his pumpkin pie—preceded by pork and beans with Sparkling Cider as dispatcher.

A sippy people, but not pecky. At inns in the back country, guests, heeding the howls of their stomachs, would send down a soother or so and then stroll into the dining room and appropriate a seat at the long table headed by host or hostess. Expectancy was tense, each gentleman holding his knife and fork upright in his fists or making practice motions with them. When, at last, platters and dishes of food were plumped down in the neutral zone, servant girls' hands had to be withdrawn quickly to escape the saber charge in which salt cellars were overturned, cruet stands sent crashing, and gravy scattered wild. He that hesitated, drew bones.

Applied geographically, this go-at-it spirit transformed our Union from a mere thirteen-star proposition into a forty-eighter with Forty-Niners paying for drinks in gold dust, and presently California grapes whispering, "The gold of our Sauterne is more fun."

It would be perhaps an exaggeration to say that Andy Jackson captured New Orleans for the sake of gumbo and Sazeracs, yet those were the outcome. But I'd be violating your trust in me if I told you that people got the habit of going to Saratoga and White Sulphur strictly for the waters. At the West Virginia spa, for example, the same Andy Jackson, as Old White Cottage summer resident, believed in sociability quite as much as he did in sulphur; with his presidential approval there grew up a local, but nationally famous, industry of cocktails (yessir, called by that name), Gin Slings (known in the deeper South as "Anti-fogmatics"), "Gum Ticklers," "Phlegm Cutters," and Mint Juleps. For those willing to accept Nature's simplicities as a change from the hotel bar, an enterprising restaurateur nearby ran an under-the-greenwood-tree establishment where mutton chops and venison steaks were attacked with the able assistance of good liquors, Madeira, Claret, and Champagne, not to mention the excellent iced punch. So if Old Hickory's health center failed to keep your gullet free of cobwebs, you couldn't say that it hadn't tried.

Modern America, though marred by hypocrisy areas where bootleggers rustle, has multiplied and rarified its bottlewares, offering them on a brand basis which assures exact supplication of predecessors. Nowadays, of course, we do our drinking solely out of regard for the U. S. Treasury. ╫



"Sergeant—someone stole my after-shave lotion!"

The Wildcats Are Fighting

Northwestern University athletes of other days do their stuff now for the armed forces

by **WALTER PAULISON**

▪SPORTS▪

ONE of the memorable games of the famed Northwestern-Notre Dame football series was the 1924 game in which an underdog Northwestern team played its heart out while going down to a 13 to 6 defeat at the hands of the storied Irish Four Horsemen. The Northwestern players turned in such a dogged, determined performance against such great odds, that a sports writer referred to them as Wildcats, a nickname which has since been applied to all Northwestern teams.

The captain of that first team to carry the name of Wildcats was Fullback Bob Wienecke, now Major Robert H. Wienecke of the 82nd Airborne Division, one of the crack outfits of Uncle Sam's hard-hitting Army.

Major Wienecke is one of the growing legion of former Wildcat athletes that is carving a name for itself on the nation's far-flung battle lines. Since 1926, Northwestern has been the site of one of the four U. S. Naval R.O.T.C. units which were established on college campuses that year. Each year since that time, Northwestern has graduated a large class of naval reserve officers which accounts for the large percentage of its students serving in that branch of the fighting forces.

Five Northwestern athletes, two of them members of the Naval R.O.T.C., have been killed since the start of the war. Lieut. Gus Bebas, pitcher on the 1939 baseball team, a bomber pilot in the battles of the Coral Sea and the Midway, was killed in the crash of his plane near Pearl Harbor.

Lieut. Joe Finch, captain of the 1940 track team and a member of two Big Ten teams that competed in the dual meets with the Pacific Coast, lost his life when his destroyer was sunk in the Battle of the Solomons. Plane crashes cost the lives of Lieut. Larry Lauwver of the 1936 football team; Don McCarnes of the 1940 basketball team, and Chase Fannon, 1940 Big Ten golf champion.

When Ensign George McKinnon, captain of the 1940 baseball team, was given his choice of ships on which to serve he selected a carrier; he heard the men played baseball on the decks for recreation. It proved to be the *Lexington*.

Not so long ago Lieut. Bob Newman, captain of the 1938 water polo team, was cited for bravery when he dived from a destroyer deck to rescue a seaman overboard. "He came at me so fast I thought it was a shark," said the sailor. Lieut. Newman's ship was sunk in the South Pacific.

It's Lieut. Steven Reid, U. S. Army Medical Corps, Australia, now. But in 1936 it was Capt. Steve Reid, All-American guard on the Wildcats' undefeated conference championship football team. His running mate at the other guard position, Vange Burnett, is a naval lieutenant in the submarine service.

Two star halfbacks on the 1940 football team went through naval flying training together and received their commissions at Corpus Christi. They are Ensigns Ike Kepford and Dick Richards.

In 1939 Bill Syring, pitcher on the Northwestern baseball team hurled a no-hit game against Chicago. It was his biggest thrill until he received his wings at the U. S. Naval Air Station at Jacksonville, Florida. In the same class was Tom Powell, star diver on the 1940 swimming team. Both are now on active duty.

When Lieut. James Liddell, guard on the 1939 football team, returns to home shores he will have some thrilling tales to tell. Lieut. Liddell was on submarine duty in the Philippines when war was declared. His ship fought in the battle of Java and in the South Seas before reaching Australia.

Mortimer Marks, the Marine captain taken prisoner at the fall of Guam, was the same man who starred on Northwestern's championship water polo team in 1934. The captain of that team, Frank Lennox, is a naval lieutenant on duty in the South Pacific.

Lieut. Walter Colbath, swimming director at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, was captain of Northwestern's 1929 N.C.A.A. championship team and held the national diving championship three straight years. His job is to teach every naval recruit at the big naval station how to swim before he leaves for active duty.

Clifford Groh, former Big Ten fencing champion when he attended Northwestern, was the youngest member of the Flying Tigers, and had three Jap planes to his credit. He was forced down in a storm, and then had to make a 480-mile trek back to his base, which took him from April 22 to June 6. During the height of the fighting in Burma, he cabled his parents in Wilmette, Illinois: "Knocking hell out of the Japs. No danger. Feeling fine." After the American Volunteer Group was disbanded, he flew a cargo plane from India to China.

He reports: "Those immense Douglas transports are now carrying more weapons and ammunition into China than ever went over the Burma road. Cargo planes are the main hope of the Chinese army. Also, American fliers are doing a magnificent job bombing daily key Jap points." ⧺

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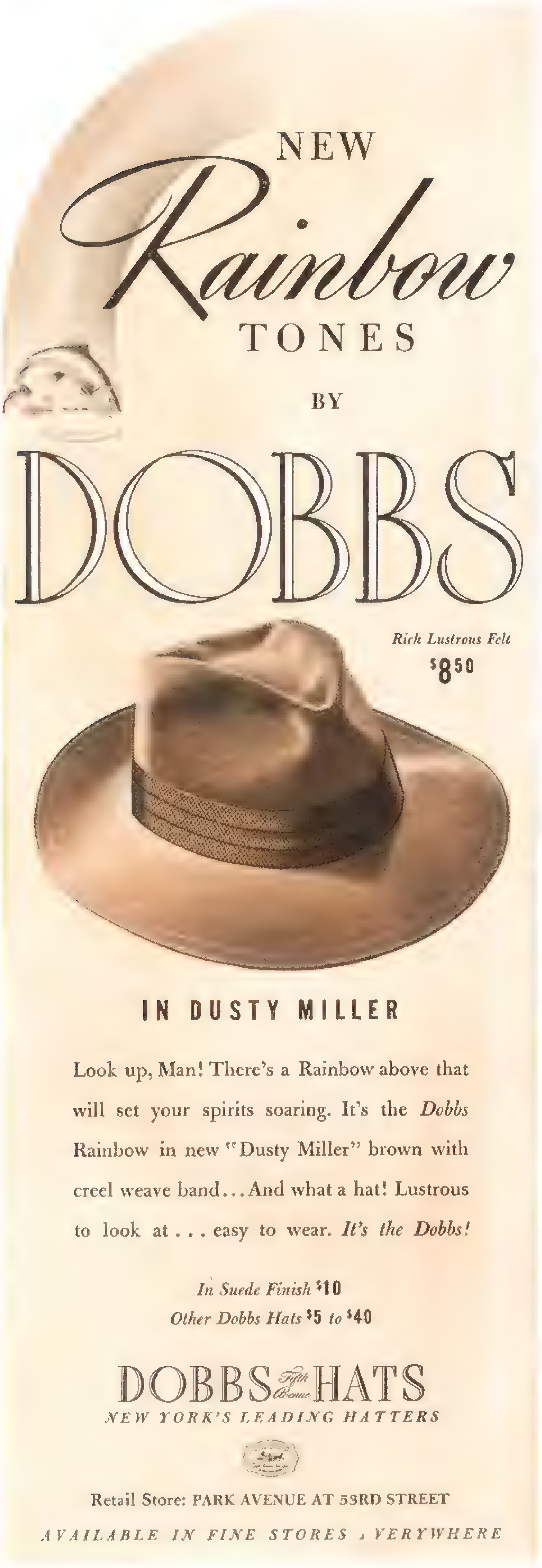

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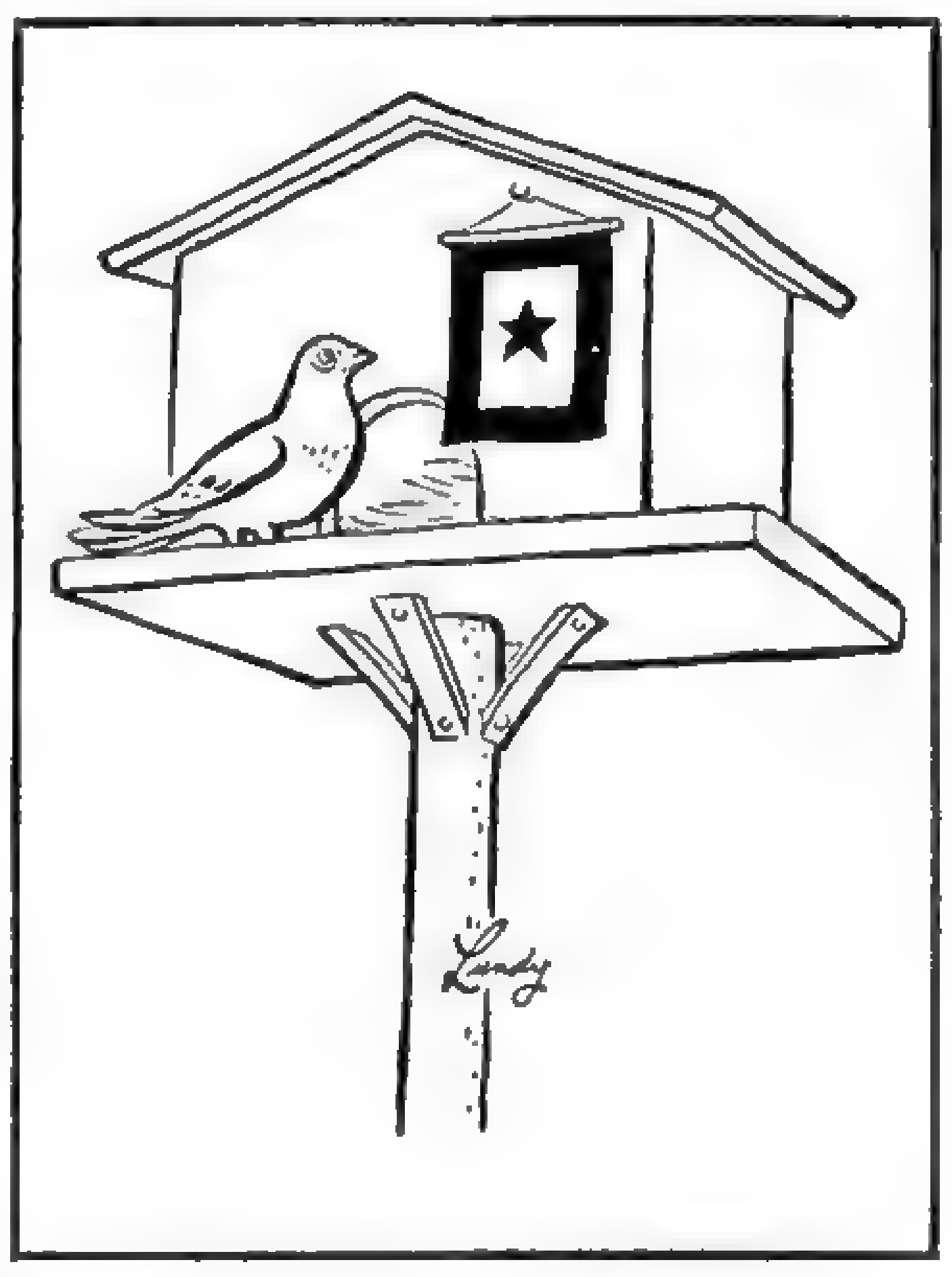
Germany Has Prepared Poison Gas

Continued from page 37

1923 and built two factories there for phosgen production. A year later the terrible mishap described at the beginning of this article occurred: the phosgen tanks on a ship bound for Kronstadt had somehow leaked and the life of every man on board had been snuffed out. But the Russians did not lose faith in Stoltzenberg, and, neither did the German army.

In 1924, Stoltzenberg began to produce on a small scale in Germany, pretending that his product was only for agricultural purposes. On January 20, 1924, he took out a patent—413352—which was described as follows: "D.R.P. 413352: Chemical Factory, Dr. Hugo Stoltzenberg, Hamburg; method for the production of certain gases, serving to destroy vermin with the help of planes and flame throwers."



Referring to this patent, he said to me, "You know the word vermin can mean any one of a number of things. It can mean locusts, it can mean Frenchmen and Englishmen."

Incidentally, the patent had been taken out under division 45 of the German patent law, covering agricultural products. In 1927, Stoltzenberg built two factories in the suburbs of Hamburg and started manufacturing poison gas on a large scale. The foreign governments calmed down when they were told that Stoltzenberg was manufacturing for Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia and the United States. It was true that some firms in these countries had placed a few orders, but they never got much out of Stoltzenberg. Most of his production went to the German army.

Stoltzenberg even took me out to one of his factories, about three miles from Muggenberg, a suburb of Hamburg. At that time Muggenberg officially still manufactured only for foreign clients and produced a small quantity of tear gas for the German police.

The factory consisted of three buildings and it was located in a deserted, flat countryside, without houses or trees. There was an enormous barbed wire fence around it. On the first floor of the main building, tear gas was produced; on the second floor phosgen gas, while on the third floor the manufacture of gas masks went on. The first floor of the second building contained power works. "We want to be independent in case the Hamburg power works should ever be bombed," Stoltzenberg explained. That was in 1931.

The workers—about forty of them—lived in the third building. No flowers, no grass anywhere. Escaping gases had destroyed all vegetation.

I sensed the gas while going through the factory. Indeed, after twenty minutes I developed a bad headache. To make things worse, a big storm started up just then.

During that storm Stoltzenberg behaved like a mad scientist in a Hollywood B-picture. Through flashes of lightning and rolls of thunder he would smile and say, "If lightning should strike one of these tanks, the whole population of Hamburg would die."

He reached the height of cynicism when he published a book in the Spring of 1930. It had taken him two years to write *Darstellungsvorschriften fuer Ultra-Gifte* (Prescriptions for Ultra-poisons), though it is only sixty pages long. The sub-title reads: *Anleitung zur Herstellung von Ultragiften* (A Guide for Manufacturing Ultra-poisons).

The book contains chemical formulas, so simplified that even a layman can produce poison gas in his kitchen. In the preface Stoltzenberg refers to his book as "a cook book for ultra-poison."

The author sent two thousand copies to friends and associates all over the world, together with a price list of poison gases. He thought this would be an excellent publicity campaign. "After all, poison gas is humane," he told me when I showed some repugnance. "It kills quickly, with a minimum of suffering."

The book created an enormous scandal in the democratic press of Germany, but nothing happened to Stoltzenberg or to the army men who backed him during the few remaining years of the Republic. However, the Nazis, once they came to power, immediately suppressed the book. There are very few copies outside of Germany today.

The Nazis changed the scale of poison gas production completely. By 1935 six big factories were producing poison gas, five of them belonging to the I. G. Farben concern. Bayer & Co. had two factories, and Meister Lucius & Bruening, Badische Anilin & Sodafabriken and Griesheim Elektrodenfabrik each had one.

The German army, shortly after Versailles, had also started experimenting with new ways of blowing off poison gas, since their experiences with that angle during the last war had proved highly unsatisfactory. In Berlin-Charlottenburg they created a mysterious firm called Total A. G., which was supposed to manufacture fire-extinguishers. A Major Heinrich Ruehle of the former General Staff was made manager. The Total A. G. built twenty-one laboratories and carried out extensive experiments with the aid of the Army Ministry, in Allenstein, East Prussia. There were miles of pipe lines connected with a power station. All this long before Hitler, while the majority of German people passionately clamored for peace. At the same time the army ordered gas shells from the Borsig Rheinmetall A. G. in Berlin.

More important and more revealing is the fact that in the late twenties the army started training special troops for poison gas warfare, the so-called *Nebeltruppen* (fog-troops). When the war started, the Nazis had ten of these fog regiments. Today they are supposed to have fourteen.

These regiments consist of *Gas Moerser-Abteilungen* (Gas Mortar Divisions), *Abblase-Bataillions* (Release-Battalions), and *Vergiftungs-Abteilungen* (poisoning companies). Though they form a unit in themselves, they are not used as such, but are assigned to special tasks with infantry and artillery regiments or tank divisions.

So far, since there has been no poison gas warfare, the fog-troops have been used to create artificial fog in covering up tank attacks and pioneer attacks against fortifications. Through them, the smoke-screen idea of modern sea warfare has been introduced into land warfare.

These troops are led today by General von Tempelhoff and General Major von Ruehle. It may be of interest that General von Tempelhoff occasionally has visited the United States to inform himself about progress in poison gas industry. His latest visit occurred in 1936.

It seems more than doubtful that Hitler will resort to poison gas warfare, unless he gets into a very desperate situation. German military literature terms poison gas a "weapon of secondary importance." According to Colonel Georg Soldan, poison gas "destroys fighting spirit on both sides of the fence," and "slows down the velocity of attack up to 80 per cent. Gas cannot be used in tank attacks, since it cannot be kept out of the vehicle and the tank crew cannot be expected to wear protective masks."

Rudolf Hanslian, another German expert, cautioned against overestimation of gas, but pointed out that if the purpose of the attack is disintegration of civilian morale, poison gas may be used to aid long-range military operations.

But perhaps an even more decisive reason for Hitler's hesitation in starting poison gas warfare is the fact that England and the United States produce more than 60 per cent of all the poison gas in the world, and that some of their gases are very much superior to German products which make up only 17 per cent of the world production. Russia, too, has built up a large production of gas (especially mustard gas) somewhere behind the Urals.

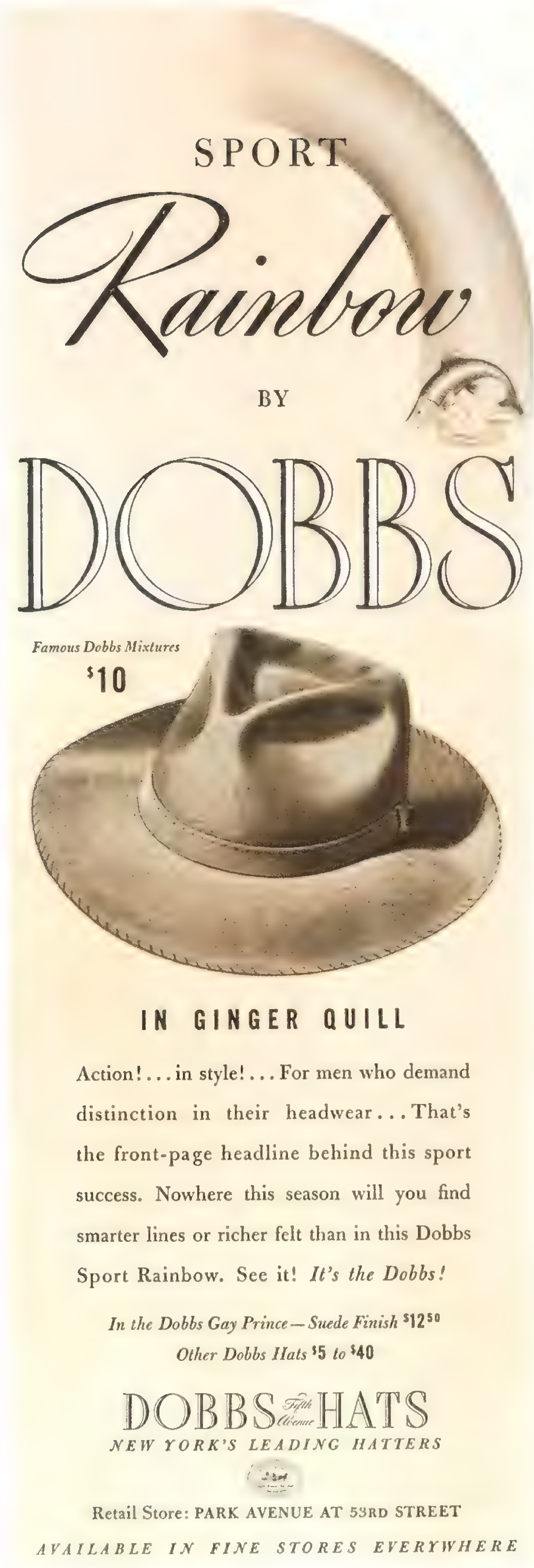
It is definitely not because of humane considerations that Germany has not introduced poison gas so far. I quote from the secret regulations for chemical warfare, distributed in 1937 by the German army—a pamphlet of 250 pages written entirely by General von Tempelhoff, who says:

"The will to destruction dominates all war-like activities. It prescribes the development of chemical warfare with the following aim: intensification of gas weapons, so that they can rapidly and permanently exterminate the enemy despite the perfection of his means of gas protection and gas discipline."

No further proof is needed. #

CAMPUS CHOICE

Favorite records of down-beat fans from three campus towns are shown in this chart, and rank the top tunes in the order of their popularity as shown by our point system. Figures indicate the relative favoritism for each song at the various colleges. Smith's figures came from the Music House of Northampton, Mass.; Trinity's from G. Fox & Co., of Hartford, Conn.; and Oregon U.'s from the Wilson Music House of Eugene, Oregon.	SMITH COLLEGE	TRINITY COLLEGE	U. OF OREGON
White Christmas (Decca 18429 with Bing Crosby)	1		
(Columbia 36649 with Charlie Spivak)		6	
(Victor 27946 with Freddy Martin)			2
I Had the Craziest Dream (Columbia 36659 with Harry James)	2	1	
Manhattan Serenade (Columbia 36644 with Harry James)	4		
(Victor 27962 with Tommy Dorsey)		4	
Star Dust (Victor 27520 with Tommy Dorsey)			1
Serenade in Blue (Victor 27935 with Glenn Miller)		3	6
Juke Box Saturday Night (Victor 20-1509 with Glenn Miller)		2	
At Last (Victor 27934 with Glenn Miller)	3		
Nutcracker Suite (Victor DM-265 with the Philadelphia Orchestra)			3
Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition (Columbia 36640 with Kay Kyser)	6	5	
Grand Canyon Suite (Victor C-18 with Paul Whiteman)			4
There Are Such Things (Victor 27974 with Tommy Dorsey)			5
Kalamazoo (Victor 27934 with Glenn Miller)	5		



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Stars in the Service

Admiral Halsey preferred hitting the line to running the ends in his football days

When Admiral William F. Halsey, Jr. was a student in The Pingry School, Elizabeth, New Jersey, he was known by the nickname of "Pudge." He loved football above all sports, and his characteristic methods as Admiral today were evident as a football player. As one of his friends, Norman F. Charlock, a Pingry graduate of '02, said: "Pudge Halsey always wanted to take the ball through the line. He liked to hit hard and preferred bucking the line to running the ends. He always did the unexpected, and his quick decisions and unorthodox methods caught the opponents off balance."

Later at Annapolis, Admiral Halsey played fullback on the Navy teams of 1902 and '03. Upon his graduation from the Academy in 1904 he received the Thompson Trophy Cup awarded each year to the midshipman who has done the most for the promotion of athletics at the Naval Academy.

In 1917 and '18, Admiral Halsey was Director of Athletics at Annapolis.

* * *

Robert (Buster) Keeton, former Colorado College football star, shot down the 101st Jap plane for the Flying Tigers. When the Tigers were disbanded he became a ferry pilot and test pilot, but in a letter recently he said: "Every now and then I get itchy fingers and feel like getting into the middle of the scrap again. If it gets any worse you'll probably hear from me in the Solomons or China."

* * *

Lieutenant Timothy J. Wholey, University of Dayton football star of the class of '36, was among those reported missing on Bataan. Lieutenant Colonel William Nunn, another U. of Dayton grid star, class of '28, is serving in the Pacific. Captain John Padley who in 1940 was rated as "America's best small college back" is with the Marines in Panama.

* * *

Michael J. Saska, former Carnegie Tech. guard who played in the Sugar Bowl in 1939, was killed in action while serving as a fighter pilot operating from an aircraft carrier.

* * *

Humboldt State College of Arcata, California, had a championship basketball team last winter which has now gone all-out for war. Billy Lee, forward, who averaged 16.4 points per game, won his wings as a naval aviation cadet at Livermore, California. Len Longholm, his running mate, joined the Marines. Howard Goodwin, center, joined the Ferry Command, and Rod Belcher, all-conference guard, is in the Army at Fort Douglas, Utah. Harry E. Griffith, former UCLA star who coached the team, is a First Lieutenant in the Army Air Corps serving as Special Service Officer at Paine Field, Washington.

* * *

Donald Pagel, former Carthage College grid star and pole vaulter, was reported missing in action on Bataan. He enlisted in the Air Corps in 1940 and was commissioned First Lieutenant on February 27, 1942.

* * *

Lieutenant Mac M. McMarrell, former Ball State Teachers College baseball star, was shot down over Egypt. He landed behind the British lines with one leg useless from a bullet wound and crawled over a mile before he reached a field hospital.

* * *

Two former Georgia Teachers College football players have had phenomenal air experiences. Charles J. Paine, who played football at Collegeboro in 1934 and '35, was pilot of the Flying Fortress "Phyllis" when its oxygen supply was knocked out in a scramble with forty Focke-Wulf 190's. He attempted a long glide, but the nose of the ship refused to go down. The entire crew then stood up front until the big ship nosed down, and just managed to make a landing field on shore across the English Channel.

Robert C. "Moose" Moss had his plane shot out from under him during a daylight raid on Meshod over the Thailand border. He parachuted and although landing ten miles behind the Jap lines, returned to his base via bull cart, river boat and plane after eluding capture.

* * *

Lieutenant Hugh L. Kelly, who was one of the outstanding ends in small college eastern football while playing for Clarkson in 1939 and '40, was killed in a bomber crash near Sarasota, Florida.

* * *

Lieutenant (j. g.) Art Wrotonowski, former Pacific Coast Conference high hurdle champion in 1940, made a swan dive from the forecastle hatch of the aircraft carrier *Wasp* beyond the burning oil and saved his life. He had a year to go at Southern California when he dropped out to take up naval aviation.

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Lieutenant Robert Friesz, former Missouri track star, won the Navy Cross for his services in the Battle of Midway. He was pilot of a Douglas "Dauntless" dive-bomber operating off a carrier which scored a direct hit on a heavy Jap ship. Lieutenant Friesz also was in the battle of Santa Cruz, which he rates as fierce and as important as the Battle of Midway. "In the duel between American and Jap aircraft carriers," he declares, "enemy air power that would have helped the Japs retake the Solomons was destroyed."

Lieutenant Friesz says that he hasn't seen an enemy pilot, prisoner. "However," he reports, "I have seen several dead Jap pilots. All were small men, weighing under 120 pounds and their bodies were thoroughly wrapped in either silk or tape to prevent burns or bleeding. One dead Jap's body had a ring from a California college fraternity on one finger."

* * *

Lieutenant Colonel O. K. Pressley, who in 1928 attained the honor of being Clemson's greatest football center, was decorated for bravery at Guadalcanal. Theodore J. Boselli, class of '39, who was a bantamweight boxer and shortstop on the baseball nine at Clemson, has received the Distinguished Flying Cross twice. He is an aerial navigator, who charted the course for the Harriman Mission to Russia, and also the course for what is believed to have been the last plane from Australia to the Philippines and back. Clemson points with pride to 2,118 former students now in the armed forces.

* * *

Captain Frank E. Rokusek, who was end and captain of the Illinois eleven in 1924 when Red Grange was in flower, is Special Service Officer at MacDill Field, Tampa. He was also Bob Zuppke's assistant for a number of years. "My coaching and business experience have been a big help to me," he writes. "This is a swell field. The men like it. Something always going on. The men are rarin' to go. With such a fine spirit, and I believe it is universal, I think we can knock the Axis over. My fundamental respect for all opponents causes me to use plain English."

* * *

Two former football players from Capital University, Columbus, Ohio, are now starring in the skies. After his junior year, John Disbor turned his center duties on the eleven over to his brother, Garry, and joined the air force. On one foray over New Guinea his Flying Fortress was shot down, and his crew wandered for 45 days in the jungle, suffering from fever and lack of food. But they made it, returned to Australia where John received the Order of the Purple Heart, recuperated and is flying again. In making the decoration Lieutenant General George H. Brett said: "Without thought of their personal safety, the crew tried to close the doors from the catwalk. When the damaged plane was forced to land, the crew burned it and set out afoot through the jungles, taking six and a half weeks to reach safety."

Back in 1935 Don Burkey was playing end on the Capital eleven. Don liked to carry the ball on end-around plays, at which he averaged over 20 yards for the season. James Chambers, a news scribe in England, recently wrote the following of one of Lieutenant Burkey's war activities:

"Co-pilot of a Flying Fortress, Lieutenant Burkey had to assist Chief Pilot Lieutenant Claire Smart, Crooksville, Tennessee, at the flying controls after enemy planes had knocked out seven of the ship's guns. As the bomber passed the French coast, it was attacked by a swarm of Focke-Wulf 190 fighters. A second after the ball turret gunner sent one enemy to the ground in flames, a bomb exploded near that station and put the gun out of commission. Another formation of Nazi planes staged an attack from below. The tail gunner, though wounded in the arm, kept his gun in action. By this time the Fortress was so badly riddled that Lieutenant Burkey went to Lieutenant Smart's assistance at the controls. 'They did a great job, those two,' the bombardier later commented. 'They did everything two pilots could do and got us to the target. And when we got there, they gave me a perfectly controlled bombing run. I saw my bombs drop directly on the target.' Burkey and Smart had to use all their strength and skill to fly the bomber home and they were under almost incessant attack."

* * *

Brigadier General Laverne G. Saunders, former West Point tackle and member of the Army coaching staff from 1931 through 1939, was commander of the American bombardment group that attacked a Jap cruiser off Shortland Island, south of Bougainville Island, on September 29. In the group was Lieutenant Frank T. Waskowitz of Chicago, who captained the University of Washington eleven when it played Pittsburgh in the Rose Bowl in 1937.

In the attack, Waskowitz' plane, *The Blue Goose*, was lost. As Colonel Saunders reported: "*The Blue Goose* made a bombing run at the cruiser and still had half its bomb-load left. Waskowitz couldn't imagine turning back with all those bombs; so he wheeled his big blue plane around and came in again. This time the Japs got his range, and at about 6,000 feet his ship cart-wheeled down into the water, burning all the way. The crew, including Waskowitz, never had a chance."

* * *

Major Dudley Strickler, former Culver football and basketball star back in 1919-20, was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross by General MacArthur for his leadership on Bataan. He received the award on February 7, 1942, and was killed in action the very next day. ⧺

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Two Men of Lehigh

Lieutenant Ellstrom shot by Japs in chute; Red top saves Capt. Sheppard from natives

by **LEONARD H. SCHICK**

▪ARTICLE▪

High over a bomb wrecked airfield in the Philippines, Lieutenant George O. Ellstrom flew his pursuit ship on the morning of December 8, 1941. One of three pilots from his squadron able to get his plane off the ground, Lieutenant Ellstrom, only a few years ago a star football player at Lehigh University, now rode the skies seeking revenge. He did not have long to wait as the Japs, flying in packs, dove to the attack.

Unconcerned as bullets shattered the fuselage about him, Lieutenant Ellstrom grimly triggered his own gun and rejoiced when first one, then a second, and finally a third of the attacking Zeros veered off and fled. But the damage had been done. Riddled with bullets, Ellstrom's own motor sputtered, coughed, and then killed as he climbed over the side and leaped.

But as his parachute swayed gently toward earth, the Japs bore down upon him, firing wildly; and mortally wounded, he dangled in the air.

Fighting to retain consciousness Lieutenant Ellstrom landed a few moments later, refused medical attention and insisted upon seeing his superior officer to whom he gave information of vital importance concerning the fire power of the enemy planes. His mission accomplished, Lieutenant Ellstrom turned his face away and died.

Here the story might have ended if Lieutenant William A. Sheppard, a classmate also flying in the Philippine sector, had not heard of Ellstrom's fate. A member of the class of 1938 at Lehigh, Lieutenant Sheppard recalled his friend whose touchdown runs had made him one of Lehigh's outstanding athletes. Captain of the Lehigh rifle team himself, Sheppard remembered that Ellstrom had led the golf team in his senior year and was also a wrestler. As these memories came back, Sheppard vowed to avenge his friend and classmate.

For several days he cruised the sky hunting the enemy, who struck only when numerically superior. Finally Lieutenant Sheppard, better known to his friends as "Pittsburgh Red," spotted three Mitsubishi bombers over the Jap troops landing in the Vigan area. Disregarding the odds, he roared to the attack, shot down two of the bombers, and then headed for the third, which by this time was on the run. But some of the Japanese shots had pierced "Red's" radiator and so he glided northward to get out of Jap territory before jumping.

Over the Abra river his plane started to burn so he rolled over and bailed out. Landing in a thorn tree, Lieutenant Sheppard climbed down, uninjured except for the thorns, and found himself surrounded by a group of fierce, semi-naked savages brandishing spears and head axes, who believing him to be a Jap, closed in for the kill. Realizing his danger, Sheppard whipped off his flying helmet and revealed his flaming mop of red hair. Startled by this display, the natives, realizing that no Jap ever had hair that color, instantly abandoned their warlike attitude, approached with friendly gestures, and then escorted him through the Philippine jungle to another American pilot who had suffered a similar fate.

The escape of these two Americans through the wildest part of the islands can best be described by Lieutenant Sheppard, who wrote to his parents:

"Being behind the Jap lines on the coast—but away up the Abra river valley—we decided to cut across the mountains and return down the interior. So we hiked out over 100 kilometers of Philippine mountain wilderness in the wildest part. We had to cover prodigious distances during the day, but arrived every night at some sort of white man's outfit—mine or mission. Friendliest people in the world—the missionaries living in regular paradises of ease and plenty. I imagine the going is tough now.

"We emerged at Labuaan on the central road from the north to Baquio and with only about twenty more kilometers of hiking had transportation over the most hair-raising mountain roads imaginable to Baquio through Bontoe and to Clark Field. Not more than a couple of white men had ever made this journey before.

"We crossed the territory of five of the old head hunting tribes, one of which I can't remember, the Apayao, the Kolinga, the Bontoc, and the Benquet. They were quite friendly with Americans, and especially liked my red hair, but were all decked out in breech clouts and war bonnets with heavy spears and head axes looking for Japs. Even the road workers carried a head axe."

At the journey's end Lieutenant Sheppard rested a few days and then left for Java where it was found he had diphtheria. Hospitalized for two weeks, he fumed until he was dismissed and then by a circuitous route he rejoined General MacArthur in Australia.

Promoted to the rank of captain for his exploits, Sheppard has twice since been reported missing in action, but each time he reappears and always has one or two Jap planes to add to his list. #

Poachers in Paradise

Continued from page 65

nostrils of his incipient corpses. The odor was baffling, but the young mortician thought he could distinguish traces of chlorine, mink bait, alcohol, and two or three of the chemicals privy to his own profession.

"I am shocked to hear of you passing, boys," said Moses.

"Don't you grieve, son. Me an' Zack's glad it's come. It was just a question of time. An' now the gates has swung ajar for us."

Zack, sliding ever lower in his chair, inquired: "You got a double coffin, Mose?"

"Why, yes, it just so happens," began Moses, and stopped, perceiving that further speech would fall upon insensitive ears.

Assured that Moses understood their dying wish, and would fulfill it, the two sufferers had relaxed completely. Weary of the war of equilibrium, Zack had melted peacefully to the floor, drawing a Morris chair over him for warmth. The one-eyed poacher had entered Heaven in mid-yawn. His head fell restfully against an iron coat hook in the wall behind his chair. His features were serene and magnificent, imperious even in death.

Glancing from one to the other of his snoring charges, Moses Mutter sighed with fond exasperation. Well, anyway, they had asked for it! They were both heavy men, rawboned and tall, but Moses was accustomed to handling corpses singlehanded. Of course it would be easier if *rigor mortis* were to set in, but Moses doubted that it would. Anyway, Jeff Coongate didn't weigh much more than old Ambrose Crib. Neither did Zack. Let's see, now—what were the dimensions of the double coffin? Yes, it would probably hold them both. Moses knew he would have no trouble borrowing the other items which his guests had demanded. . . .

The resurrection began about four in the afternoon when the November gloom had reached over the lake country. The one-eyed poacher sat up stiffly in the coffin from which the lid had been foresightedly removed. In the blue and ghostly light which came through the stained glass window, Uncle Jeff discerned an array of bottles, tubes, and certain of the heavier kind of surgical instruments. From a shelf, a friendly gleam reflected from an autopsy set. The old man was at first vaguely alarmed, then soothed, for on top of a neighboring coffin he spied a rum bottle, two rifles, a deck of cards, a gill net, a box of 45-70 cartridges, and other heavenly items. Someone, probably an angel, had placed some unidentified flowers in a vase. Their odor mingled pleasingly with that of formaldehyde and embalming fluid.

Uncle Jeff prodded Zack in the ribs. "Wake up, Zack! We're here!"

"Where?" asked Zack, sitting bolt upright.

"Heaven! Look around you!"

Moses Mutter, who was following the progress of the resurrection through an eye hole in the side door, chose this moment to supply the final touch. He signaled to Jumbo Tethergood's middle boy, Alton, who was stationed nearby. Alton raised his mail order trombone to his lips. The instrument had cost $11.70, complete with a small bottle of Free-Slip Slide Oil. The boy now let loose a couple of lacerating B-flats, and at Moses' wave, desisted and went home.

As the echoes reluctantly died among the Mopang hills, Zack Bourne looked at Uncle Jeff Coongate, and said: "My God! At last! It's Gab'rul blowin' his horn."

"Yup. We're in!"

In the ghoulish blue light, the woodsmen peered at each other. They touched each other timidly.

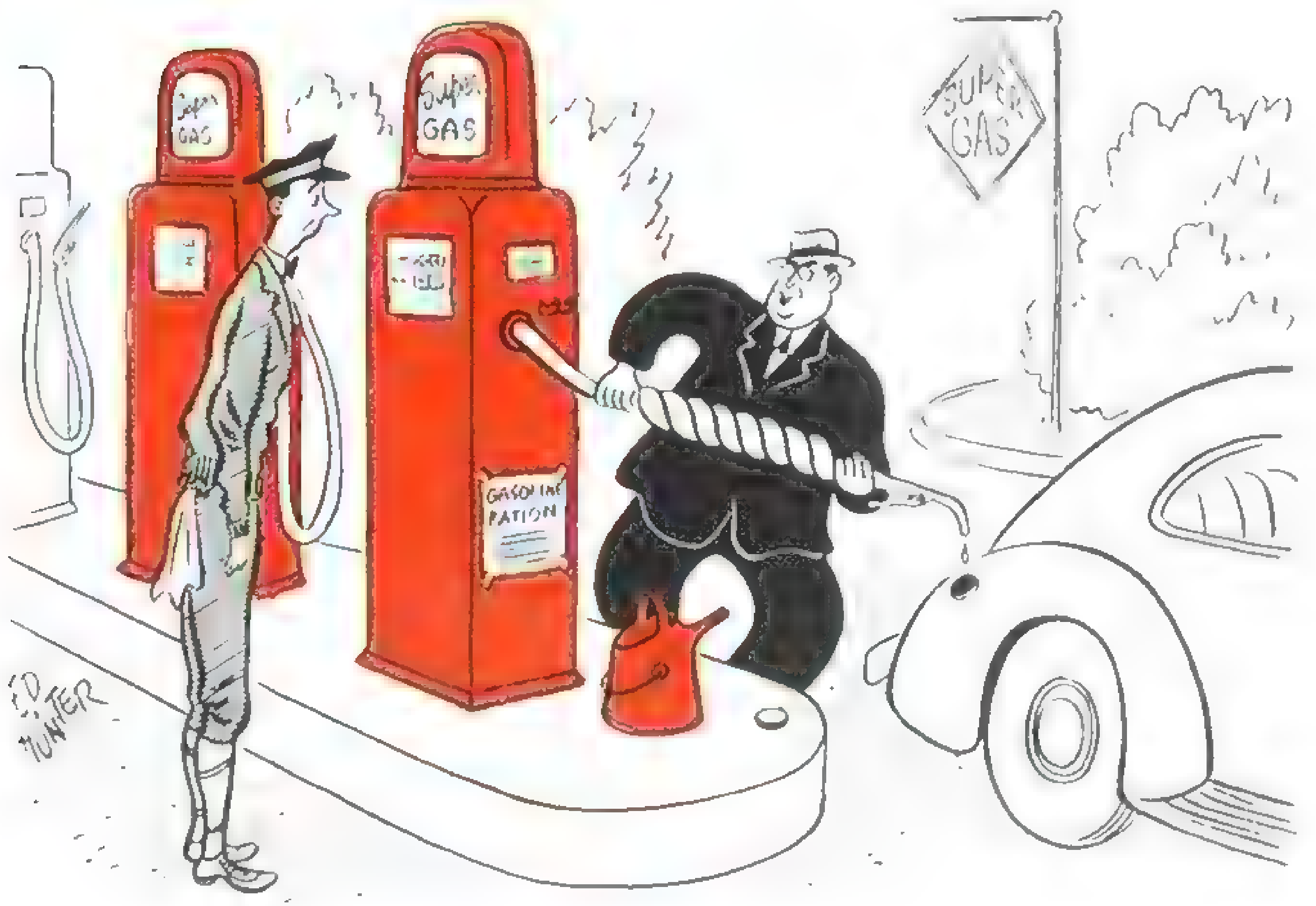
"Is that you, Jeff? Honest?"

"Sure. Who'd you think it was?"

"I jest want to make certain I ain't here without you."

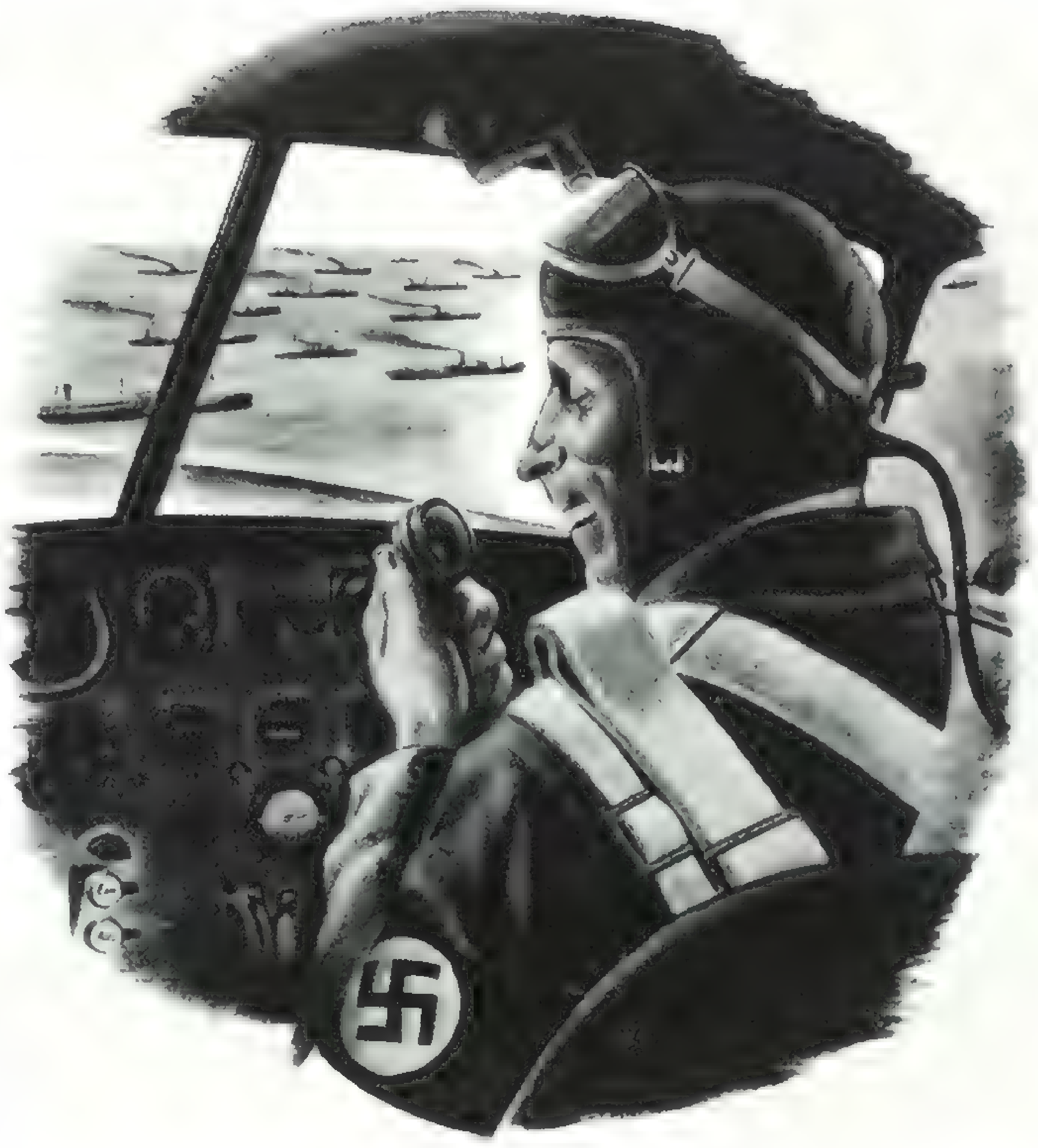
Reassured, they shook hands and congratulated one another. They stood up, climbed out of the

Continued on page 154



"See!"

Loose Talk can cost Lives!



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Poachers in Paradise

Continued from pages 65-153

box, and stretched. They noted with increasing gratitude the appurtenances of Heaven. A celestial bell-hop had placed a pitcher of spring water near at hand on a slab of marble. Some cherubic Boy Scout had built a fire in the pot-bellied stove to ward off the afternoon chill.

"Ain't it jest like I told you?" whispered Jeff.

"It's perfick. I can't hardly believe it. But—" Zack had suddenly remembered his wife, Sarah, who was presumably waiting for him down on earth. "I wonder if Sarah'll miss me?"

"No. Fergit it."

"S'pose they's any way of gettin' a messidge to her?"

"No. Lots of fellers tried it. Besides, you ain't got nothin' to say to her, on'y that you're dead. She'll know that, anyways."

His last worry dispelled, Zack perched on a convenient coffin opposite Uncle Jeff. Unaccustomed to such bliss, Zack began searching for the joker.

"Wonder if They'll do anythin' to us for shootin' the stern off the game warden's canoe that time off Caribou Point?"

"Who do anythin' to us?"

"Why, you know—St. Peter, or Gab'rul, or any of them fellers."

"That shootin' may be one of the reasons they let us in here so easy. It was a game warden, wasn't it? An' he could swim, too, couldn't he?"

The one-eyed poacher's logic quieted Zack once more, but his happiness was as intense as pain.

"Let's sing a little, Jeff—show 'em we're glad we're here."

Heads close together, they sang a hymn they chanced to remember from boyhood.

"I'll go where You want me to go,
Dear Lord.
I'll travel o'er land and o'er sea.
I'll do what You want me to do,
Dear Lord.
I'll be what You want me to
be-e-e-e!"

At the conclusion of the duet, the one-eyed poacher reached for the rum bottle, uncorked it and sniffed. He drank, and passed the bottle to Zack, who of course followed suit.

"What'll we do, our first day in Heaven?" asked Zack. "Shoot a moose for winter? Or go visitin'?"

"Leave the moose wait. Let's scout around an' find that Injun, Tom Suspender. Owes me a box of ca'tridge."

"He won't be here, Jeff. Injuns got a special place."

"Well, Tom Suspender was a half-breed."

A first search failed to disclose either the corpse or the shade of Tom Suspender. "Guess poor Tom didn't make it," said Zack.

The one-eyed poacher made no reply. He stood peering into an open coffin which rested on a bench beside the shade-drawn window. But the afternoon light was sufficient to outline the face and beard of Ambrose Crib.

"Hey, Zack! Come here! Ambrose Crib!"

Zack, in his haste to reach the side of his deceased friend, barked his shins on an urn.

"Ouch! Dang it! Howdy, Ambrose."

"How you been?" asked Uncle Jeff.

Ambrose Crib did not respond.

"Maybe he's asleep," Zack said. "Wake him up."

"Ambrose never slep' in the daytime," remarked Jeff, thoughtfully.

He stooped and tugged sharply at the sleeve of Ambrose's burial garb.

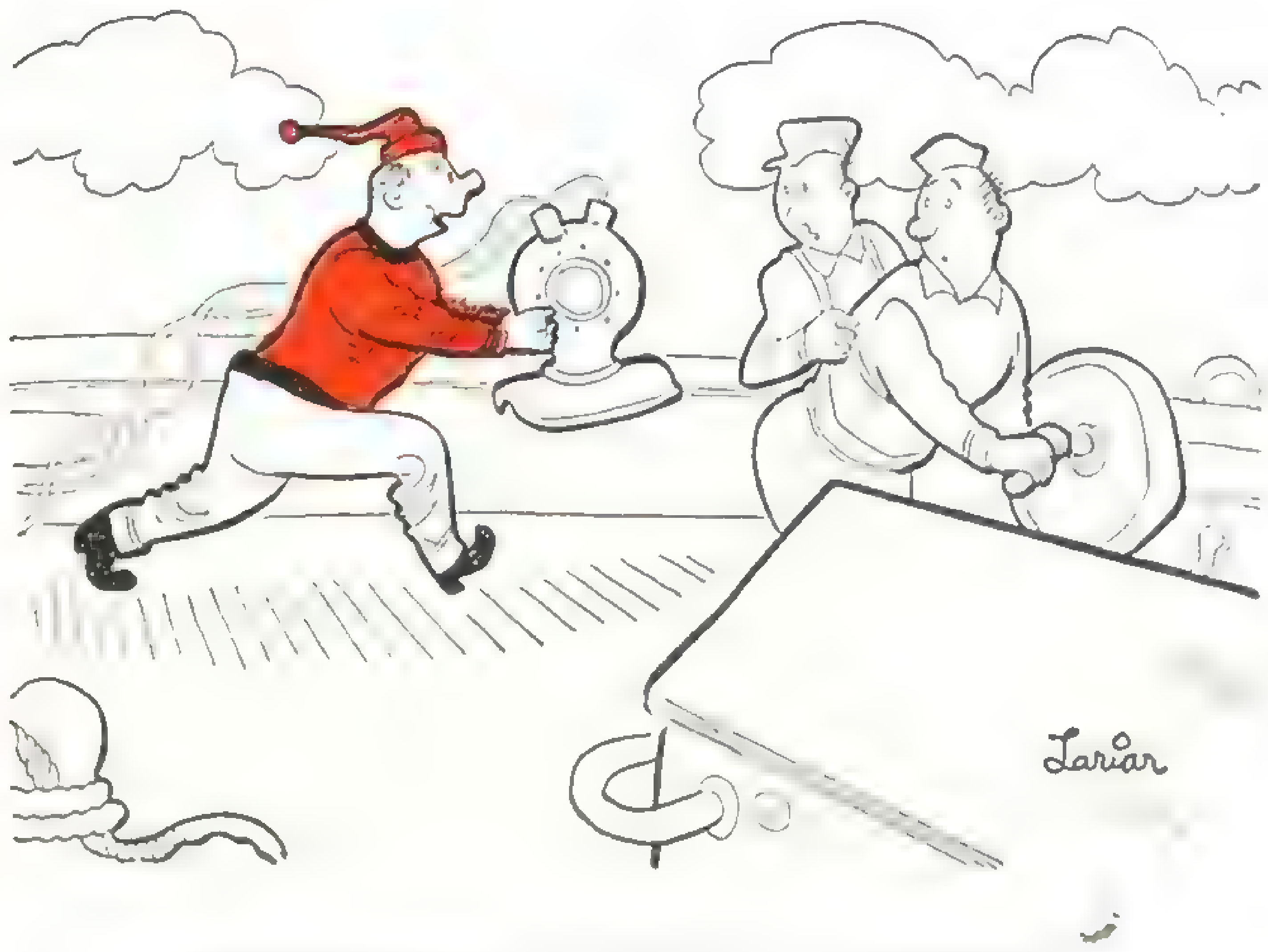
"Hey, Ambrose. Wake up. We're here, me an' Zack. We got rum an' everythin'. We got a deck of cards. Wake up, an' we'll play cutthroat pitch for dimes."

Ambrose continued sleeping like the dead.

"Hell of a welcome he's givin' two friends," said Zack, disgruntled.

The one-eyed poacher stared peevishly at the unresponsive Ambrose, and addressed him as follows:

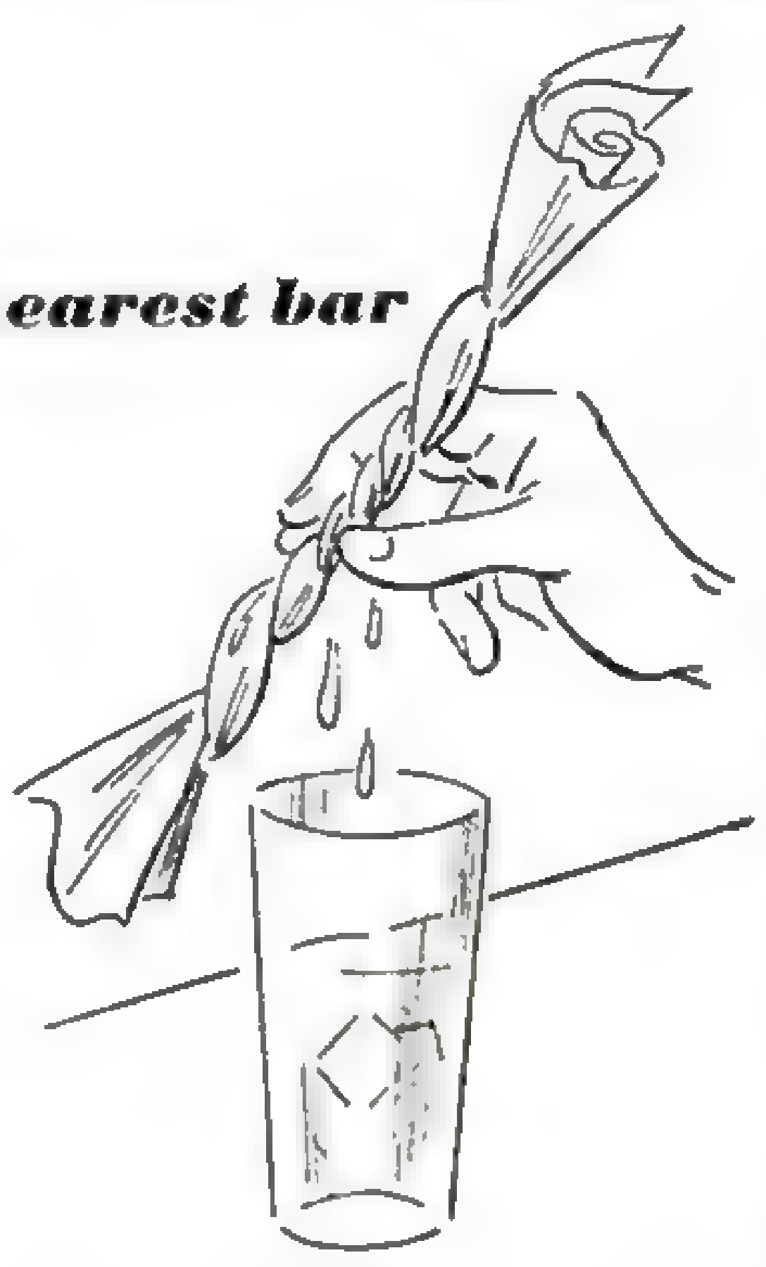
"Lissen, you ole toad! Jest



"Pull him up—we forgot something!"

Checkpayers . . .

good for one free drink at the nearest bar



the wager: That you can tear in half a paper napkin that has been twisted into a rope-like length.

the payoff: Keep dipping your fingers in water as you twist the center of the roped napkin tighter, then pull the ends and the napkin will tear in two.

'cause you been here a couple days longer'n me an' Zack, you needn't act so uppity. I've saw the time down below when you come creepin' around beggin' to borrow enough pork fat to fry an egg in. *Wake up!*"

With this, Uncle Jeff reached into the coffin, caught hold of Ambrose's magnificent white beard, and gave it a thorough tweaking. At Ambrose's continued inertness, the one-eyed poacher drew back. An omen of dread traveled coldly along his spine. Nor was Zack Bourne's expression encouraging. Zack's face had turned to the color of white pine ashes.

"Jeff! I—uh—Ambrose is dead!"

"Well, ain't we?"

"I—I—ain't sure no more. Why don't Ambrose resurrect?"

Uncle Jeff gingerly retreated from the occupied coffin.

"I don't know," he gibbered, and promptly reached for the rum bottle.

There was a sound of glass rattling against teeth, as the one-eyed poacher drank. Zack, too, was thirsty. As the suspicion that they had been swindled mounted in them, they made other striking discoveries concerning their whereabouts.

"That jacklight ain't mine! Looks like Jumbo Tethergood's!"

"An' them rifles. One of 'em's Stumpy Coldwillow's 30-30. Jeff! Where are we, anyways? We—we—goddammit, we ain't dead no more!"

"We're alive," said the one-eyed poacher abjectly. "This ain't Heaven at all. It's Moses Mutter's back room, where he fixes bodies. Ambrose Crib is the dead one. Not us."

"Oh, lordy! Let's git out of here! Where's the door?"

"Right here," said Uncle Jeff, plunging toward it.

"You got the rum?"

"Course! Come on, Zack. Run for it!"

They did not heed Moses Mutter's restraining hand, or his shouted invitation to eat a bite before they left. They made fast time down the hill to the canoe landing, and as they paddled silently toward Leadmine Cove, they mourned their return to earth. In the gathering dusk a stinging snow-flurry brought home once more the hardship of life. They talked bitterly of Moses Mutter, but because of his thoughtfulness in supplying them with rum, partly forgave him.

At Leadmine Cove, they dynamited half a barrel of trout and salmon and retrieved the floating fish in the canoe. Over a tiny fire they warmed their cracked hands and broiled one of the fish.

"I guess we got to live a li'l while longer," grieved the one-eyed poacher. "But wa'n't it nice there in Heaven, for a spell?"

Zack looked off across the wind-streaked lake. "It was perfick—but we got to stick it out here on earth."

As they finished the last of the broiled fish, they grimaced distastefully, and dreamed of red meat, and of delectably pushing chunks of Sarah's bread around in the gravy.

At dark, numb to the bone, they arrived at Zack's cabin. While they were unloading the detested fish, Sarah came down with a lantern. She was in a state of extreme agitation.

"Where you been, you two?" she asked. "You look a fright, the both of you."

"We was tied up in Priv'lige for a spell," said Zack. "But we got some lovely fish salted in the barril for winter."

"Fish!" said Sarah, disgustedly. "Fish! If you'd of got back two hours ago, like you said, you wouldn't of needed no fish! They was a bull moose the size of a truck hoss come right out here in the front clearin'. I could of hit him with a rock. Stayed around most an hour, feedin' an' chewin'! If I didn't dread the noise of shootin', I'd of took your rifle an' kilt him myself, three or four times!"

"A moose?" said Uncle Jeff, disconsolately. "You say a moose?"

"Yes, a *moose!*"

"Hell," croaked Zack, contemplatively eyeing the dark night, the bleak scud overhead, and finally the salt fish.

The one-eyed poacher groaned and exchanged a tragic glance with his erstwhile companion in paradise. Quite poignantly they felt the irony of life, and quite deeply they grieved their recent return to mortality, as they estimated that the moose, by morning, would doubtless be foraging somewhere about two counties away. ♯

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Sports—From a Wheel Chair

Collecting clippings and following games in press and over radio opens new vistas

by **RAYMOND BAIRD**

• SPORTS •

WHEN I was in grade school my ambition was to be a sports writer. I played football, basketball, baseball, and went skiing. We lived on a farm with many hills, and every evening when I got home from school I went "up behind the barn" for a few rides.

One night I came down where there was a stump covered with snow. I was thrown up into the air. One ski caught and held, hurting my knee badly. My brother hauled me home in a hand sled and I was laid up a couple of weeks. Then I started walking to school again. But my leg did not regain its strength, and the doctors advised me to stay out of school the next year. I followed their advice, but my other leg then began to bother me. Unable to play on the teams, I took up managing, but finally had to give that up, too.

I continued high school, although it was becoming more difficult for me to walk all the time. I graduated in 1937 with an average of 90. I had planned to enter college, but when September, 1937 rolled around I was unable to take more than two or three steps without support, and the following spring got a wheel chair, my means of locomotion ever since.

In high school I did two things that have since become almost invaluable to me, namely, the taking of four years of English and one of typing. The latter is especially important as my affliction has now affected my arms so that it is almost impossible for me to push a pencil, and, as I am a sports writer, you can realize how important knowing how to type is to me.

I suppose many will wonder how a wheelchair person gets material for a sports column. Well, I have the best legs in the world covering sports for me; that is, many of the best sports writers from coast-to-coast report their observations to me. Furthermore, I keep my radio "hot". But probably most important in my work is my hobby, which I began when my affliction stopped me from getting around—collecting sports pictures and articles and pasting them in scrap books. Having done this for over ten years I now have eighteen scrap books filled with material on football, baseball, basketball, and boxing.

Besides the scrap books, I have a large collection of other sports material, such as autographed books, photographs, letters, souvenirs, etc., that I have received from baseball clubs, universities, service bureaus, sports writers, etc. Some of the ones I have heard from include Grantland Rice, Bill Stern, "Red" Dawson, Henry P. Edwards, Bill Brandt, Eddie Brietz, J. G. Taylor Spink, George Barton, George Higgins, and many others. "Red" Dawson, head coach at Tulane, came and visited me. His father, Dr. C. A. Dawson of River Falls, is my favorite doctor.

When I started corresponding with Bill Stern, I little realized that a couple of years later, because of my hobby, I would be talking to him in his office in New York. When I was a small boy listening to one of the first sports broadcasts ever made, I had remarked to my parents: "Some day you'll be listening to me talk about sports over the radio." Of course when I had to get a wheel chair everybody forgot that statement—everybody but me.

I listen to many sports broadcasts, but one of my favorites is Stu Mann's *In the Bleachers* over WDGY in Minneapolis. One evening Stu said the writer of the best letter explaining the probable finish of the teams in the American Association would be invited to appear on his program. So I wrote to him giving reasons for placing the teams in the order I had. A few days later I received a letter from Stu asking me to be a guest on his program. He arranged to have a wheel chair at the studio, and on July 16, 1940, my dream came true.

Then Dave Elman, conductor of the CBS Hobby Lobby program, telephoned me from New York to invite me to his coast-to-coast broadcast. In May, 1942, I went to New York. There, besides meeting Bill Stern, Sam Taub and all the Hobby Lobby performers, I saw my first big league game.

I am often asked what I think about when I listen to sports broadcasts and hear somebody doing the things of my dreams. Well, first of all, I place myself in the athlete's place; thus I get more enjoyment out of a broadcast than a person who just listens.

In 1941 I was chairman of the Billy Conn fan club. Everyone who thought Conn would beat Joe Louis could send a postcard to Stu Mann, and the names were read over the air and then turned over to me. A week before the fight I sent them to Conn.

When I stop to think of all the pleasure I owe to sports, I am dazed. . . . it has meant the realization of many of my dreams, which were temporarily shattered. Yes, the sports world is a wonderful place—even from a wheel chair. And as many soldiers come home, unable to continue their sports as in the past, I hope they will take hope from me, and learn how to continue to enjoy sports even though they may no longer be able to compete in them. ##

The Travels of Teng Chiu

Continued from page 73

scape which can be seen from Amoy. Not to read too much significance in it, Teng Chiu has found a vast amount of congenial material in those parts of the earth that jut into or abut upon seas, lakes and oceans, on islands, peninsulas and promontories commanding views of water. He is happy with boats and bathers, although he can make very pleasant shift with other materials.

Dim Dolly wants to know if a fifth at bridge could be called a rubber substitute.

Many of the current popular songs are more saccharine and sentimental than ever. The slogan seems to be: "Keep 'em crying."

At fourteen Teng was sent north to Tientsin where he enrolled in the Anglo-Chinese College to prepare himself for the Anglo-Western world. During his three years at Tientsin he learned English well enough to impress some Bostonians and he discovered also the charms of soccer, basketball and tennis. From Tientsin to Peking, from Peking to Boston, jumping off place for England.

By the time he reached Boston he knew what he wanted—in the worst possible way—to be an artist. But his family wanted him to have a degree. As the eldest son he had duties to fulfill. He hit upon a compromise. He enrolled at Harvard. This satisfied his family. But he specialized in the history of art and in architecture and archaeology and he also drew from the antique. Still this did not entirely satisfy him. Maybe the real artist doesn't compromise gracefully. That brought him to the Boston Museum school and it was in Boston that Teng Chiu, lacking precise consciousness of his own racial inheritance in art, first learned the meaning of Western art. It was in Boston's museums and galleries that he saw the paintings and the murals that represented the Occidental conception of visual art.

Chiu made a reputation in Boston for application to the business at hand. He attended classes regularly, painted in studio, copied in museum. He made friends easily. In almost no time his classmates paid him the unconscious compliment of forgetting that he had come from a place more than half-way around the globe. Teng was happy in Boston but there were impatient letters from home. A sister was studying at London University and he was expected to join her. Moreover, his father had asked an English friend to act as guardian for Teng.

The young student packed his bags and booked passage, not for London, but for Paris. There he enrolled at the École des Beaux Arts. But Paris wasn't London and the guardian couldn't do his stuff for Teng across the Channel. Besides, Paris was supposed to be a wicked place. There may even have been a threat to cut his allowance if Teng didn't take the next boat for London.

From the point of view of his career as a painter, going to London was the best thing Teng Chiu ever did. Through London he became a mature and independent artist, independent even of family allowance. Perhaps also he ran the risk of losing his own heritage, for he became as English a painter as any native of Albion.

He enrolled first at London University, where he attended regular art classes and lectures. But this was another version of the Harvard compromise; he therefore entered the Royal Academy of Arts, studying and painting under Sir George Clausen and Sir Walter Russell. He worked and studied hard. His guardian could have found nothing but good to report of him. Ward and guardian spent weekends together at the latter's country home and they went to church together. Teng played tennis and basketball and incidentally learned more about the landscape of Britain than most Englishmen.

In 1925, Teng was twenty-two; in 1925, he made his father proud of him; in 1925 he broke the Royal Academy School records by winning every prize and scholarship in every competition in which he entered. He won, first, the Royal Academy scholarship, donated by the Royal family, through which he obtained free instruction, free studio, free models, run of the building; second, the Landseer Scholarship, a quarterly fund for expenses; third, the Armitage Prize, a flat sum of money; fourth, the Creswick Prize, a flat sum; fifth, the Turner Prize of £50 and all prize medals for which an alien may compete. Subsequently, he twice won the Royal Academy silver medal (1927 and 1928) and the Turner Gold Medal of the Royal Academy (1929), becoming the first foreign artist to be awarded this medal. He was also elected a member of the Royal

Continued on page 159

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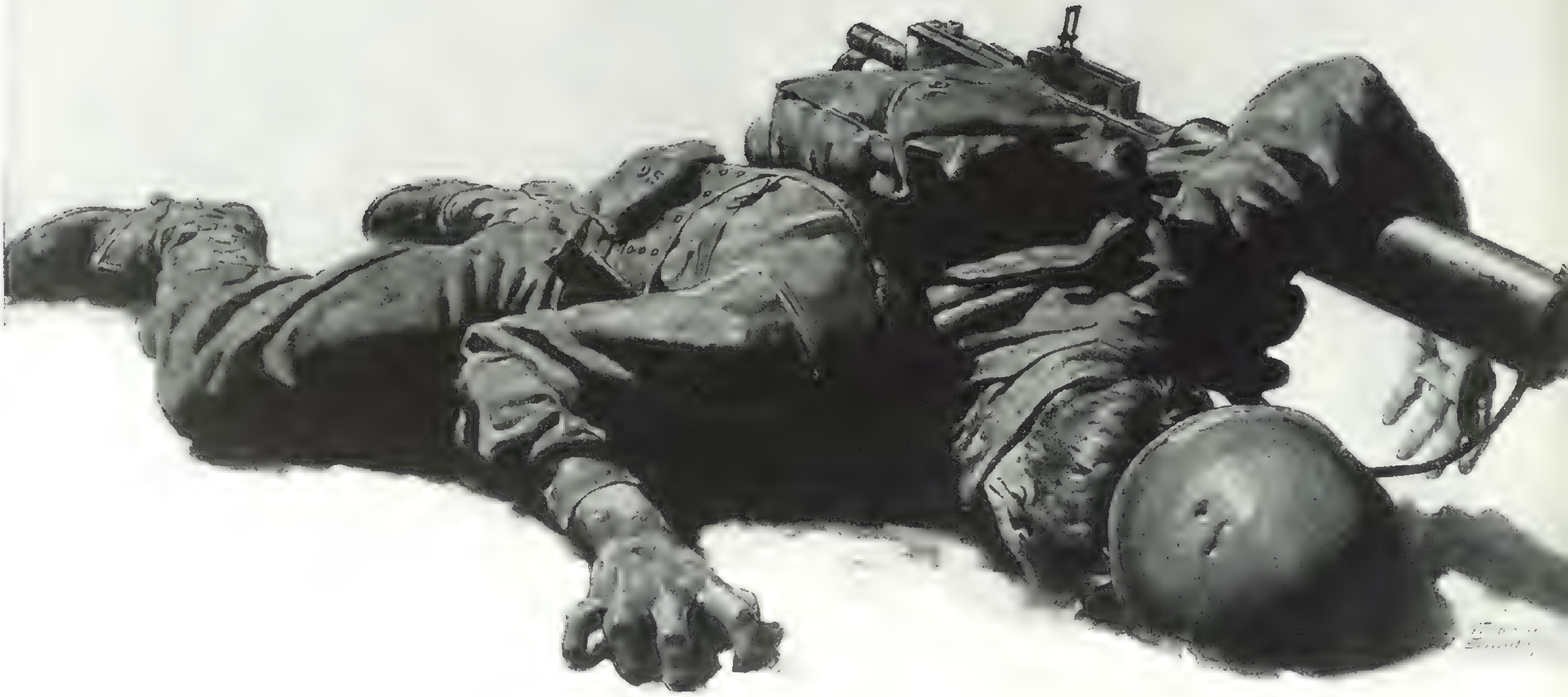

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The Travels of Teng Chiu

Continued from pages 73-157

Society of British Artists. The only price he paid for these distinctions was to become an English painter whose work was only vaguely distinguishable from the work of academic English-born painters. He has since improved.

He first began exhibiting at the New English Art Club. He sent paintings to the French Salon exhibitions and to the Royal Academy, naturally. From about 1926 the sales of his paintings were sufficiently regular to make him financially independent. During the summers of 1925-30 he systematically explored the landscape of England, county by county, traveling by car and stopping at inns. Thus, one summer he painted Cornwall; the next, East Anglia; the third summer, the northern counties, and the lake country. That is why he knows England more extensively and intimately than most Englishmen. He followed later a similar procedure in Scotland. Perhaps some time he will tour Ireland similarly. He is fond of the English; they are his best friends, and they have proved it more than once.

In 1929 he had his first one-man show at the Claridge Gallery in London. Several days after the opening, Queen Mary paid a surprise visit and within the week every painting on the walls had been sold. He spent most of the following year in the British Museum studying its collection of Oriental art in the company of Laurence Binyon, the curator who organized the Charles Freer Collection of Oriental Art in Washington, D. C., among other such collections and whose reputation as an Orientalist is world-wide.

In 1930 he returned to Peiping where he painted and studied, striving toward Chinese forms of expression through the Occidental medium of oil paints on canvas. The following year he was able to assemble an exhibition of new work in that city. The Japanese invasion of Manchuria in 1932 and the consequent threat to Peiping hurried Chiu's footsteps toward Bali where he enjoyed one of his happiest years. With two Prix de Rome students, John Sitton, now of the art department of Cornell, and Kenneth Johnston, head of the architectural department of State College, Pennsylvania, he rented a house and lived a charmed life unspoiled by echoes of the world outside. The natives were friendly and posed readily. A single dollar bought food enough to feed the three paying guests from breakfast through supper as well as the fourteen relatives of the landlord who lived around the place.

Chiu's next stop was Java, at whose capital city, Batavia, he gave, unexpectedly and at the insistent request of friends, an exhibition of the Bali paintings—one of the most successful occasions of his career. At Shanghai, the following year—1933—there was another exhibition, but the thread of political disturbances sent him on to Indo-China and Siam, from which, in 1935, he returned to China, giving an exhibition at Hong Kong.

The artist had traveled through France, Germany, Italy. Enroute to England from Hong Kong he stopped off at Spain, visiting Granada, Toledo, Madrid, Barcelona. Finally he established himself at a small fishing village on the Mediterranean near the French border, Tossa de Mar, one of his views of which is reproduced. There, that summer, he sensed the thunder of the oncoming Spanish Civil War and prepared again to depart. From Peiping on, the world is full of beautiful places from which the threats of war and invasion have sent Chiu—as well as other artists—packing. There are few artists who have seen so much of the world as has Teng Chiu, but his time-table has invariably been hurried by the thunder of oncoming booted feet—from Peiping to Munich.

From Spain he stopped off at Paris before taking boat for England. Then he set out on a painting tour of Scotland, traveling as far north as Cape Wrath. Returning to London he hung his next one-man show and on the evening of the private view took boat for Morocco, passing through Portugal and Tangier on the way. At Marakeesh he stayed with James McBey, the famous etcher, and visited also Rabat and Fez, painting all the time. In 1937 he returned to London to be present at the coronation of George VI, almost like a dutiful colonial Englishman.

One has to do a lot of running to keep up with this world-girdling artist, but the war has limited the scope of his journeyings and voyagings. In 1937 he visited Germany, including Berlin and Dresden in his itinerary, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Austria, Italy. His stay in Italy was prolonged by news of the Japanese attack on North China, to which he had planned to make a return visit. He returned to England in 1938 and just before Munich came to the United States, in which he has since lived. Characteristically, he has already visited most of the states of the Union, especially the Southern and Southwestern states, and he has also made a flying trip to Cuba. Thus far South America remains the only continent unvisited by Teng Chiu.

One cannot look at a roomful of Teng Chiu's paintings without realizing how pervasive is his gift of presenting us with the smiling aspects of Nature. He hands us the world—sunny side up. His view of Northern Scotland, for example, is hardly less tropical than that of Tangier or Java. Only occasionally, in his sense of design, does one feel the presence in his work of a man of the Orient. Otherwise his work belongs in the tradition of Western art. He is an Oriental also in the lightness and deftness of touch with which he has subdued, to quote Mr. Binyon, the Western style of painting, whose media most other artists of Oriental origin find so heavy and cumbersome. Chiu gives to the oil medium something of the graciousness of water color without losing the substantiality of oil. The views of the world which he gives us, although all bear the signature of one individual, are sufficiently various to add to the attraction which his work must have for those who are content to leave social significance to the sociologists.

At his first New York exhibition, at Knoedler's, in New York, there were thirty-two paintings roughly charting the artist's course through eight countries including China, Great Britain, Spain, Morocco and the United States. Teng Chiu's may be an escapist's art, but for many that is art's only function. ⌗

ESQUIRE ON THE RECORD

BEST SELLERS

Transient Readers who like to make with the turn tables can use this chart to find what's turning in the record world as judged by manufacturers' and dealers' sales. The top transient tunes are arranged in the order of popularity according to our point system. Figures indicate the relative rank of the songs at each source. Salem's statistics came from Lefavour's; Memphis' from O. K. Houck; Houston's from T. Goggan & Bro.; and Denver's from Knight Campbell.	RCA MFG. CO. (NATIONAL)	DECCA RECORDS (NATIONAL)	SALEM, MASS.	MEMPHIS, TENN.	HOUSTON, TEX.	DENVER, COL.
White Christmas (Decca 18429 with Bing Crosby) (Victor 27946 with Freddy Martin's orchestra)	 1	1	1	1	1	1
Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition (Columbia 36640 with Kay Kyser) (Decca 18498 with the Merry Macs)		 3	2	4	2	
Serenade in Blue (Victor 27935 with Glenn Miller)				3		2
Mister Five by Five (Decca 18470 with the Andrews Sisters) (Columbia 36650 with Harry James)		2			 3	
Strip Polka (Decca 18470 with the Andrews Sisters)		2	4			
At Last (Victor 27934 with Glenn Miller)				2		
When the Lights Go On Again (Victor 27945 with Vaughn Monroe)	4					3
Juke Box Saturday Night (Victor 20-1509 with Glenn Miller)	2					
Marines' Hymn (Decca 18268 with Fred Waring)			3			
There Are Such Things (Victor 27974 with Tommy Dorsey)	3					
Dearly Beloved (Victor 27970 with Dinah Shore)					4	
Manhattan Serenade (Victor 27962 with Tommy Dorsey)						4
Massachusetts (Decca 18497 with the Andrews Sisters)		4				
Permanent Check-marks indicate where permanent albums are scoring beats with their popularity among the long-hair fans.						
Nutcracker Suite by Tschaikowsky (Victor M-265 with Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra)			√		√	√
Blue Danube Waltz by Strauss (Victor 15425 with Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra)				√	√	√
Ave Maria by Schubert (Victor 14210 with Marion Anderson)				√	√	
Symphony No. 1 in C Minor by Brahms, op. 23 (Victor DM-875 with Toscanini conducting The NBC Symphony Orchestra)	√					
Scheherazade by Rimsky-Korsakow (Victor DM-920 with Monteiux and the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra)			√			
This Is the Army (Victor P-131 with the Victor First Nighter Orchestra)	√					
Les Preludes by Liszt (Victor M-453 with Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra)						√

Nothing Is Sacred

Continued from page 58

or read. He talked back to the transcriptions, and once broadcast a fervent "Thank God" when a cold cure contract ran out. (The company renewed the next day.) When Morgan read the commercials himself, he sing-songed some, did others in French, German and Spanish, or pointed out errors in grammar and fact.

The Chateau Martin Wine people, after a month of Morgan, called a special board meeting to discuss what was happening to their commercials. They invited Morgan and asked if it were true that he was advising people not to buy their product.

"Of course not," said Morgan. "All I said was that it's a good wine if you like wine. And I asked them, 'What do you expect for this much money, anyway?' "

Sponsors soon found what station managers had learned long before. It does no good to take Morgan to task. After he had interrupted a commercial on Adler's Knockabout Shoes, which come in ten colors, to ad lib remarks on the probable origin and habits of anyone who would wear blue shoes, the agency informed him that his approach was "negative" and that he should not have said he would not be seen at a dog fight in the Adler product. The next night Morgan gave his listeners a quote by quote recap of the interview and prommised to wear blue shoes to the next dog fight he attended.

Adlers have stuck with Morgan. Their specialty is an elevator shoe to make short men look two inches taller. At first this presented a problem. Morgan had put on so many satiric ads before he landed a sponsor that many listeners thought this was another, would not believe there was such a product as an elevator shoe. They were doubly sure when Morgan followed Adler ads with a fake commercial for "Morgan's Shorty Shoes, guaranteed to trim two inches off tall women." Finally he had to open and close Adler commercials with an assurance, "No kidding, folks. This is legitimate." It was his lone concession to a commercial.

A typical Morgan show includes three or four ads, a theme song—"We Won't Go Home Until Morning," some puns, a pair of gag routines, a weather report—"Wall street weather—tycoon," or "Snow, followed by small boys on sleds," some phonograph records, and the closing line—"Morgan will be in front of the cigar store tomorrow evening at the same time." The records are a trade-mark. They include an African chant, a Frenchman singing Chinese double-talk, an infinite number of variations on Dinah, some English music hall routines as rich as a piece of old Stilton cheese, and folk songs in every tongue from Albanian to Zulu. If Morgan likes a record, he plays it four or five times on a program. If he dislikes it, he sadly announces, "You have heard a last recording" and smashes it at mikeside.

"Here's Morgan" is strictly a one-man show. He has no stooges and no studio audience. His only guest artist was his mother, who promised: "If you'll guarantee to give Morgan a good home, I'll send him to you. Better still—come and get him." Morgan writes most of the program himself, although at times he has had help from a soda jerker and a high school chemistry teacher.

Girls prefer slacks to slackers.

"Here's Morgan" has been listed as music, as comedy and as commentary. It is all three—but its backbone is satire. Without his parodies, Morgan would never have won a following which includes Stuart Chase, Will Cuppy, James Thurber and Robert Benchley. His satires are as broad as the steppes and sometimes as interminable. But those about radio are a delight to anyone who ever wanted to throttle an unctuous announcer or cram the clichés down a commentator's throat.

Soap opera is a favorite subject. Back in the days when Morgan was a staff announcer he worked for a daytime sin-and-suffer serial, *Lone Journey.* In the evening he gave a parody on his own program, *Bertha Barrelbung, the Girl of the Golden West.* He buried Bertha some time ago, and is now tracing the adventures of the villainous Feelthy Piano. Feelthy is a hero to Morgan, and each episode ends with the lines "Will our Feelthy be able to carry out his dangerous misson? Will he elude the G-men and murder the good Doctor Cleansheet?"

Morgan does dirt to all commentators—newspaper and radio. In a take-off on Walter Lippman he used 300 words to say it was going to rain. Westbrook Pegler made the horrible discovery that "This country was founded as a union, so everyone in it must be a unioneer." His parody on General Hugh Johnson consisted merely of: "Umph. Brumph. Brumph. Umph." Best of all was a merciless satire on Winchell: "Aside to F.D.R. . . . not yet! Aside to Winston Churchill . . . OK, if you say so! Aside to J. Edgar Hoover . . . What do you want me to do this week?"

Mutual stars, of course, took as bad a beating as any. Morgan regularly does a parody on WOR-Mutual's *Confidentially Yours.* His version, *Confidentially Mine* reveals "my own sensational beats from my own special sources." These include "one man disguised as a typewriter in the State Department, a fellow who looks and acts like a submarine (he comes up with all sorts of stuff), and a guy who lives in a closet at the White House." Morgan's news scoops are unparalleled: "Miss LeHand has bought a new ribbon for her typewriter!" "There are things happening!!" "Asia!!!"

Confidentially Mine always ends with the whispered reminder, "Remember, you heard about it from us first."

Morgan loudly lampoons ridiculous commercials, but he recently picked up some extra money making transcriptions for a fur company. Each began with the stentorian slogan, "Beware Moths."

Each "Here's Morgan" broadcast is followed by a call from advertising agents who ask darkly what were Morgan's exact words about their product. That is as far as it ever goes. Morgan has never been sued and has lost far fewer contracts than might be expected. Chase and Sanborn had a contract for a "Here's Morgan" commercial, then canceled it at the last moment, saying that Morgan was too undignified. Morgan told his listeners all about it, and earnestly asked them, "Do you suppose Chase & Sanborn think Charlie McCarthy is dignified?"

Most Morgan broadcasts make someone mad enough to write the station. The biggest barrage of complaints was lowered when Morgan declared flatly that the beer in Greenwich Village was bad. Barkeeps, brewers and variegated Villagers called it calumny. They threatened violence. For a while Morgan, who never backs down, pondered the possibility of hiring an escort to see him safely to his walk-up apartment.

Another reaction to Morgan came from the *New York Journal-American.* After he had noted with joy the attacks made by *PM* on Hearst, and called some soap opera extras William Randolph, Morgan's listing was overlooked in the radio column of the *Journal-American*, a Hearst paper.

Much of Morgan's mail is strangely complimentary. A Bronx correspondent wrote: "I worked in a dog and cat hospital, where animals get fits, and I know just how you feel . . . the whole profession, plus fifty thousand mad dogs and crazy cats, is right behind you." A Westchester Ladies' Literary Club wanted to know, "Would you be willing to deliver a lecture on 'Whither radio?' " From a large New York institution came a fan letter saying: "You will doubtless be flattered to learn that your program is extremely popular at the above address, which happens to be an insane asylum. I am an employee and not, therefore, as enthusiastic about you as the inmates . . ."

Behind all this nonsense is a moody young man of twenty-seven, Henry Van Ost, Jr. (He borrowed the "Morgan" from a Negro bouncer at a nightclub.) Morgan is studious, self-centered, unpopular at his studio, and nearly as worried about his success as a screwball as he is proud. Unable to take ridicule as easily as he dishes it out, Morgan is afraid of being considered a whackwit off the air as well as on. He has a clause in his contract which gives him the right to censor publicity pictures, and he steadfastly refuses to pose for screwball shots.

A student of economics, semantics, foreign languages and the philosophy of humor, Morgan would rather be a senator or a sports announcer than a comedian. If his program were listed as social satire, he would probably be much happier in his work. One of Morgan's great regrets is that now he has money enough to travel, he can't go to Europe. Uncle Sam may soon fix that up for him. Morgan is young, healthy and single. Which raises a problem: What would the Army do with Morgan? And vice versa! #

"My husband doesn't understand me!"

do away with doodling...

(Actual size—in full color)

send Esky-Cards

Don't chew that pencil . . . stare into space . . . and doodle your way through your letters. Just whip them off the one-minute way—with supersized Esky-cards. And not only are Esky-cards whizzes for speedwriting . . . they're beauties as well, with, sunny side up, the most popular reproductions from the pages of Esquire: Sultry glamor photographs by Hurrell; satirical Szyk caricatures; doggy Waxman photographs; distinctive Bohl nature watercolors; and hilarious Esquire cartoons—all in rich, clear color, and neatly packaged in five sets of six cards each.

And to make life even more worth living (and Esky-cards even more worth sending), they're printed on deluxe, durable chromecoat stock which puts ordinary, dog-eared, collapsible postcards in the shade. No wonder Esky-cards have been beating all sales records! So don't wait . . . Collect your quota of Esky-cards now.

25¢ per set of 6 cards; or only $1 for 5 complete sets—(30 different cards in all). Clip this coupon and rush it on its way.

ESQUIRE, P. O. BOX 1143, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

6 different Hurrell glamor photographs ☐
6 different satirical Szyk caricatures ☐
6 different Waxman dog photographs ☐
6 different Bohl nature watercolors ☐
6 different cartoons from Esquire ☐
5 complete sets — (one each of the above types)—for $1 ☐

Please send me the sets of Esky-cards checked above, at 25¢ for each set of six cards, or $1 for 5 complete sets (30 different cards in all). I enclose $ ______, payment in full.

Name ____________________
(Please Print)

Address ____________________

City __________ State __________
(U. S. orders only. No stamps please)

Dealers interested in handling Esky-cards on a generous profit basis are invited to write for details.

★★★
HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY
84 PROOF

Through all the devastating wars, business peaks and depressions since 1765, the name ★★★ Hennessy has been synonymous with Cognac Brandy at its best.

Though no shipments of ★★★ Hennessy Cognac have been made from France to the United States since May, 1940, it is possible that your local dealer may still have a bottle of genuine ★★★ Hennessy Cognac for you.

It is suggested that the incomparable flavour, bouquet and "clean taste" of ★★★ Hennessy be reserved for special occasions that merit nothing less than this fine Cognac.

★ QUALITY
★ BOUQUET
★ CLEAN TASTE

Distilled and bottled at Cognac, France. JAS HENNESSY & CO, Est. 1765

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

Two new jackets you'll like
BLOCK'S "Bueno" and "Amigo"

Amigo
Bueno

• Block gets behind the "Good Neighbor Policy" with two new jackets designed for men on essential jobs, yet who demand comfort and casual style as well. • Both jackets are full celanese lined, tailored of combed cotton gabardine with famous Block *ball-bearing* shoulders . . . fitted waist . . . graceful athletic lines.

Both Styles $10

AT BETTER STORES
EVERYWHERE

BLOCK Sportswear
Made in California by H & L BLOCK
1563 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

In Defense of Parallel Skiing

Continued from page 56

strange, but it is quite true.

At Lac Beauport the beginner is made to feel completely at ease on his skis on a slope that will assist, rather than hinder, him as he learns. When he has mastered this slope he is taken on increasingly more difficult terrain until he is able to run any ski trail that is wide enough to permit him to swing. If it isn't that wide it isn't a ski trail and no one on skis, seeking recreation solely, belongs on it. Because of the nature of the hills at Lac Beauport most of the skiing there is done on open slopes. This is a distinct advantage in instruction and even Mr. Lang will have to admit that more than seventy-five per cent of the skiers on the North American continent do their skiing on open slopes. Why not fit them, primarily, for the type of skiing in which they will participate most often? Once they master slope skiing it is a simple matter to teach trail running technique.

A good portion of Mr. Lang's article was devoted, of course, to his explanation of the Snowplow system. I have already differed with him in his contention that as his system progresses "the original pronounced Snowplow position will diminish and disappear more and more until almost automatically the Stem Christiania begins to flow into a Parallel Christiania" by citing as evidence the distressing scene on any open slope. Now I should like to differ on another point.

"The novice will learn to transfer his weight; he will soon feel the rhythm by using his shoulders extensively," wrote O.L. "Great emphasis is laid upon giving the pupil an understanding of the 'forward lean' and the delicate function of the steel edges." May I make a suggestion to all advocates of the Snowplow system? Never use the word "delicate." The very name, "Snowplow"—drawing up a picture, as it does, of a ten-ton truck with a wedge of steel fastened on the fore—belies the contention that there is anything at all delicate about the maneuver.

"It should be of interest to the reader to know," Mr. Lang continued, "that even such nationally known and outstanding competitive skiers as Dick Durrance and Alf Engen, to mention only two, revert instinctively to the Snowplow when the occasion calls for it." I should also like to thank him for that. It stresses a point I have been having difficulty getting across to my opponents.

The point is, of course, that I have found it wholly unnecessary and unwise to spend days, yes, even weeks, teaching pupils the Snowplow. In explanation I offer the following quote from my book, referred to by Mr. Lang:

"I have eliminated the Snowplow and the Stem simply because I, myself, believe that their advantages are more than overcome by their detrimental effect on the skier's balance and feeling for his skis. Actually I have no objection to the use of these maneuvers, although I believe they should not be taught in the development of the skier. As a matter of fact, there are occasions, on a narrow trail, for instance, when the ability to Snowplow or Stem is of great advantage — but in this respect I must say that I have found my pupils, now fully acquainted with the action of their skis, instinctively employing these maneuvers without being taught. They have been spared the pain."

There are no special ski trains this winter. Ski fans have had to accustom themselves to cracking up nearer home.

In support of this I might add that many times in the past two years I, or my assistants, have taken advanced classes on exceedingly difficult terrain, steep and full of hummocks and rises capable of testing even the best skier's ability. Running them down over this treacherous hillside we have observed slightly different reactions, with the exception that none used the Snowplow until he or she found it absolutely necessary. Those pupils that had used the Snowplow before coming to me did revert to it again when the occasion demanded. More revealing, however, was the observation that even those who had never been taught the maneuver now and then employed it instinctively, even if not so often. When we took all these pupils back on the easier, and more popular slope, we noted that they had left their Snowplows back on the tricky hummock-filled hill and were not reverting to them when they didn't need them. That proved again to us that the Snowplow does not have to be taught but will be picked up naturally. If taught at all—as some instructors may find necessary in a few isolated cases—it should certainly not be taught until the pupil has reached the advanced stage where he will employ it only when it is absolutely necessary.

As Mr. Lang continued his attack upon my system he referred to an article about Parallel Skiing which appeared in the February, 1941, issue of *Esquire*. This was an article written by Mr. W. C. Heinz, Ski Editor of *The New*

York Sun, and I believe this is the article which started this whole tempest in the ski world over Parallel Skiing vs. Stem. At least it was the first lucid explanation of my system to be printed. In his attack Mr. Lang quotes the description found therein of how my elementary pupils make their first turn, the turn, according to the article, being based on the pupils' bobbing up and down and —at the moment when their skis were unweighted—turning at my command.

Mr. Lang suggests that no one could make a turn employing those procedures alone and I agree with him. When Mr. Heinz first heard about my system and came to Quebec to gather information for the article, I demonstrated to him that the elementary turn was made with the Modified Open Christiania but I requested that he not bring out this point in his article. I simply felt that other instructors, hearing that I was using a form of the Open Christiania, a turn to which they have always objected, would not understand the modifications I had made in it to eliminate its faults. They would consequently criticize it unfairly before my system had a chance to prove itself. You must remember that this was the first article, written while my system was still new. After I had proved my point over and over again, however, I readily acknowledged using the Modified Open Christiania– explaining that in my adaptation of the turn, the weight is on the lower, not upper ski, while the upper ski is edged slightly. That is the turn the beginners learn on the first day; it is the turn I have explained fully in my book.

"The most serious drawback, however," wrote Mr. Lang, turning to his next point, "and where Loosli commits a fatal blunder, is that he is not concerned with the 'forward lean' at all, perhaps the most difficult element to pound into a pupil. Not only that, but Loosli purposely caters to the student's natural instinct to lean backwards; whereas later in the more advanced stages he expects the pupil suddenly to lean forward."

Right here I would like to say that in our system we never attempt to "pound" anything into the pupil nor do we seriously beguile ourselves into expecting pupils suddenly to lean forward. After he has been allowed to lean backward in the elementary turn, which actually facilitates the turn where only ski action is employed, he is urged constantly to acquire more forward lean at the same time as he is shown how.

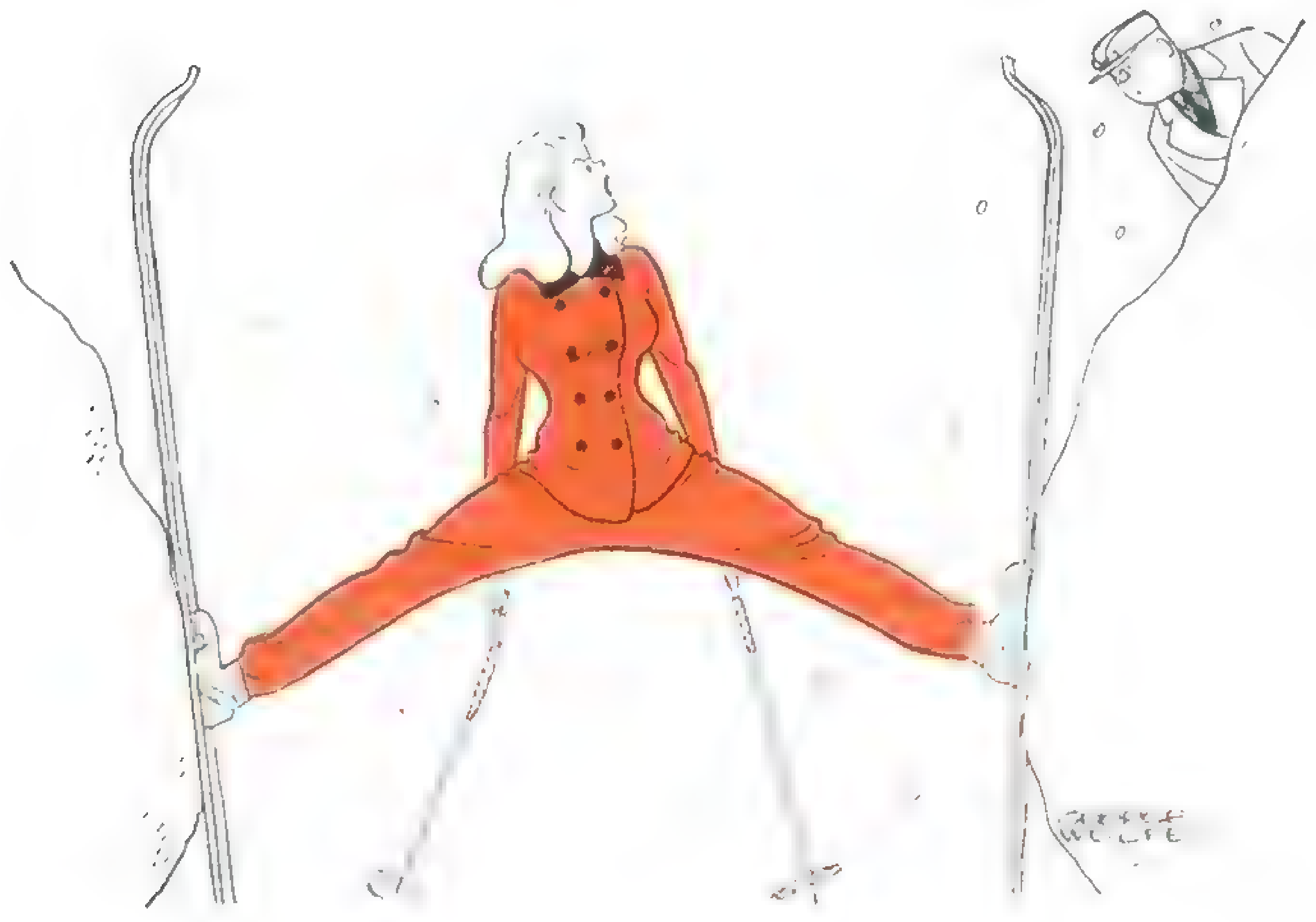
This point seems to me to be the crux of the whole Parallel Skiing vs. Stem argument. Is it, or is it not, wiser to sacrifice the small degree of forward lean the average pupil can be encouraged to employ in the Snowplow in order to eliminate the evils of the Snowplow completely? We, of course, think it is.

I note that Mr. Lang said that the forward lean is "perhaps" the most difficult element to get across to the skier. If he had been more positive about it he would have been completely wrong for again I say that what can be seen on any open slope proves that by far the most difficult problem any instructor faces is to remove the parasitical remains of the Snowplow turn in teaching the more advanced maneuvers. Actually the pupil learns very little about forward lean in the Snowplow as he is pushing back constantly against the hill.

When we have eliminated the Snowplow entirely we have more opportunity to dwell on forward lean—stressing that it can be acquired simply by pushing the knees forward and down and bending from the ankles. We don't expect the pupil to acquire forward lean suddenly; we teach it to him gradually.

Going on from there Mr. Lang then quoted from my book a passage in which I brought out the fact that standardized ski instruction has done little to keep up with the pace set by competitive sport. Immediately following this he quoted from an article by

Continued on page 164



"Hurry and get me out of this—I've got a dinner date, tonight!"

Metropolitan Moments . . . . . by Wisdom

"We're Saving All Our Fats and Greases To Blow the Axis All to Pieces"

Calvert is now devoting its entire distilling facilities to the production of alcohol for war purposes. But fortunately, during peacetime years, large reserves of rare, selected stocks were laid away. Of these now *irreplaceable* reserves, the very *cream*, the *"top drawer"* whiskies of all, were set aside exclusively for Calvert Reserve. Refined to a magnificent lightness, Calvert Reserve is—and will continue to be—*"the finest whiskey you can drink or serve."*

Used in moderation... **Calvert** *Reserve* *...should last for the duration*

Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C. Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

"I did it for a pack of Sir Walter Raleigh"

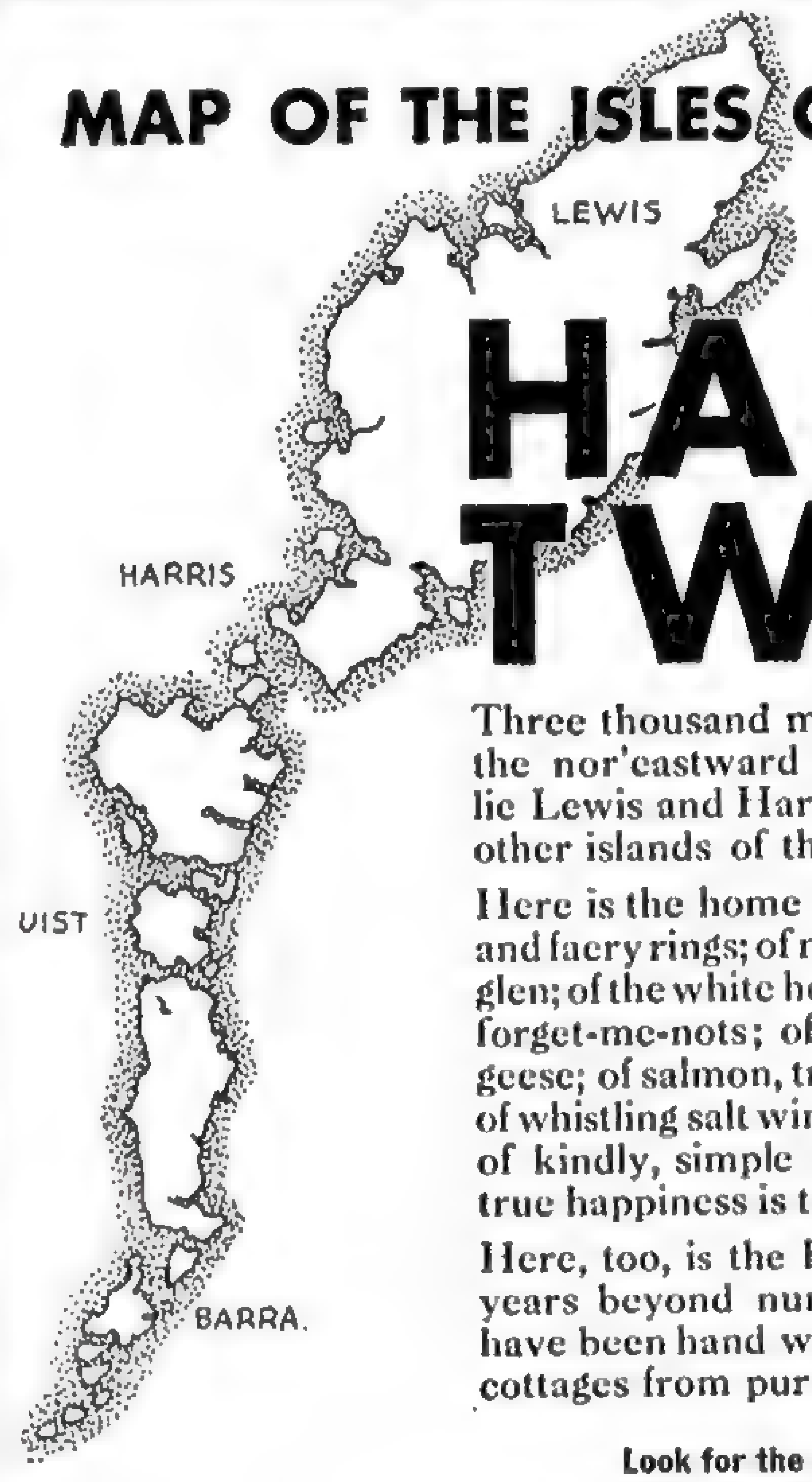
IT'S THE TRUTH! You'll get more honest-to-goodness pipe enjoyment out of better-tasting (and better-smelling) Sir Walter Raleigh. First, clean that briar, then tamp down a load of this delightful burley blend. For a grand aroma all its own, try *"the quality pipe tobacco of America."*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
PIPE TOBACCO

Smokes as sweet as it smells

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

UNION MADE



MAP OF THE ISLES OF THE OUTER HEBRIDES
...home of
HARRIS TWEED

Three thousand miles from New York, far to the nor'eastward just off the Scottish Coast, lie Lewis and Harris, Barra and Uist, and the other islands of the Outer Hebrides.

Here is the home of age-old music, of folk lore and faery rings; of moorland, mountain, loch and glen; of the white heather, harebells, iris and wild forget-me-nots; of plover, curlew and greylag geese; of salmon, trout, herring and seals galore; of whistling salt winds and sunsets unforgettable; of kindly, simple folk who have learned that true happiness is to be found in ceaseless work.

Here, too, is the home of Harris Tweed. For years beyond number, these superb Tweeds have been hand woven by crofters in their own cottages from pure virgin Scottish wool.

Look for the Trade Mark on the Cloth
Look for the Label on the Garment

HAND WOVEN
HarrisTweed
REG.U.S.PAT.OFF. Nº 353757 COPYRIGHT 1937
GRANTED BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT BOARD OF TRADE TO THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LTD.
HARRIS TWEED
FACSIMILE OF THE TRADE MARK APPEARS ON THE CLOTH

Issued by The HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION, Ltd., 10 Old Jewry, London, E. C. 2, England

THE CAPTAIN *tells* THE MAJOR

FROM man to man, from officer to officer, the news of Curtis Turf Boot is speeding. Here's military style at its martial best... quality you can count on... comfort that's a tradition. America's leaders... whether in uniform or mufti... are Curtis-conscious and with good reason.

Turf Boot

Curtis
SHOES FOR MEN

Curtis Shoe Co., Inc.
Marlboro, Mass.

★ 4 GENERATIONS OF FINE SHOEMAKING ★

In Defense of Parallel Skiing

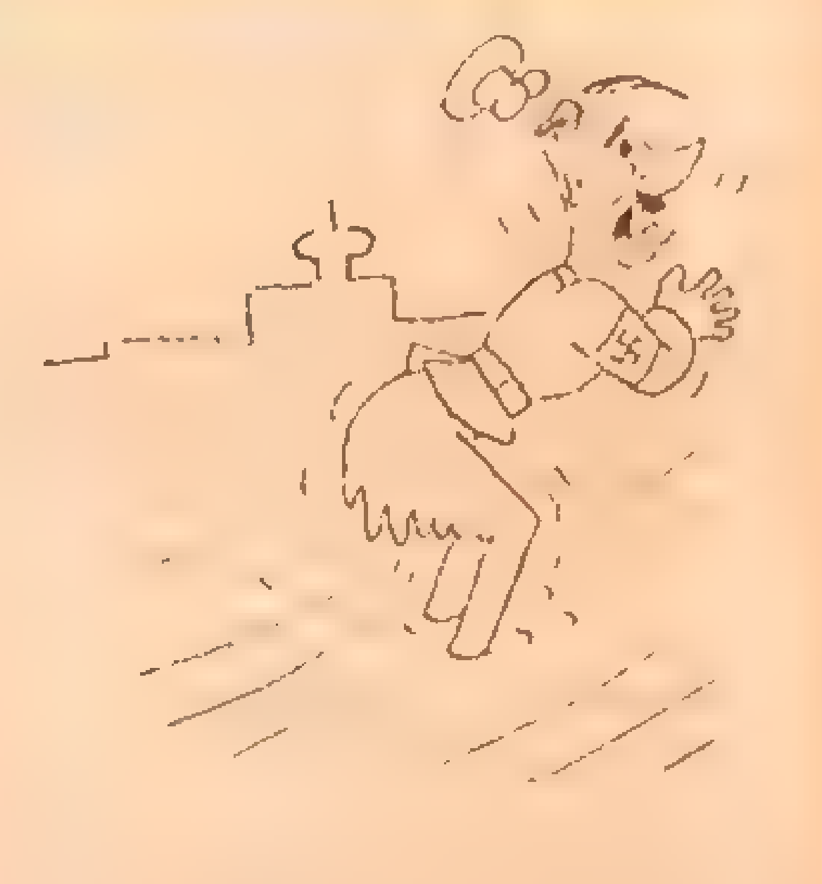
Continued from pages 56-163

me in *Ski News* of January, 1942, in which I explained that I am not interested in racers. The point in the book was simply brought out because advocates of the Arlberg system are constantly citing racers as examples, when actually ski schools have done nothing to influence racing techniques. The point in the article was stressed to emphasize that I am interested primarily in teaching average skiers to find pleasure in the sport. Both still hold true and I fail to see where they are contradictory.

Continuing with Mr. Lang's criticism, I note that the next point he brings up for discussion is that of shoulder action. As he explains, in the early stages of instruction the Parallel Method advocates employing the usual forward shoulder action. In other words—in a left turn, the right or uphill shoulder is brought around to facilitate the turn.

"But later on in his Christiania at higher speed he will demand from the same pupil a reverse shoulder action, instead of the previously emphasized forward motion, which is exactly the contrary of what he was taught at first," O. L. wrote. That is true, too, but it gives the wrong impression. By reverse shoulder action it is meant that in the left turn the left shoulder is moved forward with the left ski. This is done at very high speeds or on very hard surfaces to prevent the tails of the skis from swinging around too far as often happens when the forward shoulder action is employed. These two actions may sound difficult and contradictory as Mr. Lang refers to them but try this little test:

Stride naturally across the room, swinging the right arm forward as you advance the left leg and the left arm forward with the right leg. That is forward shoulder action. Now stride across again swinging the left arm forward with the left leg and the right arm with the right leg. That is the principle of reverse shoulder action. It can be done as simply on snow as you have done it in the room, in spite of the fact that it sounds so "contrary" to Mr. Lang.



Hitler invested a lot in his Russian campaign. So far all he has gotten out of it is a lot of frozen assets!

Mr. Lang next posed the question of how we get novice skiers to steer their skis from a traverse into the direct line of descent. They are taught to do this either by bending the knees further forward, which will cause the ski tips to drop towards the fall line, or simply by advancing the ski nearest to the fall line, to initiate the turn in that direction.

As he approached the end of his article, Mr. Lang then did something I had been awaiting from the start. He brought up the question of Emile Allais, a fine competitor in Europe but not as good a ski instructor by any means.

Allais it was, in fact, who gave me the first idea for Parallel Skiing when he asserted he was abolishing the Stem Turn and the Stem Christiania before teaching the Pure Christiania. Allais, as you may know, was not successful. This may have been due to the fact that he may have lacked the qualities so necessary in an instructor or it may have been because, as Mr. Lang points out, he did not rid himself of the Snowplow.

But whatever the reasons, I fail to see where they fit the present subject of discussion—my own Parallel Technique. I see no logic in hanging Allais' failure on me. After all, progress in this world is made by climbing over the failures and beyond the successes of others after you have learned what you can from them. From Allais' failure I learned that the Snowplow must definitely be avoided.

And now to Mr. Lang's final point which, apparently, he liked best of all. I like it, too. It is so easy to answer. Mr. Lang explains that comparatively recently the United States realized the importance of ski troops and in organizing these troops selected a technique of instruction for them which closely follows the Arlberg method. I agree that that is very fortunate for I can think of no better method for military instruction than the Arlberg. For that purpose it is excellent but I somehow got the impression we were discussing methods of teaching recreational skiing, an entirely different subject.

Military ski instruction is designed to prepare soldiers to ski, with heavy packs on their backs, over mountain passes and down trails that are no wider, in many cases, than foot paths. During troop movements much of this downhill skiing is done at exceedingly low speed so that the units will remain as close together as possible. The only semblance of similarity between this and recreational skiing as we know it on this continent is that all participants in both wear skis. Of course the Snowplow is indispensable in military skiing. From the very start it teaches the pupil to hold back against the hill and to fight it. That, obviously, isn't what our recreational skiers should be taught. ###

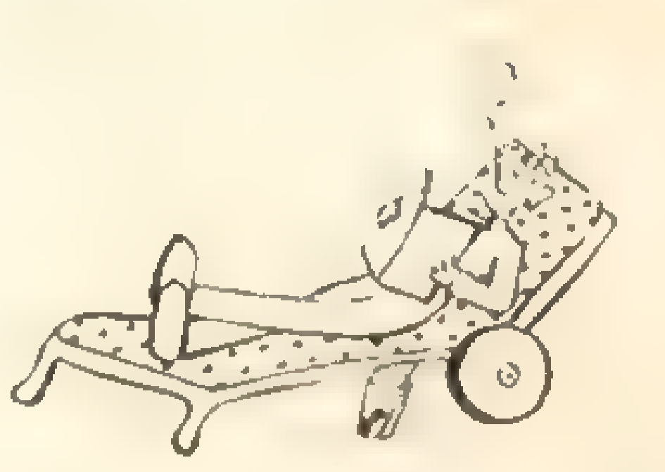
What Became of the Salesmen

Continued from page 32

Bunyan of world commerce, the Gulliver of its economic frontiers . . ."

Today our salesman is as optimistic as Jeremiah. This "Paul Bunyan of world commerce" is, for the most part, flat on his back, bewildered, aghast at the disappearance of a world plentifully supplied with sundry commodities that had to be sold. Gone are the radios, the automobiles, the toasters, the vacuum cleaners, the gas ranges, the washing machines, the golf clubs, the lawn mowers, the metalware novelties, the tires, the fountain pens, the hairpins and the hundreds of other commodities. For the 3,000,000 salesmen in our midst, "priorities" was an occupational death warrant. It was less of a blow to the 35-dollar-a-week auto salesman than it was to the 35,000-dollar-a-year sales manager—but for both the Second World War brought a completely unexpected, flabbergasting economic holocaust. Or, as one wrote recently:

"*We are the great useless middle class. We are not Labor and we are not Capital. Our bodies are hardly good enough to be shot at and our skill for making the shooting machines is non-existent. We can only sell things—when there are no things to sell. We are truly the lost generation . . .*"



A good many Miami Beach hotels are filled up with soldiers this year. Our heart bleeds for the poor proprietors who have never had so many guests with so little to spend.

* * *

It wasn't all breast beating and the crying of alackaday—or, more likely, "They can't do this to me." The millions of salesmen who had stimulated 210 billion dollars' worth of commodity sales in a single peacetime year had too rich a heritage of ingenuity and imaginativeness to call it quits and simply slip down the economic drain-pipe.

The men who had outsold British salesmen in British colonies; the men who had sold tons of sleigh bells in tropical Manila by persuading traffic authorities to make the bells necessary equipment on all public conveyances; the men who had put more brushes in American homes than in the homes of all the rest of the world combined; the men who frequently earned in commissions double the salaries of the presidents of their companies—no, such men and their lesser colleagues didn't give up quite so easily.

What helped, too, was that many large corporations had become post-war conscious. They weren't quite ready to unload a seemingly unnecessary sales staff for the duration. They had spent much time and more money developing their better salesmen. Having made so much of an investment they properly reasoned that the men were worth a little more if they could be kept around for the stiff competitive era of post-war. But what were the salesmen going to do?

Interesting question: what can a salesman do besides sell?

Months ago the English found a very simple and direct answer. They set up a government-sponsored training program for displaced salesmen and white collar workers—who are "black coat workers" over there. They put on overalls instead of their traditional black alpaca coats and lived on a subsistence wage while learning a mechanical trade useful in war industry. On the whole the English have found the experiment quite successful.

The Delehanty Institute of New York is not quite so venerable as His Majesty's Government, but it surely is almost as foresighted. Michael J. Delehanty's sole specialty used to be the training of aspirants for New York's Police Force. Just about 90 per cent of New York's Finest are Delehanty men. Later, Michael J. went on to train other civil service workers; then plumbers who had to meet city standards to practice their occupation. From there, of course, it was just another step to the training of defense workers.

Today, Delehanty's is the largest private war work training school in the country. Back in 1941 Delehanty looked ahead and asked himself: what's going to become of the salesmen when priorities go to town? So Michael J. went to various silk stocking, electrical appliance and typewriter distributors and manufacturers and made them this proposition: the employers would offer their unemployed salesmen a defense course at Delehanty's—bench assembly, inspection or machine shop practice. The ex-salesmen could pay for their courses out of earnings after graduation. But if they forgot about payments or failed to complete the course, then the burden of payment would fall upon the employer. Some fifteen large firms underwrote this training setup. About 100 salesmen are now Delehanty students and Michael J. says they're going to be right handy in any machine shop when his instructors get through with them. Only two salesmen have dropped out. Thus far the employers who agreed to take the chance have lost little by it and have gained the inestimable advantage of knowing just where their former sales staff members are now working. Someday again things will be have to be sold . . .

The trouble is there are certain

Continued on page 166

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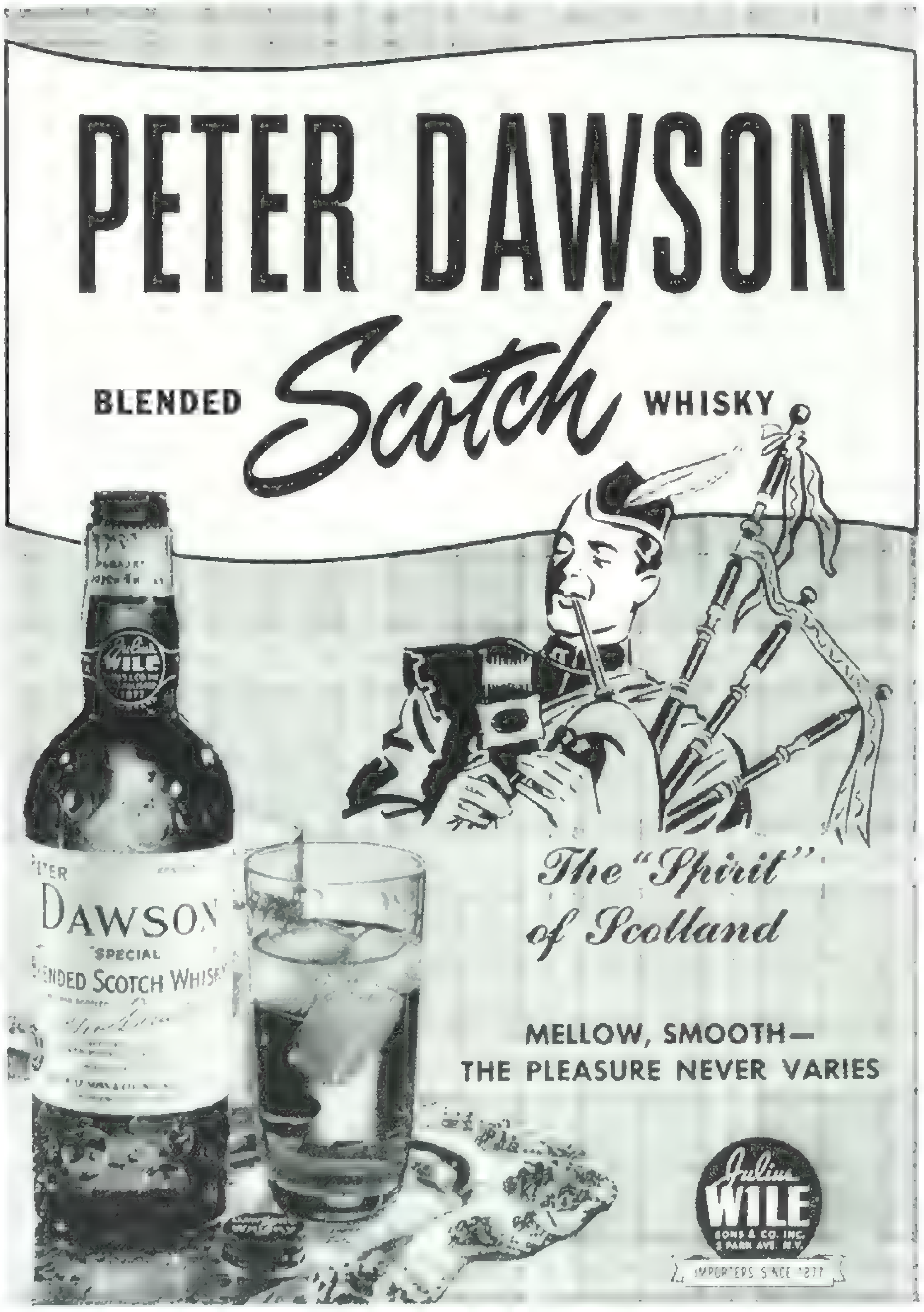

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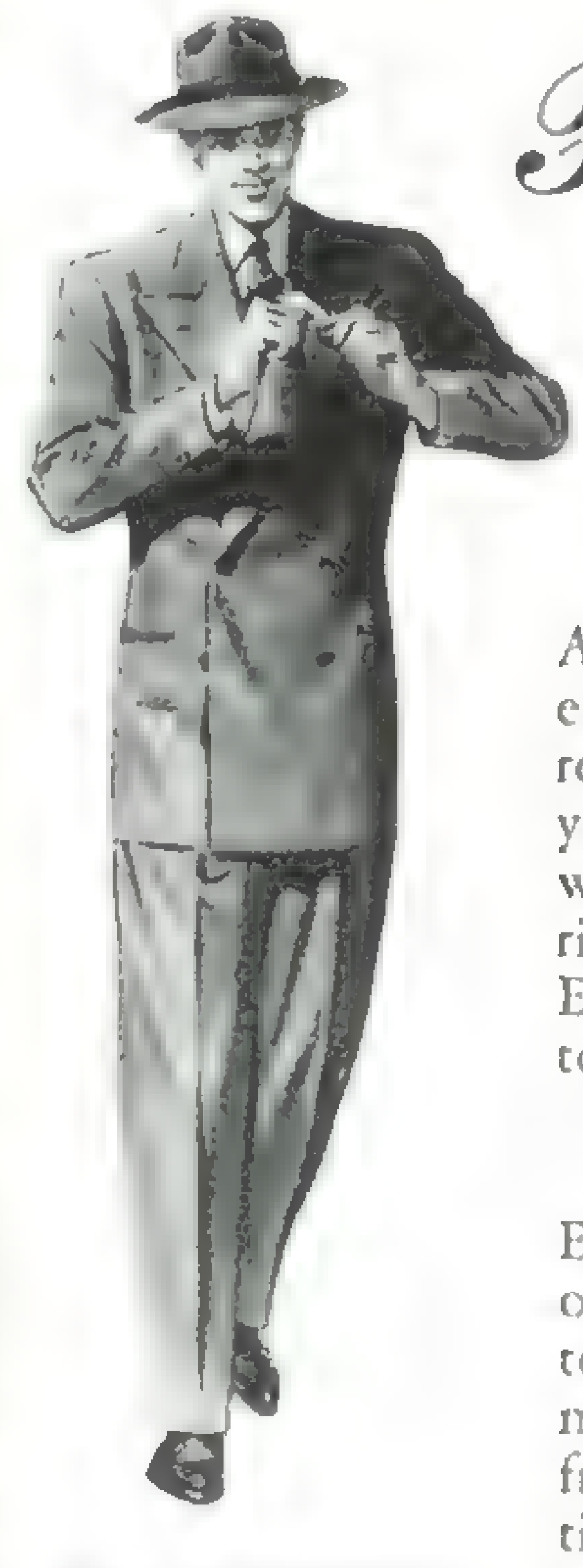

Fine Woolens for Fine Clothes

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★ SIMPSON CLOTHES

What Became of the Salesmen

Continued from pages 32-165

human factors which make the spread of such a simple plan a none-too-easy matter. Many salesmen are psychologically unfitted for work calling for close tolerances; others can't take the steady, unswerving attention to detail that high-powered automatic machines and exacting foremen demand.

Fortunately, it was discovered in time that the displaced salesman had other and likelier talents.

"Psychological tests have shown that salesmen are usually above average in intelligence, in ability to adapt themselves to new situations and in sociability," the Psychological Corporation of America reported early this year.

"The most obvious use of a salesman," the report went on, "is naturally in some situation where he will continue to do public contact work and such work that employs the type of skills with which the salesman is already familiar."

Novel tie decorated with animals representing nations of the United Front.

Tie clip decorated with Mexican coin.

Listed as possibilities were (1) assisting in negotiating for defense business and helping to solve conversion problems, (2) expediting priorities, (3) scouting for raw materials and acting as liaison men with duties of co-ordinating the flow of materials at the source of supply, (4) studying the demand for substitutes of products banned by priorities, and (5) exploring potential markets both here and in South America.

Today thousands of salesmen in dozens of different corporations are doing these very things. And doing them efficiently. Particularly the salesmen turned "expediters." Most of the credit for this occupational transformation should go to a round-faced, bespectacled gentleman of Toledo, Ohio. His name is Edward J. Bodette and he's Field Office Manager of the U. S. Employment Service in Toledo.

Early this year Bodette began worrying about the 150 top-drawer salesmen and sales executives he had on his lists as job-seekers. Each of these men had been accustomed to earning anywhere from 5,000 to 20,000 dollars a year. A lot of high class, persuasive talent with no place to go. Most of them were a little too old for machine shop training courses or could not come up to the physical requirements.

Just about this time someone on Bodette's staff remembered that during the First World War most war contractors had men whose sole job it was to eliminate bottlenecks in the plants of subcontractors. The word for them was "expediters."

Bodette found that expediters were even more necessary in this war. And from contractors and manufacturers he learned what a good expediter had to know: the ability to read blue prints, engineering terminology, a knowledge of transportation, priorities, labor recruiting methods and labor training programs. But the prime ability necessary was one of selling—selling the sub-contractor on the idea of doing what the prime contractor thought was necessary to speed production.

An intensive twelve weeks' course covering the necessary skills was devised by vocational experts in the Toledo schools system and every one of the 150 upper-bracket salesmen on Bodette's list voted to go through with the scheme. For the lesser sales lights who used to sell house to house, special courses leading to jobs as inspectors in arms plants and as personnel assistants were devised.

The whole experiment worked out with incredible success. Nearly every one of the 150 expediter-trainees is now at work. They're not making as much as they used to but they are vitally occupied in war work and their morale is being sustained by the knowledge that they are still useful. The plan is being copied in many other cities.

* * *

I discovered that there are even more things that the ex-salesman can do within the broad framework of the national war effort. For example, at the American Type Founders plant in Elizabeth, New Jersey, salesmen have been successfully converted into foremen, supervising the production of guns. The Air Reduction Sales Company which sells gases, oils and other products in returnable tanks, uses 80 per cent of its sales force's time contacting its customers in an effort to speed up the return of empty metal drums. International Harvester has been using its salesmen as organizers of scrap collection drives in rural areas. The Revere Copper and Brass Company has been sending its salesmen out to educate customers on new post-war uses for copper. Another company is assigning salesmen with lots of time on their hands to the making of surveys of consumer reactions to new products the firm is planning for post-war production. National Gypsum Company is devoting the profit of defense work to keeping salesmen on for a long-term program of research and good will building. Most of the firms have put their salesmen on straight salaries, which in some cases is the equivalent of their 1940 average earnings.

Many firms are using their best salesmen as bad debt collectors—and the boys are good at it, particularly when they are assigned to strange territories. Others are being sent on good will tours to dealers to explain non-existent deliveries, or educate them to accept substitute and simplified design.

Some salesmen have been assigned to the downright disagreeable work of tightening up the firm's general expense account system. The employers are of course honorable gentlemen, all, but the system somehow smacks of the old saw of putting a crook to catch a crook.

One of the most interesting possibilities of occupational conversion both for the duration and in the post-war period is the use of salesmen in labor relations. Thomas F. Joyce, Vice-President of the RCA Manufacturing Company, believes sales executives are unusually good at labor relations. He even quotes two steel union labor leaders as saying that "salesmen and purchasing agents usually possess a more natural ability for handling relations with unions than do operating executives." RCA has been using its sales department, working in conjunction with the advertising department, to rouse its workers to even higher war production efforts.

* * *

But no one loved the automobile salesman. He was the migrating "Okie" of the sales clan. His peregrinations from job to job, from one make to another, gave the sales managers of the great auto corporations the hee-bee-jeebees. Of course, it was strictly the distributor's or dealer's headache. He did the hiring, firing and paying. But when the production of new cars ceased, the distributor himself was up the well known creek, so that the auto salesmen had to shift for themselves.

Every now and then, of course, you found the ingenious distributor who wasn't quite ready to cry quits. Some of those who couldn't make enough out of their service and repair work are selling, with varied success, such divers items as mausoleums, chicken feed, Army "reject" shoes and tire locks. A few are doing pretty well as beer distributors. In most cases the salesmen have been kept on.

Some of the ex-auto salesmen went into insurance, some are now selling feed and grain, which is having a little boomlet right now. But on the whole the auto salesmen were hit pretty hard. Some of the auto manufacturers tried to help the salesmen, although the manufacturers insisted it was the problem of the distributors who had hired the men in the first place.

"Brother," the florid, diamond-ringed personnel executive of a great automobile corporation declared, "these goddam auto salesmen can't do a damn thing besides sell. And if they were any good at selling they'd get into a good selling racket. You can't get rich selling cars."

The public relations man sitting in on the interview was palpably distressed.

"Well, it's not really so bad as all that, now, is it? I mean about our salesmen . . ."

The personnel man was adamant. "It's worse than that. I have absolutely no use for these men. Take 'em out of selling jobs and they're just lost, just lost I tell you. Where the hell do they expect me to find jobs for 'em? Where can you fit the nervous, extroverted type into a defense plant? Besides, these guys have no industriousness or any inherent energy. If they had they wouldn't be selling cars . . ."

The public relations man said to me later: "Tone it down a little, will you? Thanks." ⧺

"You have evidently been treating your husband coldly—I see him out with an old flame!"

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What Makes Rickey Tick?

Continued from page 67

office" connection was with the Browns as secretary. It was almost his last, too, for the ambitious 36-year-old Rickey had as his boss the sometimes irascible but really lovable Phil Ball. To Ball the Browns were just a toy. He was a millionaire many times over, and—believe it or not—he didn't care whether the team made money or not. In the one year that the Browns under the Ball ownership made any money, 1922, the owner put his $600,000 profits into rebuilding Sportsman's Park.

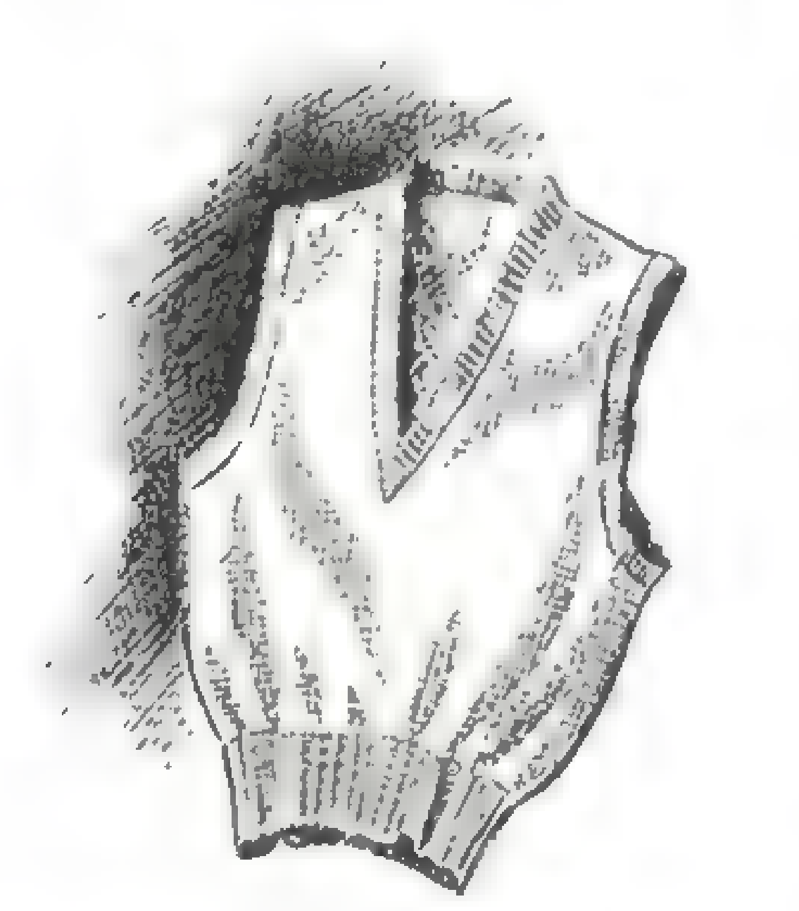
Although Rickey started in under Ball as secretary of the club, before the 1913 season had closed he had taken over the hopeless job as manager of the tail-end team, after George Stovall and Jimmy Austin had successively given up the ghost. Rickey struggled along in this capacity until 1915, displaying up to that time little to indicate what was ahead.

September, 1915 marked a mighty turning point in the baseball history of St. Louis, though no one at that time was in the least aware of it. Early in the month the fans at the old Fairgrounds Park of the Cardinals saw a gangly rookie working out on the infield between the games of a double-header that the Cards took from the Cubs. This gangly kid looked like a pretty good fielder, but when he went up to the plate to swing at a few that the bat-boy tossed to him, he choked his bat and merely rolled a few unimpressive grounders out over second-base. He looked like just another minor-league infielder who couldn't hit much, and those fellows in that day of universal baseball came a dime a dozen. A few days later, on September 10, the name of this gangly youngster from the plains of Texas appeared for the first time in the box score of a game that Lee Meadows lost to King Lear of the Reds, 7 to 1. Hornsby, who had joined the Cards at the Metropole Hotel in Cincinnati on September 1, had replaced Butler at short during the game and had a string of goose eggs to show for his day's work. On September 13 he appeared in the starting lineup at shortstop, batting just above the pitcher, and he played out the season there, showing little at the plate, it should be noted, to tip off what lay ahead. Because the kid weighed only 135 pounds then, Huggins had him batting choke-handed because he didn't think he had the power to get the bat around holding it at the end. During the winter Hornsby put on twenty-five pounds, and the following spring, going back to his natural stance, broke out as a hitting sensation that never dimmed until the day he retired.

In September, 1915 George Sisler, too, was still somewhat of an uncertainty as a big league ball player, though during the summer he had shown promise and talent as a stylish young ball player. Manager Rickey of the Browns was still using him part of the time on the slab, and part of the time at first base and in right field because of his hitting. No, in September, 1915, the newspapers were speckled with the names of sporting heroes other than George Sisler, Rogers Hornsby and Branch Rickey—the triumvirate that was to supply the drive that would lift St. Louis to glory in baseball in the coming years. In September, 1915 the fans were following the uninspiring fortunes of such Cardinal players as: Slim Sallee, Bill Doak, and "Specs" Meadows, pitchers; Jack Miller, 1b; Johnny Butler, ss; Bruno Betzel, 3b; the late Bob Bescher, brilliant base-runner, and two good catchers, Frank Snyder and Mique Gonzales, the latter of whom was still with the club as coach of last year's World Champions. Brownie favorites of the day in addition to the rising Sisler were such men as Hank Severeid and Sam Agnew, catchers; Del Howard, 1b; Del Pratt, 2b; Johnny Lavan, ss; Jimmy Austin, 3b; Bert Shotton, lf; Cy Walker, cf; "Baby Doll" Jacobson, rf; and pitchers Weilman, Hamilton, and Ernie Koob.

Through a shift of allegiance from the Browns to the Cards, the career of Branch Rickey became interwoven with the magic careers of both Sisler and Hornsby. The transition that cost the American League Rickey and sent him to the Cards came in 1917. Phil Ball, an ardent follower of the then baseball czar, Ban Johnson, was a standpatter and it was inevitable that he would clash with the farther-seeing, more progressive Rickey. So Rickey "jumped," though he didn't jump far. Yet it proved to be a profitable move, taking him into not only fresh but broader pastures where his many talents had more range.

At the moment, however, to an outsider, it looked like a daring move, this transfer from a club with plenty of cash to a club that was coming out at the seams both artistically and financially. The Cards were badly in debt, and there was no "angel" in view. Why even two years after Rickey



As more men wear sweaters with business clothes, the deep V model gets attention because it exposes a good part of the tie and shirt.

took hold, the club lacked sufficient money to pay for a Southern training trip and had to get ready at Washington University for the 1919 season.

So, when Rickey moved over, he started in at the foot of the ladder and began the long climb upward the hard way. Don't think it was easy sailing. Rickey was unpopular in the city because he had "jumped" the popular Phil Ball. Cardinal stock was selling at $3.50 a share, and few takers even at that price. So Rickey went directly to the people. He organized clubs to purchase the shares, and, small bloc by small bloc, he sold them. A fellow named Sam Breadon, an automobile man in a small way, was among those who invested a couple thousand dollars. That was real salesmanship, for in those days Sam didn't have so many thousand dollars as he has now. Incidentally, don't try to buy any Cardinal stock today. It isn't on the market. Sam Breadon has it all, has retired from all but the baseball business and is decidedly in the millionaire division.

The reason why some women shouldn't wear slacks is evident when one gets to the bottom of the problem.

Finally Rickey and his associates had scraped up $175,000 with which to purchase the franchise from Mrs. Britton. At the same time, a note was signed for another $175,000. Mr. Breadon engineered a deal with the city whereby the Cardinals' old wooden Fairgrounds Park was sold for a high school, and arrangements were made to play their games at Sportsman's Park. Rickey now had the grubstake with which to build the subsequent Cardinal fortunes when this capital was liberally mixed with the workings of his own mind.

Now he had a franchise, but still no ball club. There wasn't enough capital to compete with the other clubs in buying talent, and here Rickey came up with perhaps his most famous idea. "By Judas Priest," he said—and that is still his strongest expression—"if we can't buy players, we'll develop them. How does a farmer get his crops? He *grows* them. So we'll grow our own ball players on 'farms.'"

He began to invest club funds in a small way in clubs of the smaller leagues. With them he engineered "working agreements" which enabled the Cards to pick off the best of the crop. It was a good joke—then! The baseball world, as then constituted, had a good laugh for itself!

But it isn't a laughing matter today. Today the Cards have dozens of these "farms," some of them representing hundreds of thousands of dollars in investment. Practically every other major league club has adopted the same system. The World Champion Cardinals of 1942 were composed almost entirely of youngsters developed under the Rickey system, which now embraces some twenty-eight clubs.

In those climbing years Rickey not only took care of most of the club's business, but he was also field manager of the team from 1919 to 1924. Rickey brought on the scene many another idea that did not jibe with the old order of baseball. From his college football days, with their pre-game pep talks, he got the idea of pre-game meetings at which the strengths and weaknesses of the opposing players were discussed and plans and strategy laid for the day's battle. He had a shorthand record kept of each pitch in the game, and he even tried to teach his players smart plays on a blackboard. Scornfully they called him "The Schoolmaster."

But the trouble was not that he was ever a poor manager (the highest his teams ever finished was third); but as Rogers Hornsby said of him recently, the players were incapable of grasping his ideas. "Rickey is the smartest baseball man in the country," said Hornsby, who has always been an outspoken man. "He was the smartest manager, too. The things he tried to teach his players were *right*, from the baseball viewpoint. The only trouble was that the players couldn't get his ideas. He went into the game to too fine a point for them."

For a number of years I worked with Rickey as his statistician. Keeping statistics for Rickey when he was manager of the Cards was no soft job. The batting and fielding averages of every player had to be kept up every day. Special attention was given to the steadiness of each player to determine whether he was helping out every day, or was "streaky." "Runs batted in" was a big factor with Rickey long before this column even came into the official records. He favored that type of player over a high-average performer. Of course, he considered position in the batting order, in rating RBI.

How many times did this or that player draw a base on balls? He might be a good man to lead off. Pitching records were just as complete. It was Rickey's theory that a pitcher should strike out about twice as many batters as he walked. Also that the strike-out column really showed the "stuff" that a pitcher had. The pitcher's work was also tabulated by innings to show whether or not he weakened in the late rounds.

Then, with all the farm clubs the Cardinals operated, there was a big board in the home office on

Continued on page 170

Remember Me!

I'm noted for taking kindly to harsh treatment. So is FIELDCLUB—that's why you'll find my picture on every pair of slacks or shirt or jacket made of this famous fabric. Look for me in your favorite store. Remember: just ask for FIELDCLUB.

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What Makes Rickey Tick?

Continued from pages 67-169

which were tabbed the records of each farm organization every day. If there was anything in the way of statistical detail that Rickey missed, I never noticed it. There is still just a little of the old college coach in him, with the penchant for these minutiae, and you don't have to talk with him very long before you realize that he knows every angle of this baseball, knows it as a game—minutely, the way a watchmaker knows a watch.

He has been exceptional not only in picking ball players, but in knowing just when to bring them up and when to let them go. "The basic physical possessions needed to carry a player to the Majors," he says, "are speed afoot, a great throwing arm, and power at the plate. That means the strength and coordination to drive a ball when he meets it right. Ideally, a player should have all three qualities to a superlative degree. Many reach the big leagues with two of the three. However, there is slight hope for a boy with but one of these attributes. Aside from physical qualifications, the most important factor is the intensity with which a boy likes to play ball. I seek players to whom ball playing is an all-consuming thing."

So after a quarter of a century—the most glamorous quarter-century of baseball history in St. Louis—he leaves the city he loves to succeed the colorful Larry MacPhail at Brooklyn. MacPhail himself is a similar builder-upper, as he proved at both Cincinnati and Brooklyn.

Undoubtedly Rickey will continue to build and expand at Brooklyn. That is his temperament. And I think they're going to like him in the Metropolis when they get to know him. They'll find that he is an inveterate talker, who can sell you almost anything. Though a master of evasion, his word is solid. He takes his time making his decisions, but once made, he sticks to them through thick and thin.

Yet in many ways, he's a carefree mutt. One time we got on a train at St. Louis for a three-weeks' trip. A few miles outside the city he asked me if I had any money. He had just $1.75 on him. Money means little to him, though he's a canny soul at accumulating it.

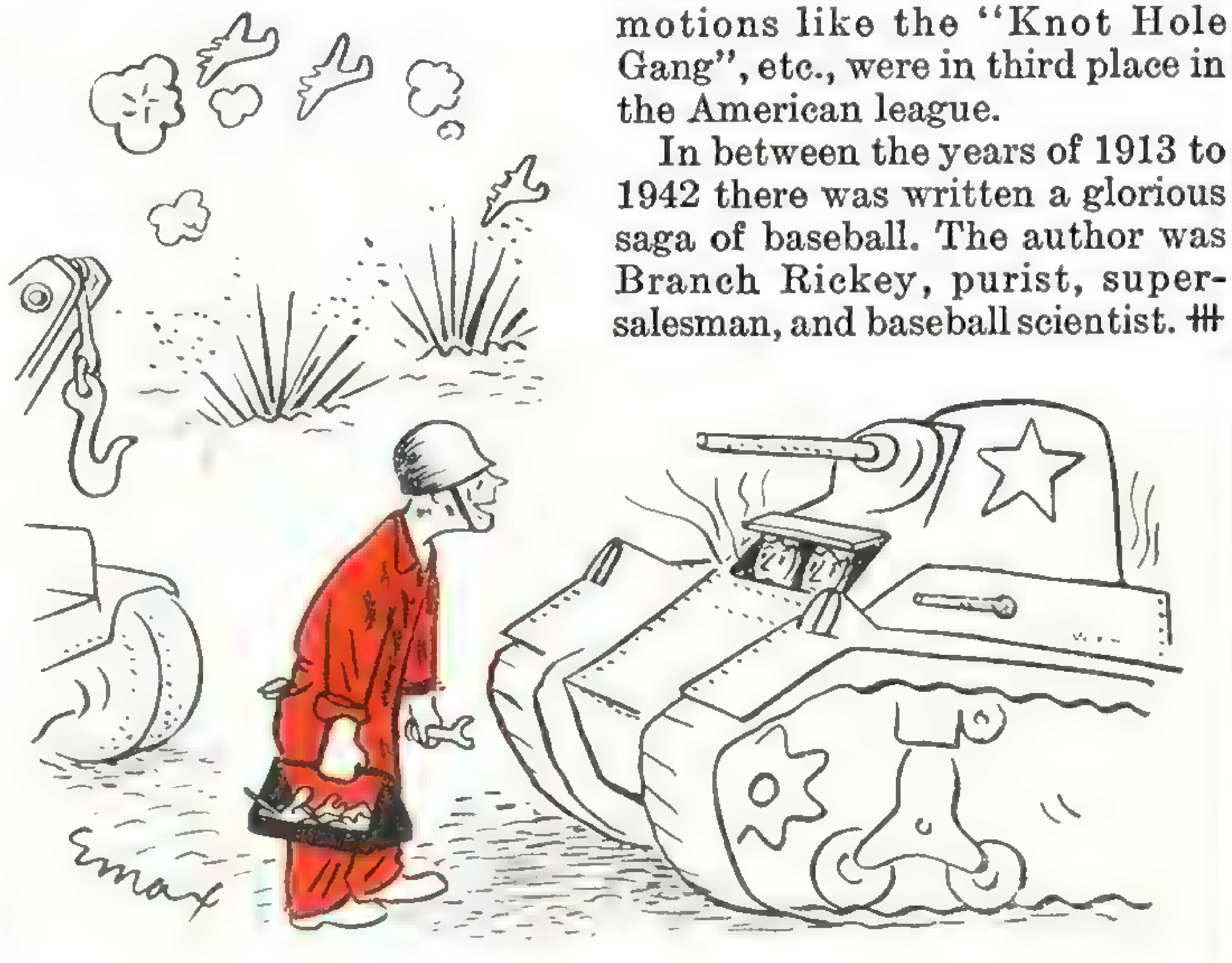
One of the reasons for his success is that he uses every minute of his time. Once in New York we were to take a noon train to St. Louis. At 11:45, I began to get nervous. He was talking baseball to somebody in the lobby of our hotel. I finally pried him loose; we hopped into a cab and careened across town. At the station, we ran down the stairs, and as we stepped onto the moving platform of the last car, he turned to me and blithely said: "See, we had plenty of time."

Thus he devotes all of his wide range of talents continually to his business. When a friend of his was asked: "Has he any hobbies; has he any other interests besides baseball?" the friend replied: "I don't see how he could." He's an all-out baseball man, for all his other talents. He can make a great after-dinner talk, and he likes to go hunting, where he is a terribly fast and punishing walker. He enjoys his big country place outside St. Louis, but for him everything vital in life centers around baseball.

Probably he got into this all-out baseball habit in the years when he was building up at St. Louis. Knowing what he was up against in that job, you can judge the impact of his personality upon a great city and upon a great national institution.

The record speaks for itself. In 1913 when Rickey's name first appeared in the managerial ring, both of the St. Louis clubs finished last. In 1942 when he left St. Louis to go to Brooklyn the Cards were World Champions for the third time in the last seventeen years, during which they won the National League pennant four times; and the Browns, who unavoidably benefited from his promotions like the "Knot Hole Gang", etc., were in third place in the American league.

In between the years of 1913 to 1942 there was written a glorious saga of baseball. The author was Branch Rickey, purist, supersalesman, and baseball scientist. ⌗



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*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

He Buys for the Navy

Continued from page 55

of the important cogs in the machine that boosted Ward's business to over 700 million dollars a year, Folsom had plenty of supporters who contended he was a superior businessman to Nelson. Folsom laughs when this is mentioned to him today.

Following Folsom's acceptance of the Navy job, Washington's wiseacres cracked that he would see so many gold braid and brass hat stuffed shirts that he would long for the peace of the extremely competitive and cutthroat merchandising business. "That guy's got business brains; he won't be happy with the Navy," was the line that the cocktail circle chanted. Folsom never found this to be true. "I just met 'em on the common ground of common sense," he says, "and I got along with everyone."

LOST ONE ROW-BOAT!

The Navy Department takes its time in admitting American naval losses—apparently on the theory that what the Japs don't know will hurt them.

Although some Washington workers irked Folsom, he claims to be comforted by the discovery that the percentage of disagreeable persons in the capital is no higher than in private business. There has been no resistance, he says, to his policy of introducing commercial business standards in the Navy.

Forrestal took Folsom with him last Fall on a 26,000-mile airplane trip through the Pacific theater of operations. Folsom was ordered specifically to inspect delivery of material in the fighting zone and to devise more ways of "being there fastest with the mostest." He can, of course, make no comment—but the insiders report that his recommendations were immediately tabbed "must do" by the gold braids.

While on the twenty-five-day trip, Folsom showed his curiosity about people by making a one-man inquiry into the morale of the fleet. He says that after talking to every chaplain he met on the tour, he came to the conclusion that atheism was in inverse proportion to the proximity of death. "There could have been no atheists on Bataan," he declares emphatically, "because the nearer men come to death the more religious they become." A life-long Roman Catholic, he was greatly pleased by his discovery.

On one lap of the trip Forrestal's group landed on an isle occupied by a native tribe that had been friendly to the marines and sailors quartered there. In the presentation ceremonies, Folsom offered the king of the natives a cigar. The king refused to accept it unless his entire cabinet received cigars also. Folsom, who loves his stogies, was torn between personal pleasure and good will. Finally he yielded to the latter and gave the king and his five cabinet ministers his last six cigars. Folsom believes that a prankster marine set the king up to this stunt.

While in the Pacific, the group landed at a Marine hospital base for men wounded in the Pacific. Folsom, intent on his inquiry of morale, waded through mud to see the battle station of mercy in the wilderness. In the small first-aid station Folsom cried when he saw the bullet-sputtered marines, prostrate with pain but determined to live and fight again.

Folsom's reaction to his trip was that Americans could never again trust Japan, even after the war lords have been vanquished. The fires of bitterness have been kindled in him against Japan for all time, he says, by the tales of treachery that he heard on his trip. Indicating his concern over the post-war era, he told 1,500 Chicago businessmen that we would have to maintain large fighting forces in peace as an international patrol to prevent aggression by any armed belligerent.

The invitation for Folsom to speak at the dinner came after the chairman of the businessmen's association asked one of Folsom's close friends if he thought that Folsom could speak to 1,500 persons. "As far as his voice is concerned, I imagine that the public address system will take care of that," the friend answered. "But as for what you're really thinking of—I'll wash his mouth in soap before he starts."

The reference to a cleansing agent stems from Folsom's tendency to introduce phrases in his business conversation that aren't exactly drawing-room style. He uses a certain portion of the language beautifully, in rounded terms that lash like a snake in searing home their intent. Some of his friends have sought to imitate him in this, but lack his dramatic, emotional delivery. When he hears their efforts go flat, he is apt to quote Mark Twain and say, "You've got the words right, but you don't know the tune."

Back in Washington after his Chicago speech, Folsom resumed his long-hour daily work schedule. He's unable to understand why ex-business associates ask him about his reaction to these long hours. "Long hours, hell," he says to them. "Those guys out in Bataan or Guadalcanal never worked on a timeshift when they were fighting. I saw the boys on our fleet tend their guns 24 hours a day in

Continued on page 172

Metropolitan Moments . . . . . by Wisdom

"Till Peace Comes I'm Not Travelling Far, Our Nation Needs Each Railroad Car"

Our government needs alcohol, too, for war purposes. To that end all Calvert distilling facilities are now devoted. But fortunately, during peacetime years, large reserves of rare, selected stocks were laid away. Of these now *irreplaceable* reserves, the very *cream*—the *"top drawer"* whiskies of all—were set aside exclusively for Calvert Reserve. Refined to a magnificent lightness, Calvert Reserve is—and will continue to be—the *"finest whiskey you can drink or serve."*

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INTO SPRING!

Give your feet a fresh start. Step into a pair of *these* shoes...and GO! Real comfort, shape-retaining fit ...moderate price...add up to most *S-miles* per dollar!

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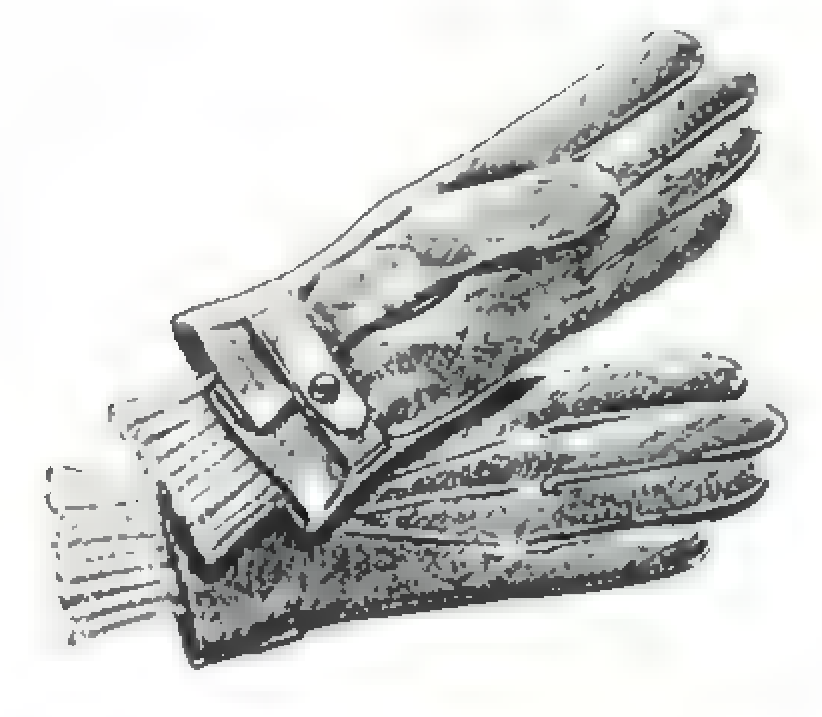
He Buys for the Navy

Continued from pages 55-171

some emergencies. They ate on the fly, taking what they could when they could. Seems to me that in war my hours shouldn't be guided by peacetime rules. We've all got to kick in and do our share."

When he makes this point, he's likely to lean forward toward you. Perhaps his fist will slam down on the desk. His brown eyes will stare at you, and he may, after a moment, rub his bristly grey moustache with the index finger and thumb of his left hand. And although his speech in a random conversation is pocked with an occasional "er" as he sifts his vocabulary for the right word, his expressions are fluid and forceful when he talks about war work. He is so intense about this subject because he regards his job with the Navy as something that constantly demands his best effort. He finds not the slightest basic differentiation between what he did for private industry and what he's doing now for this country.



Capeskin gloves with wool linings qualify currently because men are spending more time in the open and the lining affords adequate insulation against cold air.

"It's like being on a battleship for a while and then transferring to a carrier," he says. "It's all a part of the same fleet, and we're going to be better off as soon as we realize that the different units are all part of the same team."

This desire to see government and business and labor pulling together is indicative to Folsom's friends that in him may be found the prototype of the statesmen in the future. Their argument is based on the theory that the government, in which more and more national activities are being vested, will be the biggest business in the world after the war.

To control this vast enterprise, which probably will be faced with feeding, rehabilitating and reviving war-stricken people all over the globe, these friends will suggest that he be elected president. His knowledge of business, they feel, will give him the ability to manage all the far-flung fronts of energy that the peacetime government must control, and his work with the war agencies is proof to them that he can operate within the framework of politics.

As a matter of fact, Folsom has been one of the outstanding wizards in the field of merchandising. His theory, contrasted with the strategy that dominated selling for a hundred years, was simply to give the sucker an even break. In the early days of the 20th century, merchandisers sought the largest profit possible on each individual sale. The way to accomplish this, they felt, was to skimp on production costs and make buttons just a little thinner, the thread just a little shorter, and the colors just a little weaker.

Folsom, after spending thirteen years with three Pacific coast department store chains, suddenly said, "To hell with all that stuff. I'm going to start a different approach."

That was in 1923, when he was merchandise manager for the Hale Brothers' chain in San Francisco. Instead of getting maximum profits from each sale, Folsom sought the minimum. He reasoned that if he gave the customer as much quality per article as was possible without endangering a fair margin of profit, the customer would gain confidence in the store and buy more. Larger sales would mean increased production, and this in turn would mean decreased manufacturing costs. The total result eventually would lead to higher gross revenues and a steadily rising volume of net profit.

Although this had been a broadly stated economic maxim for some years, Folsom pioneered its application in his business. Today it's standard procedure in merchandising chains.

To supplement this introduction, Folsom started another revolutionary process. Rather than maintain a range of prices that catered to both the pauper and the wealthy patron, he simplified the marketing structure so that a store had only three price grooves. There was the *good* product for the paltry purse; the *better* for the middle-sized midas, and the *best* for the bulging billfolds. Thus came the famous good-better-best axiom that today is not only textbook theory but workable wisdom.

Folsom was so successful for ten years with his precedent-shattering practices that when Sewell Avery came in as chairman of the board of the Montgomery Ward company, he picked Folsom as one of his heirs apparent. After being Ward's West Coast manager for a year, Folsom was brought into the firm's general offices at Chicago to be vice president, general merchandising manager and a director.

Folsom, who had started out in a small Portland, Oregon, store at ten dollars a week because he wanted a job, thereby jumped into the 50,000-dollar-a-year income bracket. His feat is all the more amazing because it was accomplished without the standard Horatio Alger approach.

He says that when he started in business he didn't have a goal. "I

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just worked," he says. He admits that he worked hard, but this to him is not a sure-fire shot for success. He feels that he was just lucky, a word he explains by declaring that "luck for me was just a matter of either the right job finding me or me finding the right job."

Instead of being the economic man that Adam Smith idealized and the industrial giants of our time pragmatized, Folsom kept his eyes not on the paycheck but on his friends. Common talk is that he never turned his back on a buddy. Whenever he could, he aided and abetted his subordinates to positions of eminence.

Once, while he was in his office that looked North over the city, Nathan Goldblatt, president of the Goldblatt chain, visited Folsom and asked the latter's opinion of a problem confronting him. "I can't answer your problem," Folsom said, "but I can answer all of my own with these little cards." He then drew six cards from his vest pocket and said that they were the keys to charts on his office wall that indicated the condition of Ward's entire business at any given moment. Goldblatt, pondering this show of legerdemain, went back to his office. The next day a vice president asked Goldblatt a question. "How can I answer when I haven't got any charts?" shouted Goldblatt in reply. For the next week Goldblatt statisticians culled their records to create a system similar to Folsom's.

Folsom had scant concern for the schoolroom-theorist sons of his co-workers when they came in with supposedly invulnerable ideas for making money. "You don't see how the dollars come in on the first floor," he told one of them, "but you want to sit on the tenth floor and direct it all. Before you know how this business works you've got to get down on the first floor and watch the people buy, because that's the way to learn."

Folsom was well-qualified to talk about having that "first floor" frame of mind in merchandising, because it's been his greatest stock in trade. He knows the problems of the rank and file and he has an instinctive "feel" for what will appeal to the common man. He has the same attitude for all classes of humanity. He'll speak just as harshly to his superior officer as he will to a fledgling. Officials at Ward's still remember him for his outspoken comments on what did not please him.

Ward's is a business exponent of having the open-door policy for visitors. In 1939 that open door served another purpose. Folsom walked out through it. He explains his departure by saying that he and Avery were "incompatible." Ward's say that he resigned.

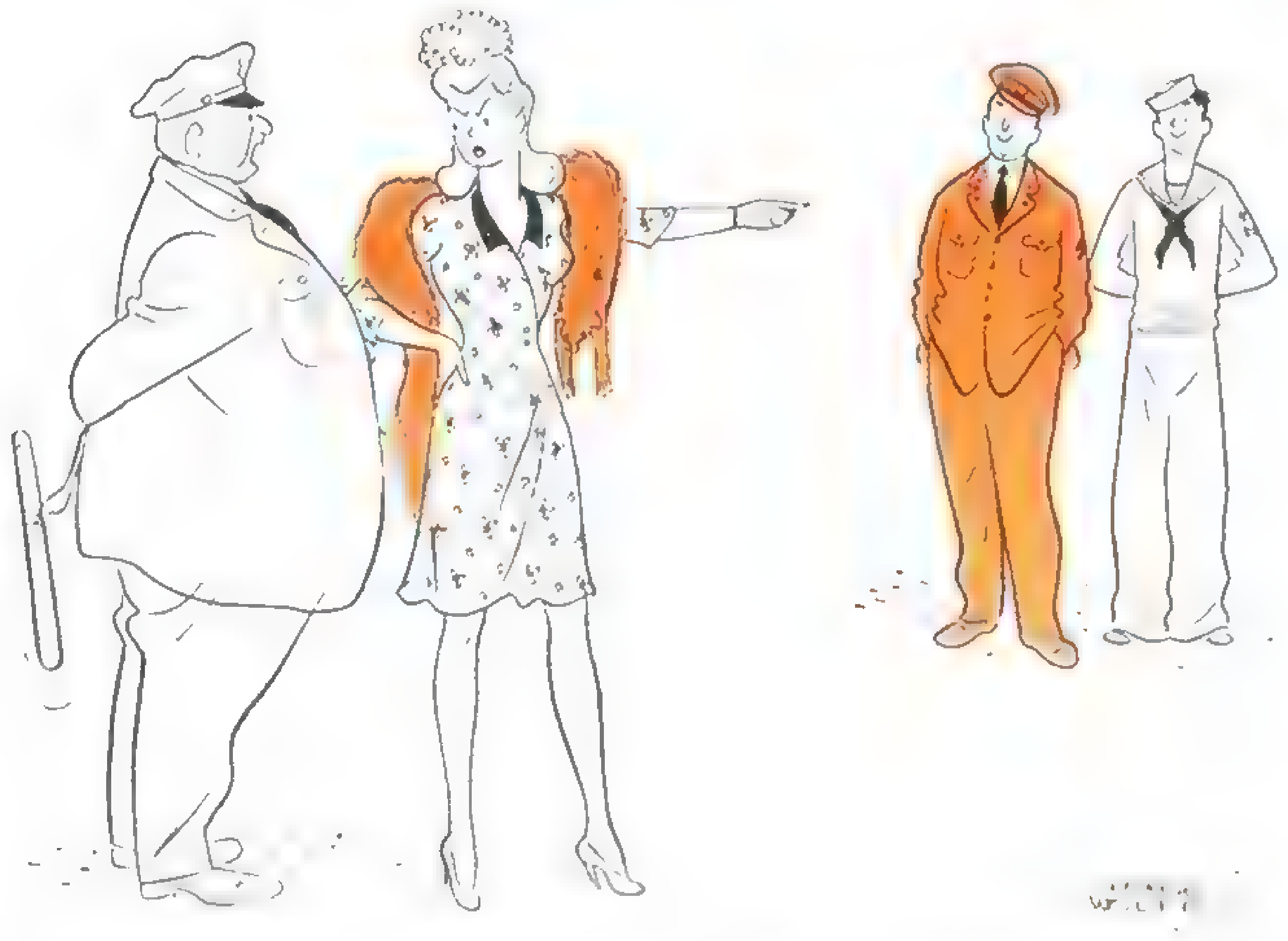
Shortly after this he took his present job with the Goldblatt chain, but was only at his desk five months before Washington called him. He's sold both of his twelve-cylinder cars, closed up his lakefront home in suburban Wilmette and gone to live in a Washington apartment with his wife. Their three daughters are married to service men and have scattered to all parts of the country.

Folsom is enthusiastic about his daughters. "Why, I wouldn't change a freckle on any one of them," is his candid verdict. The girls had frequent access to the money that he keeps folded with a paper clip in his right pants pocket.

One of the reasons that he is a good father may be that he has been so rarely concerned with personal introspection. An interviewer once asked him to define his worst habit. "Bad habit," said Folsom, "hell, I never thought of it like that." Queried about his good habits, his reaction was the same. "I don't know," he said. "What the hell. I never thought about whether my habits were good or bad. I just am what I am. I don't try to figure those things out."

Overnight poker sessions "with the boys around the corner" hold no lures for Folsom. His favorite means of relaxation now is a few games of gin rummy with his wife.

But his first duty in war is right there between the four walls of 2008—and that's where you'll find him most of his waking hours. "It's an awful long title," he says, "but you know what it means." ⧻



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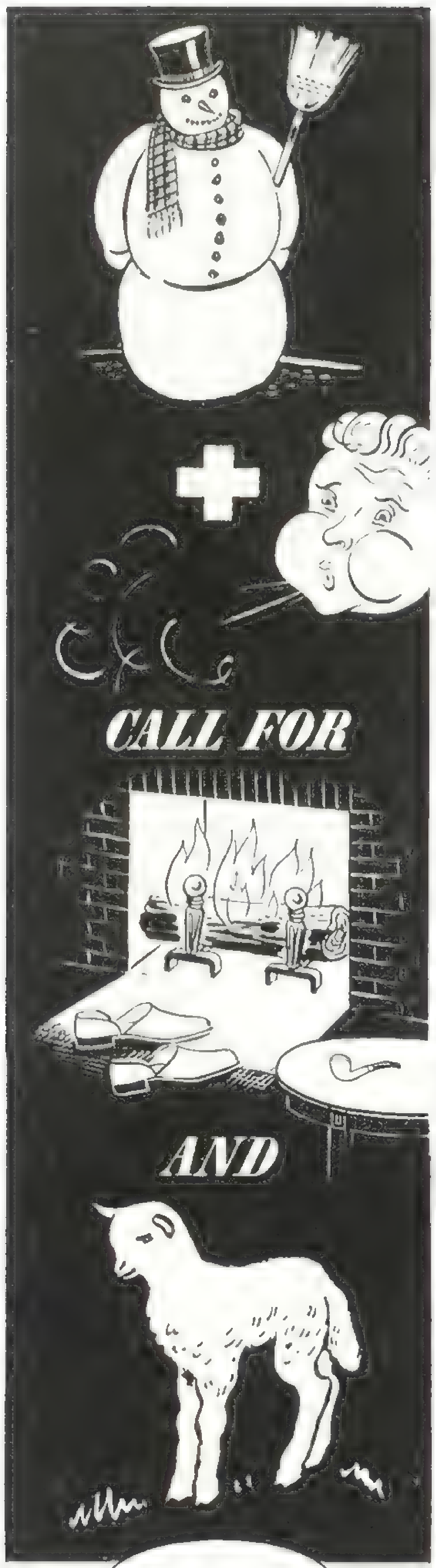

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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

MARCH 1943

Abels, Robert.................. 16
Adler Shoes for Men............ 12
Allen Edmonds Shoe Corp.......177
Alligator Co., The..............144
Angostura Wuppermann Corp.... 24
Arrid (Carter Products, Inc.).....155
Arrow (Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.) 115

Block, H & L....................162
Book-of-the-Month Club......... 7
Brown-Forman Distillery Co., Inc. (Old Forester)................125
Burger, Joseph (Staturaids)...... 8

Calvert Distillers Corp. .163, 166, 171
Camels (R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.) 113
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc:
  Mixers.......................132
  Johnnie Walker..............140
Carter Products, Inc. (Arrid).....155
Cheney Bros...............146, 151
Chicago Daily News, The........145
Chicago Rubber Clothing Co. (Rainfair)....................137
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. (Arrow)......................115
Cohama Tie Fabrics............. 13
Consolidated Lobster Co., Inc.... 22
Coopers, Inc. (Jockey)...........133
Coronet Brandy (Schenley Dist. Corp.)................III Cover
Cortina Academy................ 16
Cosmopolitan Mfg. Co...........170
Crescent Mfg. Co., The.......... 16
Cresta Blanca Wine Co., Inc. (Schenley Dist. Corp.).........173
Croton Watch Co...............167
Curtis Shoe Co., Inc.............164

Dawson, Peter (Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc.)...................165
Delapenha & Co., Inc., R. U. (Myers's Rum)............... 22
Dewar's (Schenley Imp. Corp.) ...147
Divan Parisien.................. 22
Dobbs (Hat Corp. of America)..............148, 149
Dumont Brandy (McKesson & Robbins, Inc.)................175

Expanso (Knothe Bros. Co., Inc.) 169

Fieldclub (Galey & Lord, Inc.)...169
Florsheim Shoe Co., The......... 4
Fortune (Richland Shoe Co.)..... 23
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc. (Four Roses)................ 11
Frenchee Chemical Co........... 16

Galey & Lord, Inc. (Fieldclub)...169
General Motors Corp. (Oldsmobile)................ 3
General Shoe Corp. (Fortune).... 23
Gilbey's Gin (Natl. Dist. Prods. Corp.)...................... 28
Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc. (Kentucky Tavern)............131

Harper, I. W. (Bernheim Distilling Co., Inc.)............... 17
Harris Tweed Assn., Ltd., The....164
Hat Corp. of America (Dobbs)................148, 149
Hennessy (Schieffelin & Co.).....162
Herff-Jones, Inc.................8, 12
Hershey Mfg. Co. (Vitabrush).... 16
Hodgman Rubber Co............ 12
Hull Mfg. Co.................... 8

International Shoe Co. (Roberts, Johnson & Rand)....172

Jockey (Coopers, Inc.)...........133

Keepsake Diamonds (A. H. Pond Co., Inc.)........175
Kelly's, Jimmy.................. 22
Kentucky Tavern (Glenmore Dist. Co., Inc.)..............131
Klikits (Rau Fastener Co.).......173
Knickerbocker Pub. Co.......... 12
Knothe Bros. Co., Inc. (Expanso) 169

Lawrence Co., The George....... 8
Leon & Eddie's.................. 22
Leroux & Co., Inc............... 24
Lexol........................... 12
Literary Guild of America, Inc... 9
Lubin-Weeker Co., Inc. (Weldon).172

Mallory Hats................... 18
Manhattan Shirt................130
Many, Blanc & Co., Inc:
  J. Bavet..................... 22
  DuBouchett.................. 22

Marlboro Cigarettes (Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc.)......134
Martin's Solvent Products, Inc... 12
McKesson & Robbins, Inc:
  Dumont Brandy..............175
  Martin's V.V.O...............168
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.......... 25
Middleton, John (Walnut Tobacco)..................... 8
Military Service Pub. Co........156
Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., Philip:
  Country Doctor.............. 16
  Marlboro Cigarettes..........134
  Philip Morris.................142
Mothersill's..................... 16
Moyer Mfg. Co. (Seven Seas Slacks)...................... 8
Mount Vernon (Natl. Dist. Prods. Corp.).............14, 15

National Distillers Prods. Corp:
  Gilbey's Gin.................. 28
  Mt. Vernon, Old Crow, Old Grand-Dad, Old Overholt, Old Taylor................14, 15
  Old Angus...................174
National Magic Co............. 16
National Premium Beer......... 8
New York Sun, The............. 19
Northern Furniture Co..........177
Nunn-Bush Shoe Co............138

Old Angus (Natl. Dist. Prods. Corp.)......................174
Old Crow (Natl. Dist. Prods. Corp.)....................14, 15
Old Forester (Brown-Forman Dist. Co., Inc.)...............125
Old Grand-Dad (Natl. Dist. Prods. Corp.).............14, 15
Old Overholt (Natl. Dist. Prods. Corp.).............14, 15
Old Schenley (Stagg-Finch Dist. Corp.)...................... 27
Old Spice (Shulton, Inc.).........167
Old Taylor (Natl. Dist. Prods. Corp.)....................14, 15
Oldsmobile (General Motors Corp.)...................... 3
Ostrex......................... 12

Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer....IV Cover
Paris (A. Stein & Co.).......139, 178
Park & Tilford Imp. Corp:
  Booth's House of Lords........ 24
  Harvey's..................... 24
  Private Stock.................154
  Vat 69.......................150
Parker Pen Co., The........II Cover
Peper Tobacco Co., Christian (London Dock)............. 24
Pioneer Suspender Co............ 21
Plaza, The...................... 22
Pond Co., Inc., A. H. (Keepsake Diamonds).........175
Private Stock (Park & Tilford Imp. Corp.)..................154

Rabsons.......................8, 12
Rainfair (Chicago Rubber Clothing Co.)........................137
Raleigh, Sir Walter.............163
Rau Fastener Co. (Klikits).......173
Reynolds Tob. Co., R. J. (Camels) 113
Roberts, Johnson & Rand (Intl. Shoe Co.)..............172
Rolex Watch Co., Inc............165
Rolfs Leather Accessories........170

Schenley Royal Reserve.........135
Schieffelin & Co. (Hennessy).....162
Sherwin Cody School of English.. 12
Shulton, Inc. (Old Spice).........167
Simpson, Inc., J. B..............166
Stein & Co., A:
  Paris Garters.................178
  Paris Suspenders.............139
Stetson Hats...................153
Stone Tarlow Co., Inc........... 16

Taylor Corp., E. E..............157
TexTan.........................152

Vat 69 (Park & Tilford Imp. Corp.) 150

Walker, Johnnie (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.)..............140
Weldon (Lubin-Weeker Co., Inc.).172
Westminster, Ltd...............174
Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co........178
Wildroot Co., Inc...............176
Wile Sons & Co., Inc., Julius (Peter Dawson)..............165
Wimbledon Shirt Co............ 16
Wine Advisory Board...........176
Wrisley's Soap..................171

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

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AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

Look Out for Torpedo Tracks

Continued from page 40

of a blunt-nosed fish of a beautiful blue color. The inevitable shark of such occasions, however, did put in an appearance as the men were climbing aboard; a shot from a .45 automatic sent it into a nose dive many fathoms down.

Only the other lifeboat remained, it now seemed, and then we could bid a hasty farewell to this spot. Suddenly one of the planes began to signal with her blinker. The light was difficult to read, for at times it blended with sunlight, and masts and funnel got in the way as the plane flew round; but she kept repeating her message. Pieced together, it read, "Survivors on burning ship."

This was questioned by her captain and his chief mate, who were among those already rescued. They were the last to leave the ship, they said. The chief mate added that only one man had been lost, the youthful radio operator who was making his first trip to sea; a shell had killed him in the radio room.

Except for the tips of her bow and stern, the burning ship was still enveloped in smoke, and she was still too far distant to make out any figures on these parts, even with the aid of binoculars.

Meanwhile, we approached the second lifeboat. It was half filled with water, and carried fifteen men. As we reached hailing distance, one of them shouted, "Hi, there, Spike," to a shipmate on board, and the others broke into a chorus of cheery greetings.

The plane had changed her message to read, "Few men left on burning ship." Presently she swooped low and roared by at topmast level. The slide in the tail had been raised, and one of her crew was holding a box of some kind, as if intending to drop it. He held on to it, however. Our third officer grinned and said that it looked like a case of beer.

The plane came winging back again at low altitude, and this time the box fell. It hit the surface about three hundred feet from the ship and floated. It was given no immediate attention for the ship was now stopped again, and the men were climbing from the lifeboat. The plane raced past a third time, and the men in the tail stabbed downwards with their fingers to convey that the box contained a message.

Lightweight felt hat with floppy brim for wear with town or sport clothes.

A few men still remaining in the lifeboat were now called upon to recover the box. About this time an Army bomber flew on to the scene. It circled like a hungry hawk, then flew off as if disappointed at finding no prey.

By the time the lifeboat had returned with the box and we were under way again, it was nearly nine o'clock. For almost three hours we had been maneuvering about the danger spot, and there would have been immense relief all round if we now could have put it far astern. But the box contained a brown envelope with a terse note: "Two men on burning ship." Apparently the plane had not seen our answering pennant dipped in acknowledgment of her blinker messages.

We headed straight for the burning ship. And through the loudspeakers came the captain's voice again: "You may now go below for breakfast. Volunteers will be wanted to take men off the burning ship." Breakfast had not been long under way before everyone joined others in the rush on deck to find out why the ship had suddenly begun to slow down.

The reason was that a voice had been heard shouting for help, and traced to a man swimming in the sea. Then another man was seen, and still another—three in all. The planes apparently had not noticed them, for they had given no signal; and we might have passed them unseen if one had not had sufficient lung power left to make himself heard.

Man may be the conqueror of the sea, but no conqueror ever cuts a more inglorious figure in the clutches of the vanquished. At a short distance he can be distinguished solely by the disturbance he creates, as feeble as that of a fly struggling in a pond.

We maneuvered up to the nearest man. A sailor went down a pilot ladder and helped him on, and he was able to climb it unaided. Then we turned toward the second man, a bald-headed fellow bundled up in an orange-colored kapok life-jacket. We were now moving away from the third man, who became panicky for fear we had not seen him, although men on deck waved to him; he made desperate attempts to swim after us, giving up at intervals and shouting, "Hi, help, help!"

To have put away a boat would have meant stopping at least twice, to lower it and to pick it up. Also the three men were widely separated, and a boat would have had trouble locating each one.

As soon as the second man was safely aboard, we put the third man's fears at rest by making for him. He climbed a cargo net unaided. He was helped off with his cork life-jacket, and then he weaved toward the hatch coaming and leaned against it. He wore only shirt and trousers, and his first unconscious act was to loosen his belt. He waved feebly in re-

Continued on page 176

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Look Out for Torpedo Tracks

Continued from pages 40-175

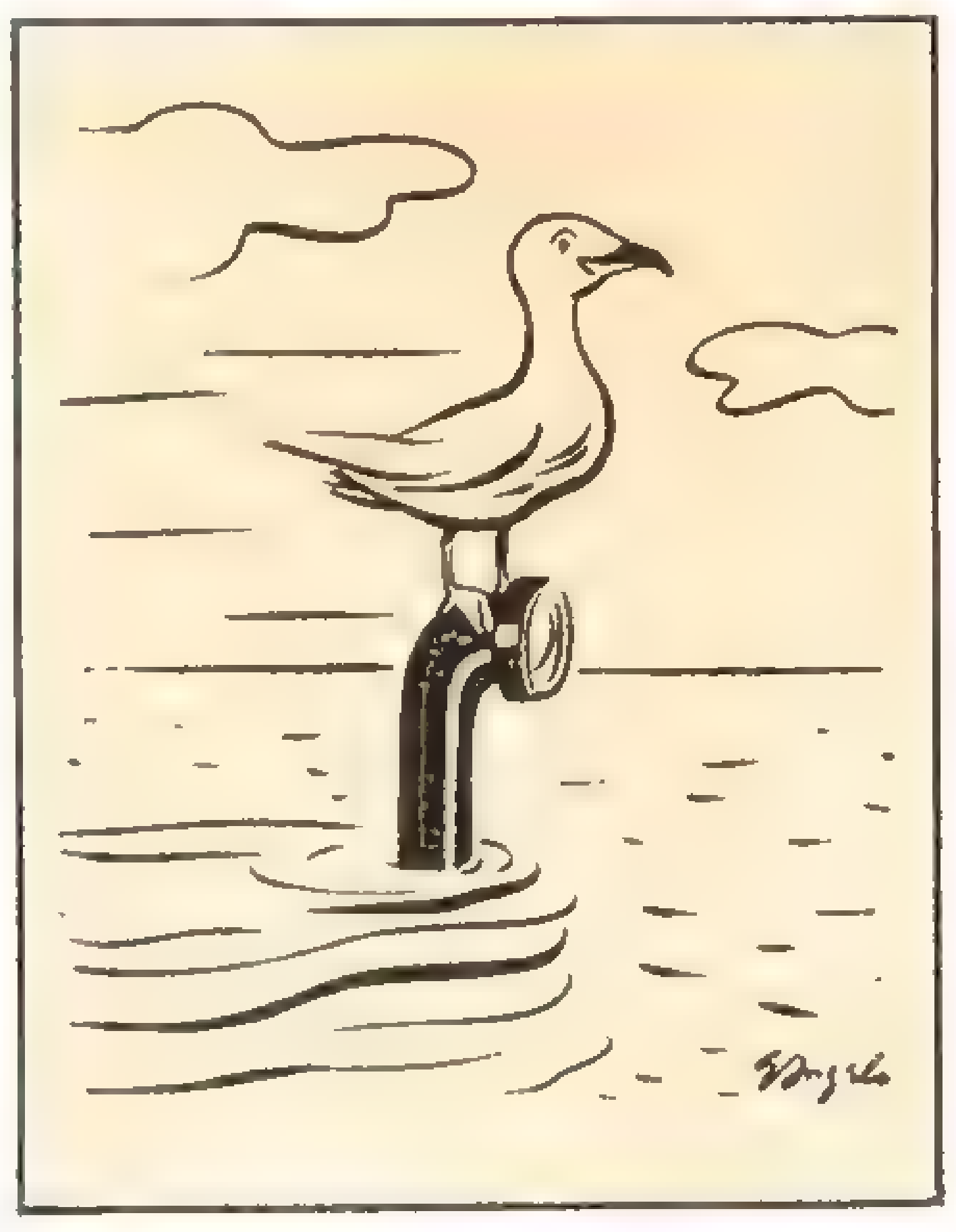
sponse to a greeting from a shipmate on the deck above. He was the radio operator, very much alive after all. He had been in the water for eleven hours or so. It was his shouts that had drawn our attention.

The plane seemed to be anxious lest we mistake these three men for those that she had reported as being on the burning ship. "Two men on bow of burning ship—Rescue—SOS" went her blinker insistently.

Truly they were on the bow, but if we had not happened to come up on her port side it would have been a puzzle to find them. Unlike the boy in the poem, they stood not on the burning deck but perched like two gulls on the port anchor, which hung from its hawsepipe in the side of the bow.

Again we stopped, and again we prudently got under way as soon as a boat manned by volunteers had shoved off. We were now so close to the stricken ship that the smoke no longer hid her from the naked eye. It was pouring from a blazing deck cargo of drums of pitch and lubricating oil.

There did not appear to be any fire in her holds, but bridge and midship accommodation had been gutted, and there were blackened shell holes in her side. The foremast was a little askew, and from it dangled a broken radio antenna, a mute answer to the question why no SOS had been received. On the poop stood a gun still trained astern, grim evidence of the swiftness of the attack. Obviously at least one torpedo had struck her on the port side, for the covers of number two hatch had been blown off, and her nose was low in the water on that side, though nowhere was she yet awash.



All eyes were on her, submarines and torpedo tracks wholly forgotten. Even the fear of these did not inhibit human curiosity. Not only now, but also when rafts and boats were coming alongside, there were moments during which every eye was fastened on them—none looking the other way. A dozen periscopes could have popped up unseen.

We stopped for what we hoped would be the last time when the boat returned with the two men. They had been in the water until dawn, and finding themselves close to the ship, had swum to her and climbed on the anchor. As the boat approached, they yelled, "We're sure glad to see you." The officer in charge, fearing that the freighter's store of ammunition for her gun might blow up, was anxious not to go too close; he called to the two men, asking if they could swim. Both wore life-jackets. They promptly slipped into the water.

A check now showed that fifty-one out of fifty-two officers and men had been rescued, over a period of about four hours. The missing man, a nineteen-year-old coal passer, was caught taking a shower. Together with the radio operator, he jumped overboard, naked but for a life-jacket, and unable to swim. During the night he grew weak. The radio operator tried to support him. An arm he put round him came away covered with blood. The young coal passer had been injured in some way, perhaps bitten by a barracuda. The pair became separated in the night, and he was never seen again.

We were now under way at full speed, and just as it seemed that all tension was at an end, the fore gun suddenly opened fire. The target, heaving under the effect of the bursting shells, was now seen to be only a capsized lifeboat; the sea lapping against its keel had given a most realistic appearance of the white feathering of a periscope.

The wreck was still afloat and smoking when she slid below the horizon. The question in every mind now was whether we had also left the two submarines astern, or whether they had gone on ahead to wait for us. For there was some reason—censorable—to suspect that they might have been watching for us and had bagged the freighter to fill in time. The survivors were none too happy when they learned what we were carrying. A Dutch sailor who had been torpedoed three times previously and had spent several days in a lifeboat, declared emphatically:

"If I hadt known it, I vould haf stayed in de lifeboat."

It was perhaps a mean trick to have kept him in the dark at the time. But if his words ever appear in print, it can be assumed that he lived to be torpedoed another day, in a manner more to his liking.

We had maintained an ancient tradition of the sea, however, and many a captain has been hailed as a hero for observing it under conditions involving much less or no personal risk. Of equal degree was the courage required of the men who stayed at their posts deep down in the ship during the tense gamble with lives for lives. In normal times their and similar stories could have been given their due on front pages of newspapers.

Nowadays they lie hidden between such lines as, "The survivors of a torpedoed ship were landed at an East Coast port today." ⧻

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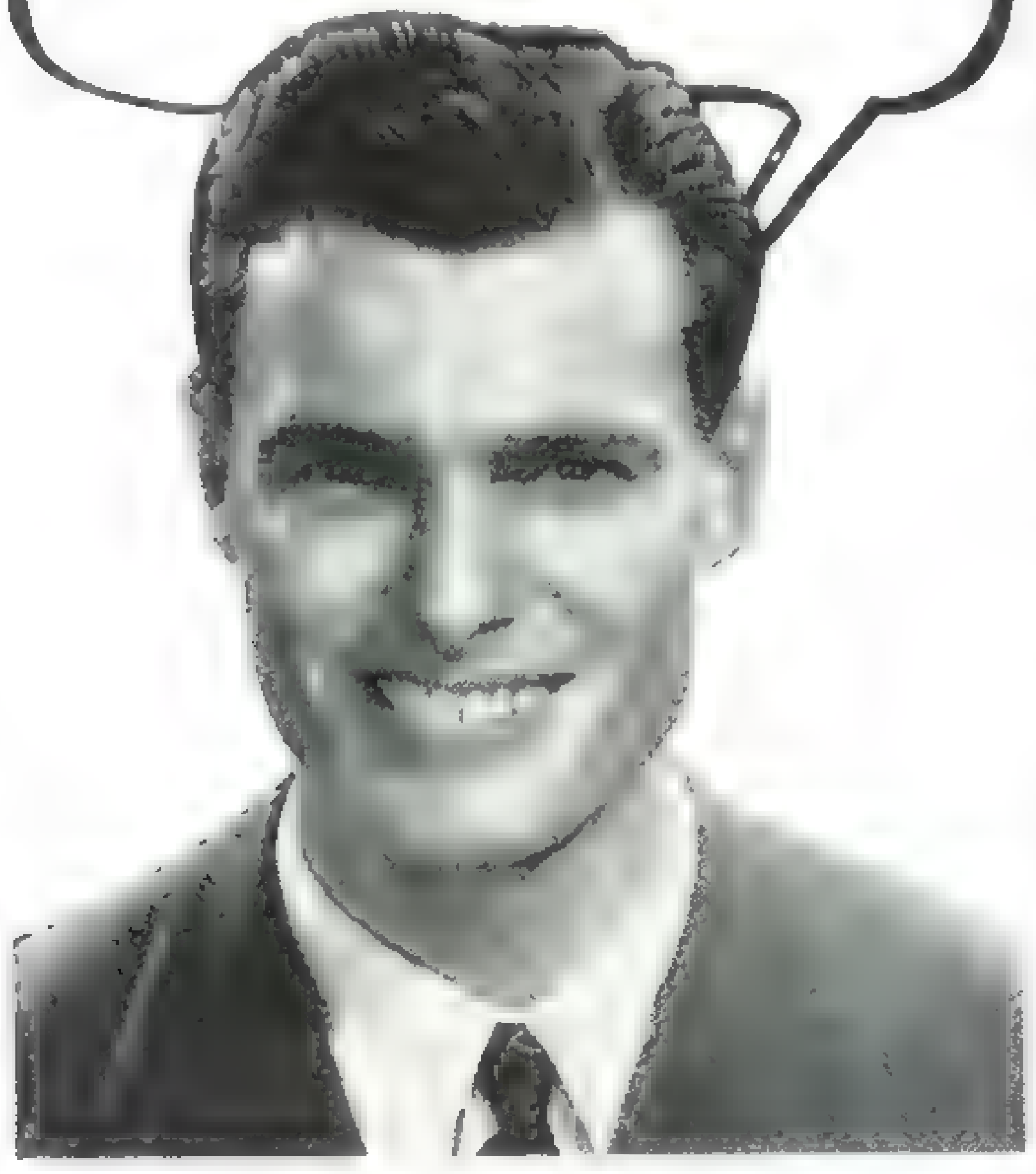

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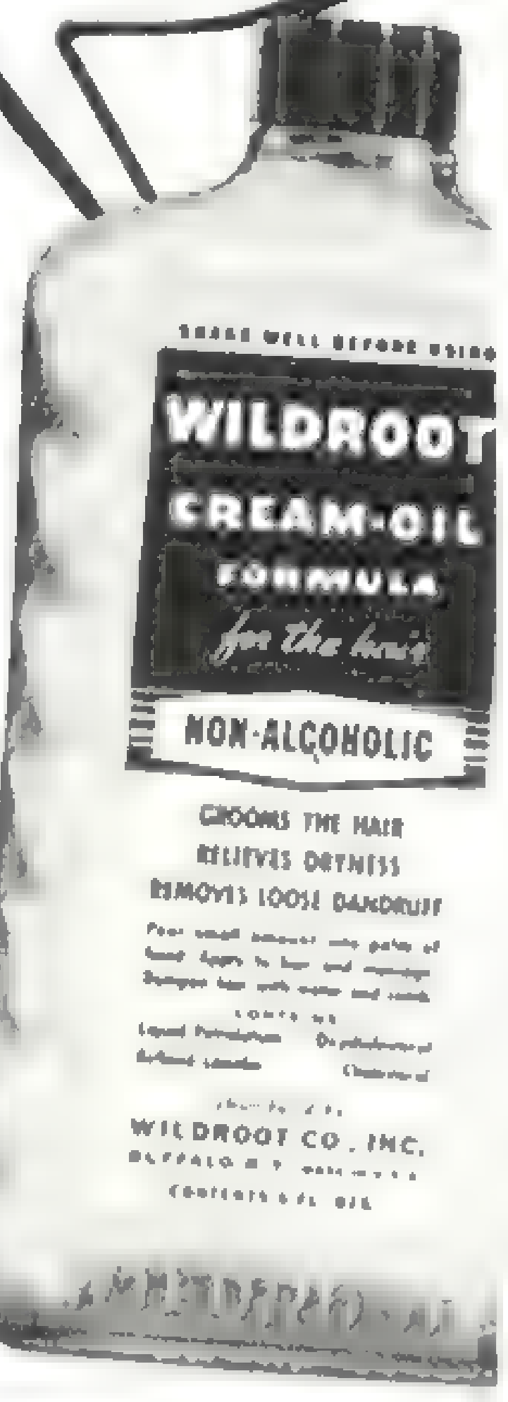

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Softball Serves Soldiers

Globe to be studded with diamonds where our boys have been having their fling

by GEORGE H. SISLER

▪SPORTS▪

One of the results of the war will be the spread of baseball clear around the globe in the form of its puffy little brother, softball. This may be of little importance politically, but it will undoubtedly prove of value in helping get the people back together after the great conflict. Reports coming back from the fifty or more places where our armed forces are now located tell that one of the chief pastimes of the American boys in their spare time is to lay out a diamond and play softball games.

On his return from an inspection trip to Alaska, Major Esky Clark, former Director of Athletics at Lafayette, reported that one of the first things the United States boys did in the Andreanof Islands was to lay out a softball diamond. "It did me good," he said, "to see a team from Brooklyn oppose one from Arkansas. It convinced me that the situation in the Aleutians was certainly well in hand."

Similar reports of the employment of softball as recreation for the soldiers have come back from Iceland, Australia, Africa—wherever our boys are now quartered.

I read recently the suggestion of Dr. M. N. Walsh, nerve specialist of the Mayo Clinic, that today's high flying war pilots need hobbies to relax their nerves. "The importance of hobbies in securing mental relaxation is much underestimated," he stated. Anything that is conducive to forgetfulness helps. Baseball is one of our great relaxations traditionally.

The great advantage of softball is that it can be participated in so informally. It does not require either the equipment or the organization of baseball. And actually there is more action, as the larger ball is batted around more lustily. A good, red-hot, air-tight, low-score game of baseball provides comparatively little exercise, even though plenty of tension, for anybody but the pitcher and catcher. Softball, however, lets down the hair, and everybody cuts loose in a free-for-all sort of scramble. Softball is a collateral form of baseball which supplies most of baseball's fun with little of baseball's formal tensity. It is therefore just exactly the sort of thing needed for soldiers, bomber crews and the like to relieve their nervous tension.

It has been found by experimentation that softball is a fine conditioner for competition in other sports. Spectators at the national collegiate basketball tournament in New Orleans a year ago marvelled at the bronzed appearance of the championship Stanford team. Coach Everett Dean had employed outdoor softball as a relaxation for the training grind of his team with the best results.

The boys take to this sort of thing in the long grind of preparing for tough athletic competition, and it is just as natural that the game should be used in the same way to get ready for this toughest of all competitions. Furthermore, it is possible that the softball now being played by our men in the forces all over the world may eventually be a life-saver for baseball. If the war lasts very long, many of the present big leaguers will have a hard time coming back. The potential crop of high school and college players also will be curtailed. About the only hope will be the men coming out of our huge Army and Navy. For many of them the skills and aptitudes developed in the camp games may provide stepping stones to big league careers in the tough economic times that seem to lie ahead. This happened, of course, after the Civil War which really put baseball on the map, and also after the Spanish-American War. In the First World War boxing was the sport that got the boom, largely because it was promoted in the camps because of its relation to bayonet drill for trench warfare. *This* war may see softball bringing back baseball.

It is reasonable to expect this, since the skills of the two games are so similar. Outside of the pitching, the manner of throwing by the infielders, outfielders and catchers is the same in both games. In both games the infielders use both a snap throw and a full arm throw, depending on the play to be made, and the outfielders use a full overhand throw. The batting also is alike. Ted Williams of the Red Sox developed his famous swing while swinging at a softball in a playground in San Diego. Joe DiMaggio, "Peewee" Reese, Frank Crespi, Lou Boudreau, Roy Weatherly, Joe Gordon are just a few of the big league stars who already have come out of softball.

There is little likelihood of softball ever supplanting baseball as a "spectator" sport, but after this war I look for many changes in our sports. The trend undoubtedly will be toward participation sports, and softball is the participation form of baseball. In the future, I think you will see the people come climbing down out of the stands to get into the game themselves. They will begin exercising their arms, legs and bodies, instead of just their lungs and larynxes as in the past. Soon they will find that softball can serve them as it is now serving our soldiers, sailors and marines in every quarter of the globe. They will find that it serves them right. ###

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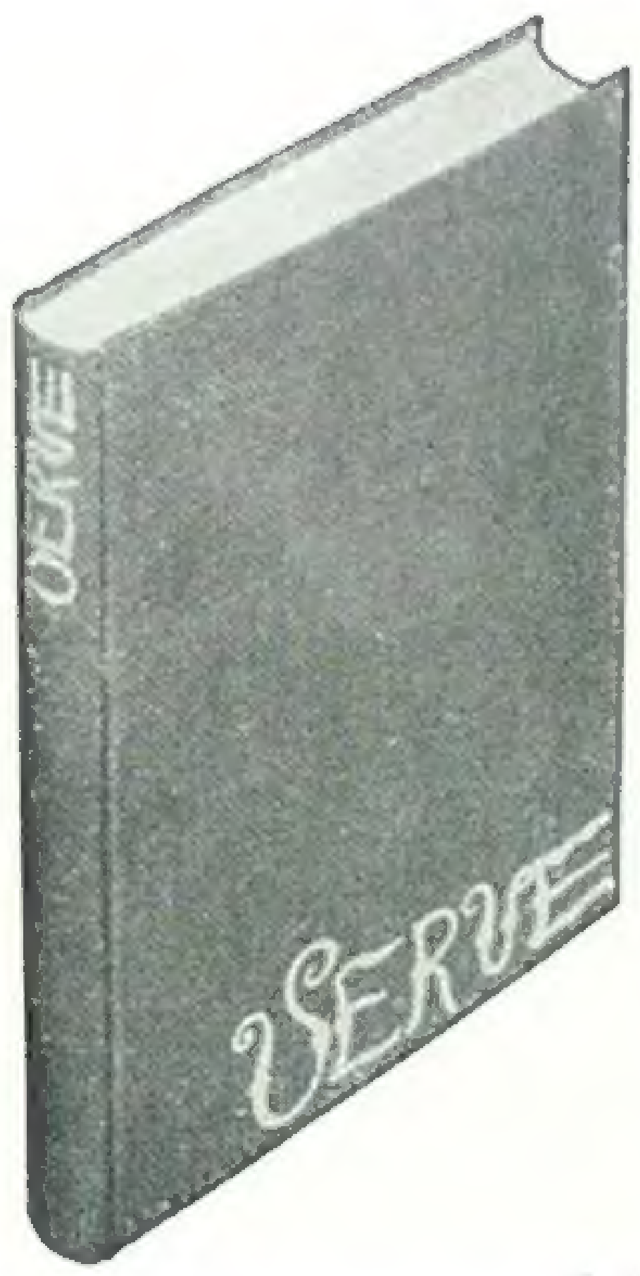

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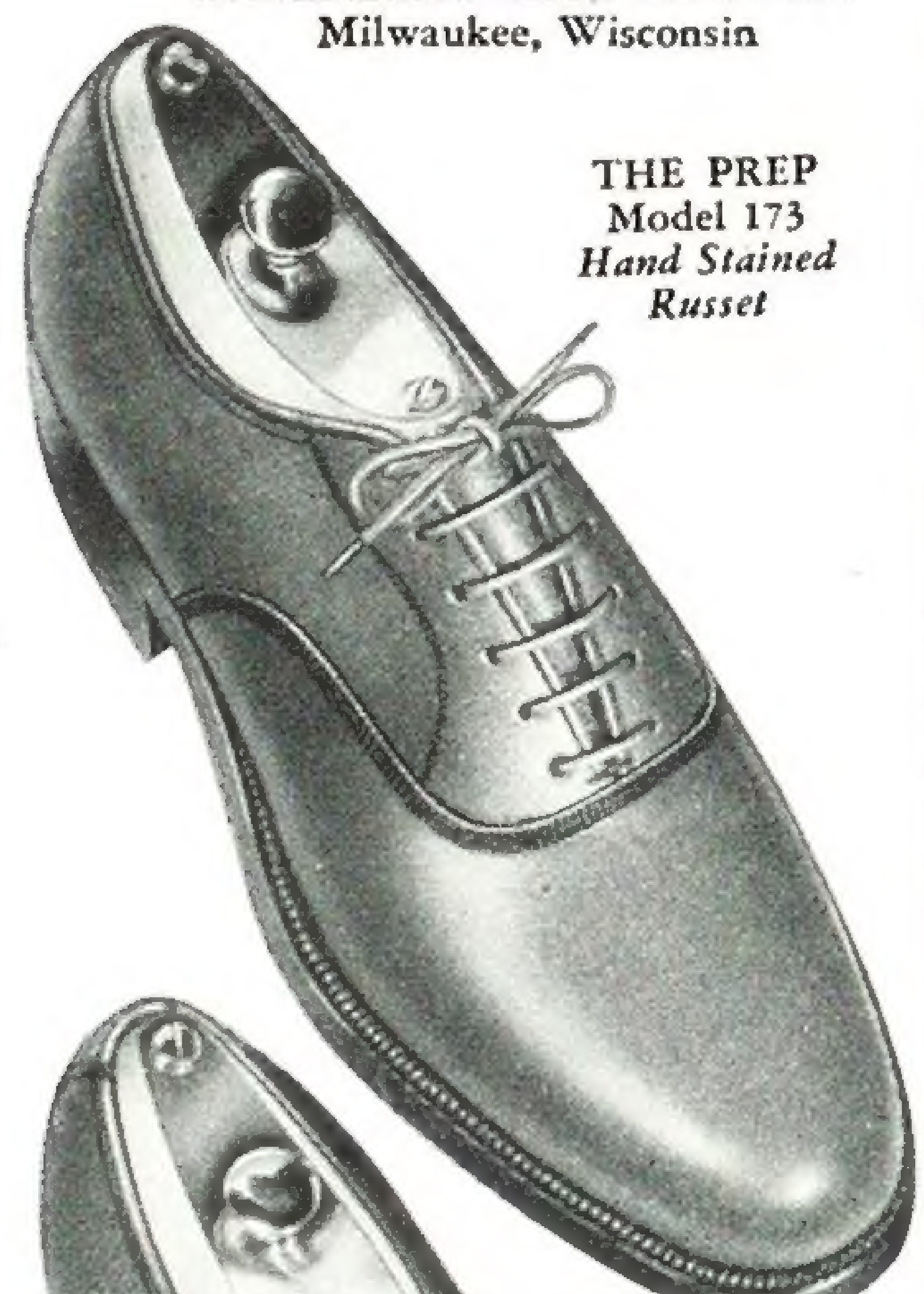

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The Diva of Diving

Mike Peppe, whose dream is swimming for all, builds champs at Ohio State

by JOHN MURRAY

SPORTS

It was 1931 before Mike Peppe had a swimming team. It was 1932 before Ohio State had a swimming pool. It was 1936 before one of Mike's (and Ohio's) divers, Jim Patterson, won the Big Ten diving crown; but when he won it, it stayed won. Peppe-coached divers have won the Big Ten diving championship every year since. In 1937 Patterson won the one-meter National Intercollegiate title, and Ohio State has won the NCAA one- and three-meter events ever since.

In 1937 a small, beautifully-bodied lad named Al Patnick won the one- and three-meter springboard AAU diving titles, and repeated for the next three years for twelve straight National springboard titles. On top of that Patnick won every dual meet that he was in and every school title that he competed for—except one. And that defeat was at the hands of another Peppe-coached lad, Earl Clark, now at Great Lakes, who nosed out Patnick on the three-meter National Intercollegiate board in 1940 at Yale. Then in 1941 when Clark stepped to the end of the 10-meter board (Olympic platform) in the rain at the National AAU in St. Louis, and snapped into a 9 point dive to clinch the title and a "grand slam" of the meet, it wound up a diving career that saw Clark hold every major diving title in the United States at the same time, the only man in the history of diving to have held that distinction.

A small chap with a bantam-rooster spirit, Frank Dempsey, succeeded the Patterson-Patnik-Clark diving monopoly and won the 1942 Big Ten and National Intercollegiate one- and three-meter diving crowns. Another Ohio State diver, Charles Batterman, finished second in both competitions. Then last April at New Haven, a freshman named Miller Anderson won the indoor AAU three-meter board crown.

No college swimming team had ever won the AAU indoor swimming meet until Ohio State did it in Columbus in 1938. No college team had ever won the AAU outdoor title until Ohio State did it in Louisville in the same year. In 1939, Peppe's lads repeated in the indoor, and last August at New London, Connecticut, they won the AAU outdoor, again.

In this latter meet, a small-wristed, quiet, 135-pound Hawaiian boy, Keo Nakama, gave an exhibition that left AAU officials gasping. In the mile, Keo blasted Jack Medica's eight-year-old record by 28.8 seconds, turning in a time of 20 minutes, 29 seconds. Bill Smith of Maui, Hawaii, now a freshman at Ohio State, finished 20 feet ahead of Nakama in the 440 free style for a new world record of 4 minutes 39.6 seconds. Jim Counsilman of St. Louis broke the meet record for the 220-yard breast stroke in 2:45.4. And the Buckeye quartet of Don Schnabel, Jack Ryan, Jack Hill and Nakama set a new American record for the 880-yard relay at 9:13.4.

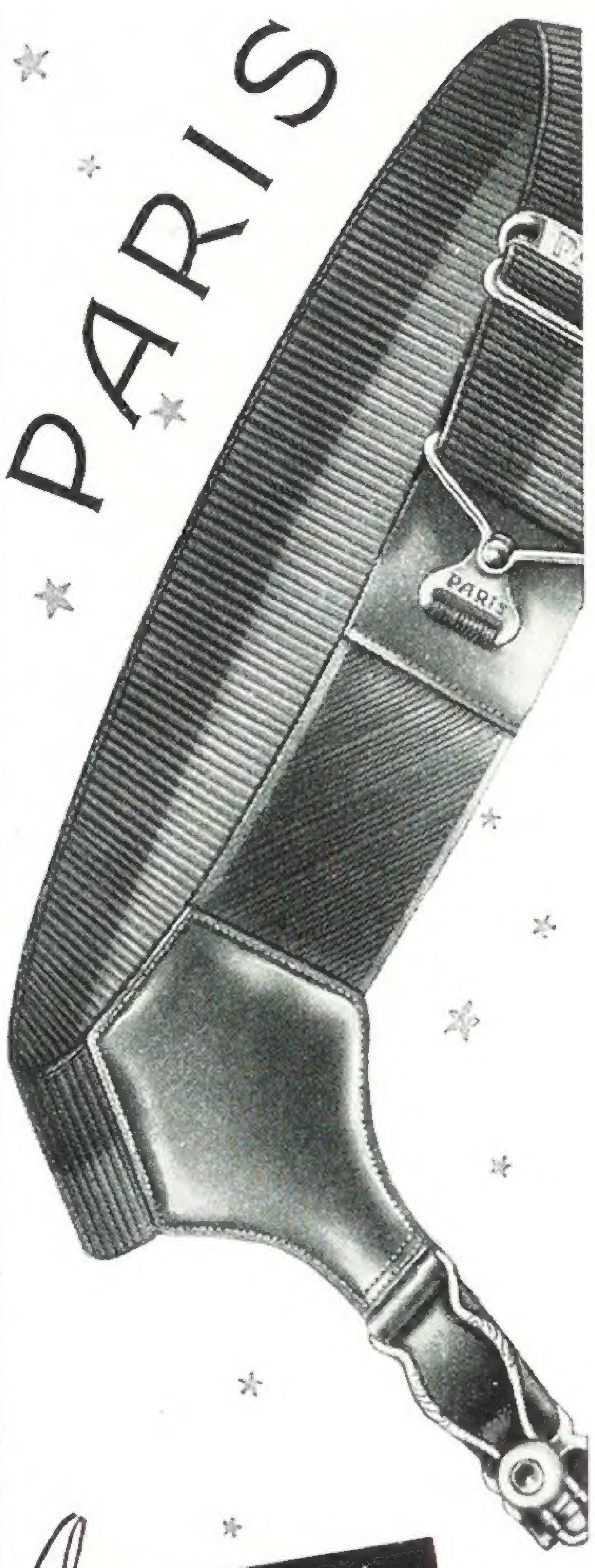
What manner of man is this who organized Ohio State's first swimming team in 1931 when the Buckeyes didn't even have a swimming pool, and a few years later began a diving and swimming monopoly? If you didn't know the young-looking diminutive man, you might stand around State's $850,000 natatorium and not be too sure just which of the men on the sidelines was Mike. If you met him in a dinner jacket at a party, you'd like his quiet, pleasant manner, but you wouldn't pick him as a top-ranking coach.

Mike came to Columbus at the age of 10. That was in 1908. He dropped out after his freshman year and started to teach physical education in the public schools, continuing his education at Ohio State from which he received his degree in 1927. The next year he took his Master's degree from Columbia. Well armed now with experience and degrees, he signed up with his alma mater, rented the Columbus YMCA pool four days a week and started in. There, he is Mike to his boys. Himself a bachelor, the boys who have worked under him comprise his "family." On the walls of his office are their autographed pictures. You should hear this quiet little man bark his decisive orders to a diver, or tell a swimmer to take two lengths "but this time keep your elbow up on the arm recovery, keep it up, keep it up." You'd understand then what is behind the rise of his men and teams.

Technical excellence alone doesn't make great athletes. Spirit, determination, fighting heart—these are the things that make an ordinary athlete a great one when the pressure is on. Making such men out of boys is Mike Peppe's job; results in the sports pages show how well he is doing that job.

When Mike starts talking swimming, his manner grows intense and he becomes a crusader for the sport he loves. His dream is competent instruction, freely accessible to all—with adequate facilities in every American community for this sport.

And this March when the National Intercollegiates are swum off at the Buckeye Natatorium, the team to beat will be Peppe's, a team which, barring the draft, will boast four All-American swimmers, two of whom hold world records. #



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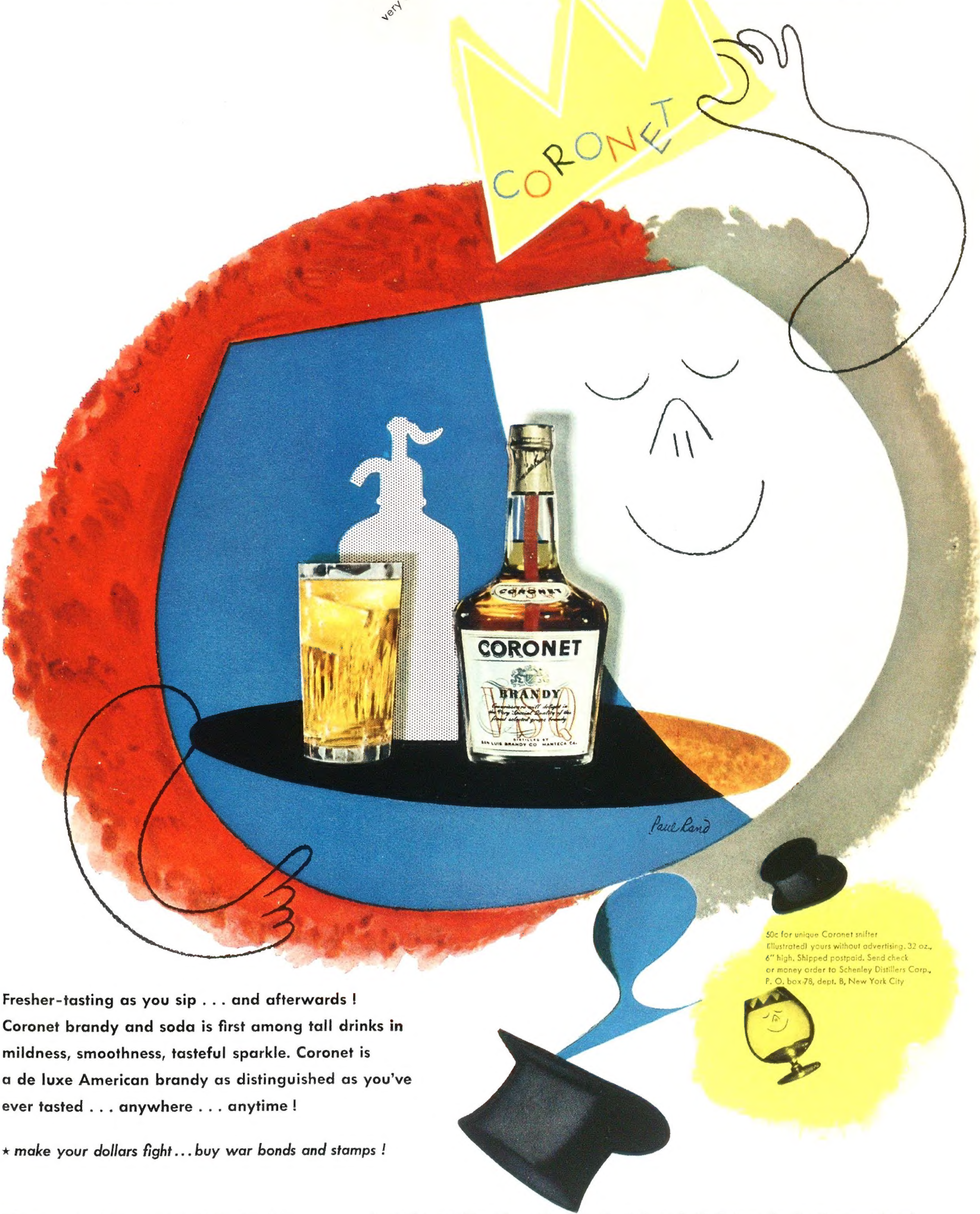
To conserve vital rubber, they're made of part elastic: woven fabric and elastic insert that gives you all the stretch you want for comfort. You'll get longer wear, too ☆ ☆ ☆ Still just 35c and 55c at all good stores ☆ ☆ ☆ Same smart style . . . same dependable quality . . . same sound value that has made PARIS Garters "The Support of a Nation" ☆ ☆ ☆ A. Stein & Company ☆ Chicago ☆ New York

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

hats off to CORONET V.S.Q. very special quality BRANDY... AND SODA



50c for unique Coronet snifter (illustrated) yours without advertising. 32 oz., 6" high. Shipped postpaid. Send check or money order to Schenley Distillers Corp., P. O. box 78, dept. B, New York City

Fresher-tasting as you sip . . . and afterwards ! Coronet brandy and soda is first among tall drinks in mildness, smoothness, tasteful sparkle. Coronet is a de luxe American brandy as distinguished as you've ever tasted . . . anywhere . . . anytime !

★ ***make your dollars fight . . . buy war bonds and stamps !***

California grape brandy 84 proof. Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y.

Tune in! Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival" with Morton Gould's Orchestra. Your Mutual station each week.

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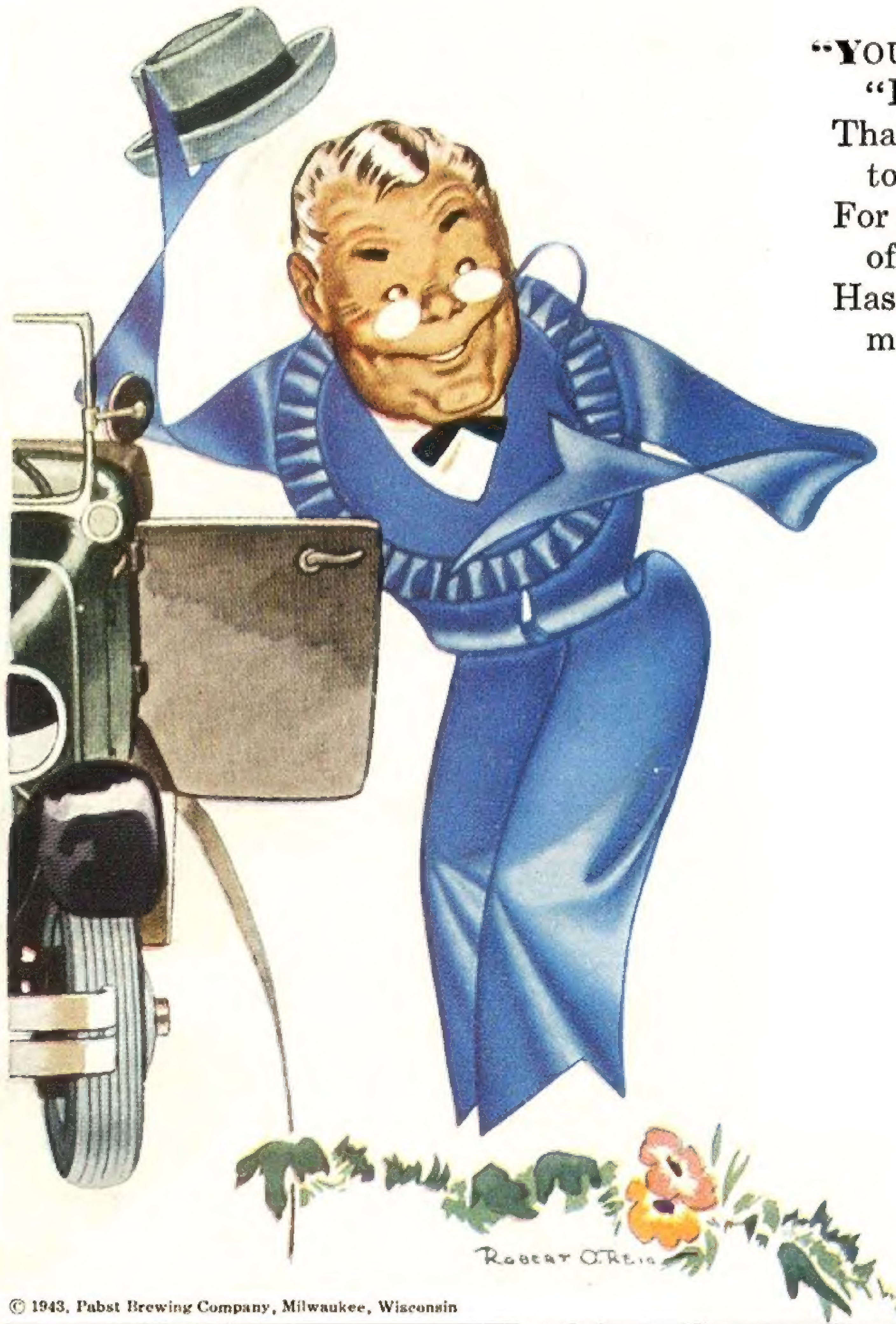
THE REGENSTEINER CORPORATION
AT CHICAGO, U. S. A.

This is the Mayor of BLUE RIBBON TOWN

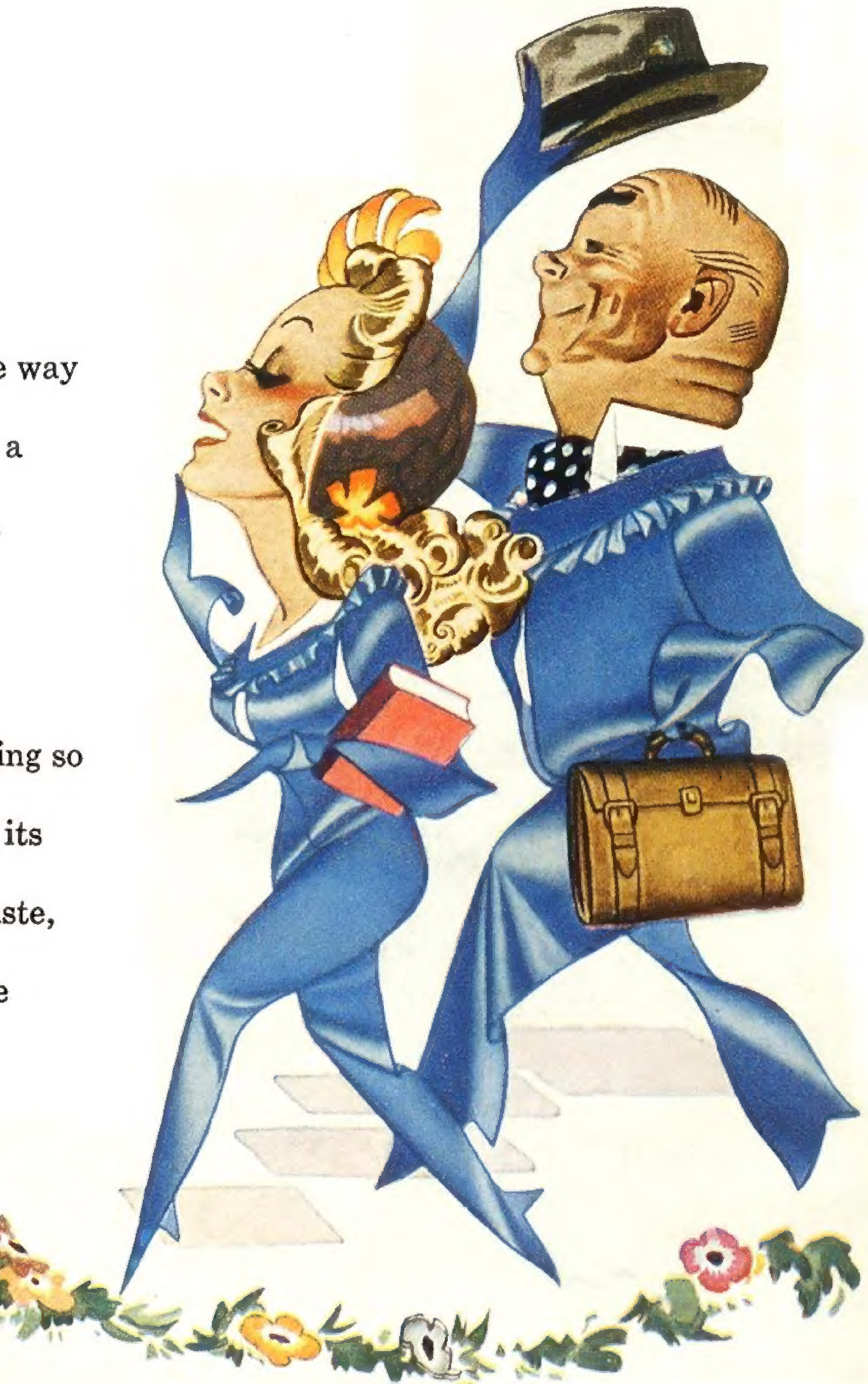
...Who said to his neighbors: "Come on-and ride down"



"YOU know," said Mayor Peters,
"I'm thanking my stars,
That people have taken
to sharing their cars,
For somehow the spirit
of helping a fellow
Has made all the neighbors
more friendly, more mellow.

"WE frequently stop on the way
back from town
At the home of a Smith or a
Jones or a Brown,
And top off the day with a
bottle of Pabst,
Formality, stiffness—
completely collapsed.

"NOW frankly, there's nothing so
nice and befriending
As Blue Ribbon Beer with its
full-flavor blending—
That softer and kindlier taste,
Pabst obtains,
By blending it just like the
finest champagnes."



© 1943, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

In standard 12 ounce and full quart size bottles.
Also on draught at better places everywhere.

Pabst Blue Ribbon

Now more than ever—
A Symbol of Friendly Companionship

NOW that wartime has brought a return to simple pleasures in Blue Ribbon Town (your town—everybody's town), Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer has become, more than ever, the symbol of friendly companionship. Enjoy that softer, kindlier taste—obtained by the FULL-FLAVOR BLENDING of 33 master brews.

Pabst is blended like fine champagnes—to give you *all* the delicious taste tones of a well-rounded beer. There is no finer, friendlier beer in all the world than Pabst Blue Ribbon.

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED

into One Great Beer